CORONET

35¢ SEPTEMBER

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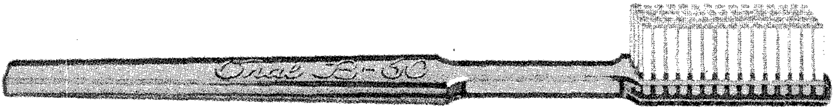
How to revive
a "stale" marriage

OUR NEWEST NATIONAL NEUROSIS

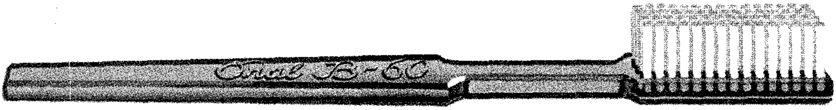
"We are making a circus of death!"

by famed author PHILIP WYLIE

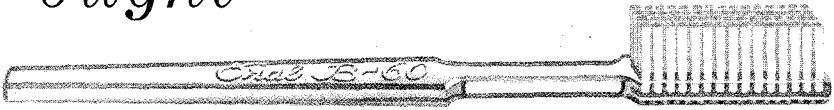


does what

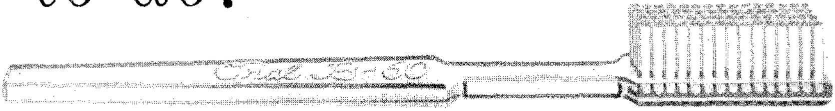
a toothbrush



ought



to do!



**. . . protects your gum line,
where tooth troubles often start**

This *different* brush cleans teeth and fights harmful gum disorders, too—the cause for one-third* of all tooth loss.

Protect your gum line with the gentle action of 2500 smooth-top nylon bristles—three times more than an ordinary brush. Next time, ask for an ORAL B.

**The American Dental Association reports 37%*

Oral B
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Oral B

*Only one texture
. . . 3 sizes for
all the family*

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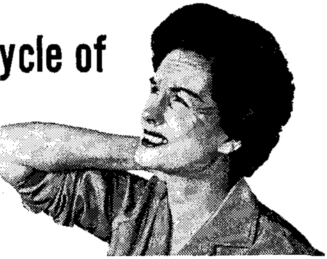
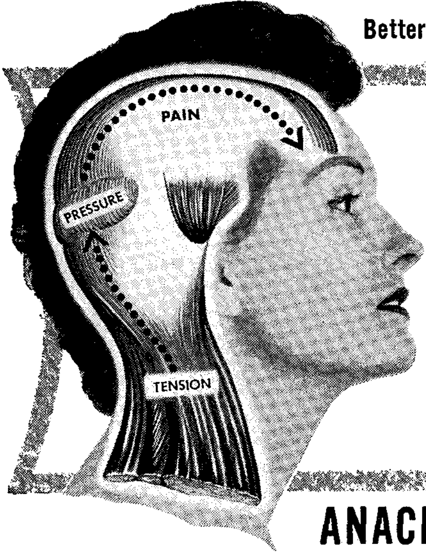
How you can break the vicious cycle of



NERVOUS TENSION HEADACHE

Better than aspirin even with buffering added


PAIN
PRESSURE
TENSION

How Tension Headaches Start

Most headaches are caused by tension in muscles in back of neck and scalp. This tension presses on nerves and causes pain. The pain builds up more tension, more pressure — makes your headache worse. To break this vicious cycle and obtain fast, more complete relief—you should try the special medication in Anacin, not obtainable in aspirin nor in aspirin with buffering.

ANACIN® relaxes tension • releases pressure • relieves pain fast

Tension headaches need the extra medication in Anacin. So why limit yourself to aspirin or buffered aspirin which contains only one pain reliever and has no special medication to relax tension? Anacin contains a combination of ingredients which 3 out of 4 doctors recommend for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Anacin relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain *fast.* Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They do not upset your stomach!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in····

ANACIN
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30 TABLETS
ANACIN®
ANALGESIC TABLETS
FAST PAIN RELIEF
HEADACHE · NEURALGIA · NEURITIS

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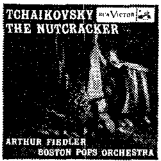

TCHAIKOVSKY
THE NUTCRACKER
RCA VICTOR
ARTHUR FIEDLER
BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA

58. *Waltz of the Flowers,* more highlights of composer's lovely ballet music.

RCA VICTOR
Carlos Montoya and
His Flamenco Guitar

60. Haunting guitar recital by greatest exponent of Spanish gypsy music.

RCA VICTOR
SCOTTISH
SPLENDOR
The Pipes and Drums
and Regimental Band
of The Black Watch

70. Rousing pipes, drums, brass play bagpipe medleys, marches, others.

RCA VICTOR
HUGO WINTERHALTER
the eyes
of love...

73. Romantic! *I'll Be Seeing You, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Green Eyes,* 9 more.

RCA VICTOR
DILO
PEREZ
PRADO
featuring
PATRICIA

75. His hit cha cha *Patricia* and 11 other modern, exciting Latin dance treats.

RCA VICTOR
FRANKIE
CARLE'S
FINEST

125. His 12 most danceable hits. *Sunrise Serenade, Moonlight Cocktail,* etc.

RCA VICTOR
LOVE
IN THE
AFTERNOON
THE
THREE
SUNS

126. 12 dance-mood favorites by trio plus strings. *I'll Get By, Dream,* etc.

RCA VICTOR
fancy meeting you here
CROSBY-CLOONEY

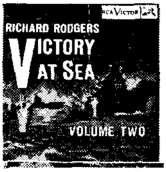
127. Aural funfest. Standards, special material, ad libs, Billy May scorings.

RCA VICTOR
POPS STOPPERS
BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA
ARTHUR FIEDLER

128. Fresh remakes of pops classics. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum.*

SHOW
BOAT
RCA VICTOR
GOGI GRANT
HOWARD KEEL
ANNE JEFFREYS

129. New recording of Kern-Hammerstein classic. Gogi Grant, Howard Keel.


RCA VICTOR
RICHARD RODGERS
VICTORY
AT SEA
VOLUME TWO

130. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' fine TV score. Booklet, photos.

MUSICALLY
MAD
RCA VICTOR
Mis-Led by
BERNIE
GREEN
with the
Stereo
Mad-Men

131. Ear-tickling musical satire, caricature, slapstick. With Henry Morgan.

dancing tonight
RCA VICTOR
to MORROW
BUDDY MORROW

132. Prom king in beatful selection of ballads, lindys, cha chas. *Tea for Two.*

RCA VICTOR
THE BEST OF THE AMES

133. Their big ones: *Rag Mop; You, You, You; Sentimental Me; Melody of Love,* etc.

RCA VICTOR
JEANETTE
MacDONALD
& NELSON
EDDY
FAVORITES
IN HI-FI

134. Hi-fi remakes of *Indian Love Call, Giannina Mia, Rose Marie, Rosalie,* etc.

VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

[ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.]

RCA Victor
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1. Folk songs, calypsos, spirituals, blues. *Scarlet Ribbons, Matilda*, etc.

RCA Victor
Rodgers & Hammerstein's
South Pacific

5. Original film soundtrack of Rodgers - Hammerstein hit. 15 favorites.

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7. La MacKenzie sings ballads: *Hey There, Stranger in Paradise, Moonglow.*

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MUSIC FOR RELAXATION
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8. Melachrino plays *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

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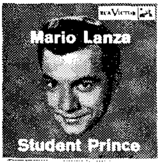
Como's Golden Records

11. Fourteen million-sellers. *Temptation, Prisoner of Love, Hot Diggity.*


RCA Victor
Mario Lanza
Student Prince

32. Hits by Romberg—also Lehar, Rodgers. *Serenade, If I Loved You*, etc.

RCA Victor
let's cha cha with puente

41. Dance-perfect cha chas with strong big-band beat. *Cubarama*, 12 in all.

RCA Victor
glenn miller
GLENN MILLER'S ORIGINAL RECORDINGS

45. Original versions of *Kalamazoo, In the Mood, Little Brown Jug*, 9 more.

RCA Victor
YES INDEED!
TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

48. With Sinatra, Stafford, Berigan. *Marie, Song of India, Who?*, 9 more.

LENA HORNE
RCA Victor
AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA

57. On-location recording. *Yes, Day In—Day Out* plus *Honeysuckle Rose.*

RCA Victor
ARTIE SHAW
MOONGLOW

83. Shaw's two best bands. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Indian Love Call*, etc.

RCA Victor
THE GOLDEN AGE OF BENNY GOODMAN

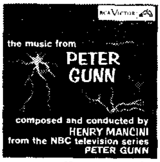
92. Krupa, James, Elman—the original versions of *Sing Sing Sing*, 10 more.

RCA Victor
DUKE ELLINGTON orchestra
in a mellotone

101. 16 classics by 1940-42 band (Webster, Hodges, etc.). *Cotton Tail, Perdido.*

The Jonah Jones Quartet
RCA Victor
JONAH JONES
at The Embers

103. Muted jazz masters. *All of You, Muskrat Ramble, Tin Roof Blues*, 8 others.


RCA Victor
the music from
PETER GUNN
composed and conducted by
HENRY MANCINI
from the NBC television series
PETER GUNN

106. All-star combo and big band modern mood jazz from hit NBC-TV series.

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB, P. O. Box 80, Village Station, New York 14, N. Y. P59-9

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five albums I have circled below, for which I will pay $3.98, plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next year, for each of which I will be billed at the manufacturer's nationally advertised price: usually $3.98, at times $4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album *free.*

*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

*City*____________*Zone*______*State*__________

NOTE: If you wish your membership credited to an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in below:

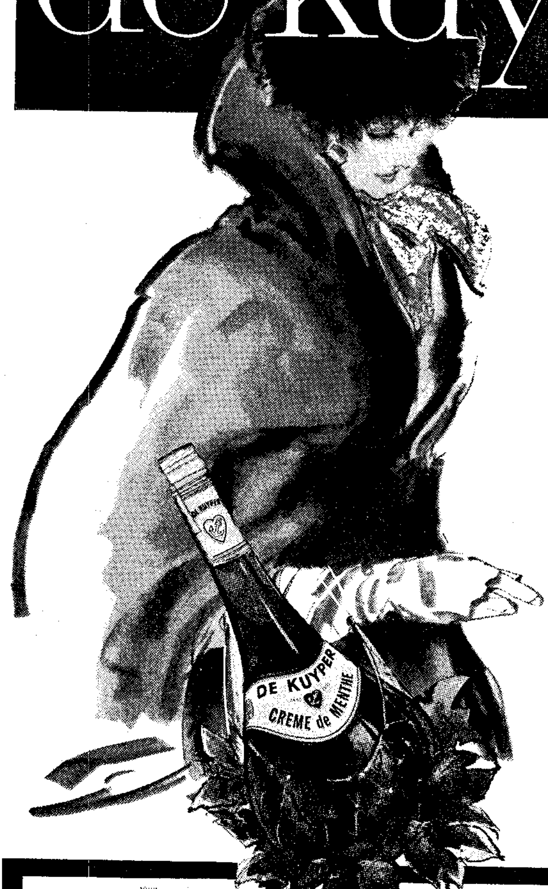
*Dealer*______________*Address*______________

A Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only *to U. S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian mem*bers are made in Canada, and are shipped duty free from Ontario.

1	5	7	8	11
32	41	45	48	57
58	60	70	73	75
83	92	101	103	106
125	126	127	128	129
130	131	132	133	134

DE LICIOUS . . . DE LIGHTFUL . . .

de kuyper


DE KUYPER
CREME de MENTHE

The best Creme de Menthe in the world!

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De Kuyper makes the world's best creme de menthe and 19 other enjoyable flavors. Made in the U.S.A. from original delicious Dutch formulas, de Kuyper products have delighted the world since 1695!

Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 Proof • Creme de Cacao, 60 Proof

CREME DE MENTHE, GREEN OR WHITE, 60 PROOF • NATIONAL DIST. PRODS., CO., N. Y.

Dear Reader:

IN JULY OF 1958, CORONET published Arthur Shay's memorable picture story of the daily life of a Chicago steelworker, Joseph Zions, whose wife had died in a boating accident in 1954. Alone, Mr. Zions was courageously raising six children. Many readers wrote to tell us how moved they were by Mr. Zions' plight and pluck, but no words were more welcome than those we received last May from Kathleen Pughsley, a 37-year-old resident of Savannah, Georgia: "I want to thank you for making it possible for me to meet the most wonderful man in the whole world. One day last year, I came in from work very tired, and there in my new CORONET were the story and pictures of Joseph Zions. After supper, I reread the story. At work the next day, I couldn't forget; the pictures kept appearing so vividly in my mind. So that afternoon I decided to write him a letter.

Mr. Zions: alone and with his wife.

"A few days later, there was a reply saying it was the nicest letter he had ever read. Our correspondence grew into friendship. We exchanged pictures. He was very timid and shy, but within a few months he called me. Truly, we had a little difficulty understanding each other—he with his Yankee accent and me with my Southern one . . .

"At last, in January we met, and yes, we soon knew we were meant for each other. It was in April he proposed—the loveliest proposal a girl could have. We plan to marry in June." And the two *were* married in June, and are now living in Chicago with not six, but *eight* children—for Mrs. Zions had two sons by a previous marriage.

For another happy ending, see page 38 this month.

The Editors

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BE A FRIEND! PHONE A FRIEND!

...it makes two people happy

Out-of-sight is never out-of-mind with the telephone.

Quickly, easily—across the street or across the country—you can be in touch with family and friends.

So reach for the phone and freshen up those friendships.

It means so much in so many ways. And there just couldn't be a better time than right now.

Bell Telephone System

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CORONET

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Cover ....PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY

How I turned $1,000 into a Million

--starting in my spare time

AN AMAZING STORY THAT MAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE

by William Nickerson

PERHAPS the hardest thing about making a million dollars — or even $200,000 — is the act of believing it to be possible. This may be the stumbling block which will keep you from seizing upon the extraordinary opportunity presented here.

Out of every thousand people who read these two pages, perhaps only 10 will be able to overcome their ingrained skepticism enough to send away for more information. And out of those ten, perhaps only one or two will exploit this opportunity to the hilt. But those fortunate few may enjoy the kind of financial success that millions dream of but only a few achieve.

You can pyramid personal savings of $2,500 ($50 a month, plus interest, for 4 years) into an estate worth $219,972 in 14 years . . . $1,187,195 in 20 years.

Your chances for success are better than 400 to 1 — in fact, 1600 times better than if you went into business — according to actual U. S. government statistics.

And most, if not all, of your new wealth will be yours to keep tax-free — not even subject to capital gains tax!

I did better than that. When I was 25, my wife Lucille and I started saving part of my first modest earnings as a telephone company employee. In three years we had saved the down payment to buy a home. I began looking about for a way to insure a modest retirement income to supplement my company pension.

From "Scratch" to $500,000 by 42

Starting with only the $1000 cash equity in my home, I pyramided this modest asset into $500,000 by the time I was 42 — all in my spare time. I retired at 42 to concentrate on my investments—with considerable time for gardening, swimming in our backyard pool, hunting, fishing, and traveling.

Many friends turned to me for advice on how they could follow me up the road to fortune. Finally I decided to write a unique guidebook, in which I would share my money-making secrets.

But editors who read my first manuscript told me: "Ah, but your success depended on starting during the depression. It could never happen again!"

Another $500,000 in Only 2 Years

This led me to study *other* men's money-making experiences, and *current,* non-depression-period opportunities. Although I had not intended to increase my holdings, I found so many opportunities that *in 2 years I doubled my estate to over $1,000,000.*

Now my book, HOW I TURNED $1000 INTO A MILLION, is ready at last. And in it I reveal — and tell how to use — these 4 basic principles of traveling the last remaining road to great fortune still open to the average person:

1 How to harness the secret force of free enterprise — the pyramiding power of borrowed money. If you have ever experienced difficulty in arranging a personal loan (or a commercial loan to go into business) you may have the idea that banks won't lend money to the "little fellow" for the purpose of making money. But I will show you how you can get lenders to put up gladly at least three dollars for every one of yours, thereby quadrupling the earning power of your capital.

2 How to choose income-producing multiple dwellings in which to invest your own (and your borrowed) capital. If you are interested in investing in income-producing property for income alone, then you will probably get along all right without any advice from me, although even there I can give you many tips. But if you are out to *pyramid* your capital, there is a definite set of conditions to look for.

3 How to make your equity grow. A fair market value of an income-producing property is in ratio to its income. Therefore, if you increase the annual net by means of the steps I outline, you increase the market value of the property—thereby *increasing your equity.*

4 How to virtually eliminate the "tax bite" on your capital growth. I will show you how you can increase your net worth steadily *without* its being subject to income taxes — not even capital gains tax! J. K. Lasser's famous guide, YOUR INCOME TAX, says of this method that "the mathematics have almost unparalleled attraction."

If you have about $2500 right now — *or* if you can save only $50 a month for the next four years — you can start out soundly along the road to a million dollars. To enhance your progress you will need an additional personal investment of $50 a month, or *$600 a year, for two more years after that,* making a total investment from your personal savings of $3600. But then you will start receiving income from your investment. *In addition,* if you follow my instructions carefully, your capital can grow at the following startling rate:

In 2 years, your $3600 grows to $5,800
In 4 years, you have $11,575.
In 6 years, $21,681.
In 8 years, $39,363.
In 10 years, $70,548.
In12 years, $124,884.
In 14 years, $219,972.
In 16 years, $386,376.
In 18 years, $677,583.
In 20 years, $1,187,195.

How far you want to go up this ladder depends on how much retirement income you would like. You can *conservatively* expect to earn an average net return of 6% on your personal equity. So, if you would be satisfied with a retirement income of at least $12,000 a year, you might decide to stop when your equity reaches $200,000.

"There Must Be a Catch to It!"

Right now, it would be understandable if you were sputtering, "But — but — it's not that simple. There *must* be a catch to it!"

Of course there's a catch to it! There are hundreds of "catches" — hundreds of pitfalls and traps for the unwary who have never traveled what I call the "realty road to riches." But I made it by learning as I went along. And you have a priceless advantage which I never had — the advantage of being able to know beforehand *everything I had to learn by trial-and-error.*

My 497-page book is literally the product of a lifetime, into which I have poured every distilled ounce of practical knowledge I gained along the road to fortune. It answers all the questions on real estate operations that my friends have ever asked me. I lead you through one actual transaction after another, setting forth each step in detail.

This method of making money is not dependent on continued economic boom or inflation. It *is* benefited and underwritten by America's continuing *population* boom, which is expected to result in 77 million more people by 1980. And it is comparatively recession-proof.

Read Book for 2 Weeks Free — Then Decide

You may have other questions, other doubts. Rather than attempt to answer them all here, the publishers invite you to examine my book free for two weeks in *your own home. If you're not impressed,* return the book in two weeks and pay nothing, owe nothing. Otherwise it's yours to keep for only $4.95 plus a few cents postage. Mail coupon or write to: SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. 309, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

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Please send me William Nickerson's 497-page book, HOW I TURNED $1000 INTO A MILLION, for two weeks' free examination. If not convinced that this book can pay for itself literally thousands of times over, I may return it in 14 days and pay nothing. Otherwise I will keep it and remit only $4.95 plus a few cents postage as payment in full.

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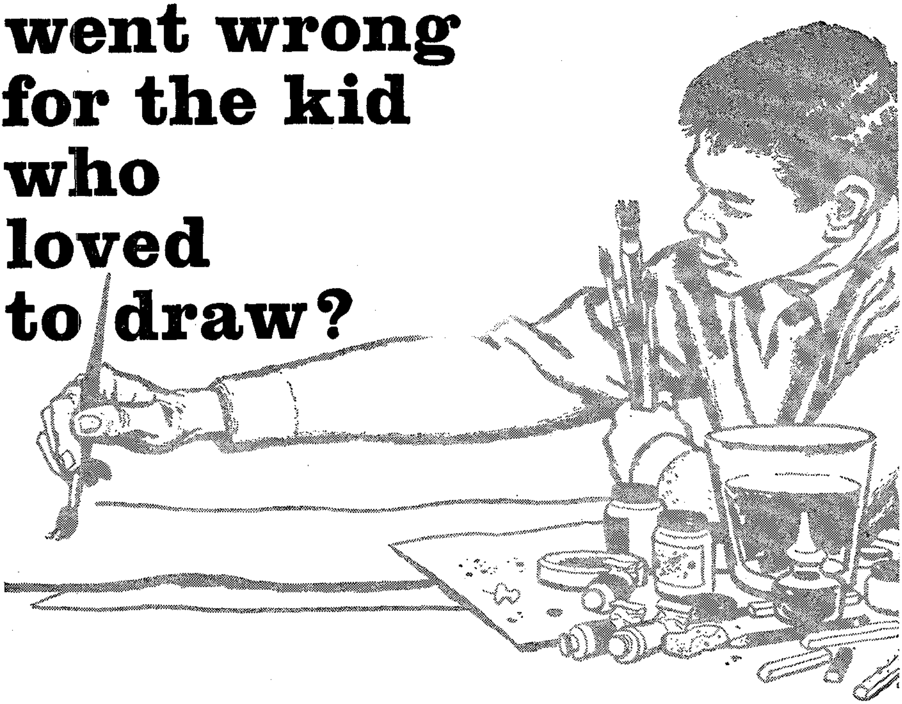
What went wrong for the kid who loved to draw?



Somewhere in this country – it really doesn't matter where – lived a kid who loved to draw. His name doesn't matter much either. *It might even be you.*

He drew anyone who would hold still, anything he saw. And – for a kid of his age – what he did was good.

By the time he finished high school, he was sure that what he wanted most was an art career. But then something went wrong.

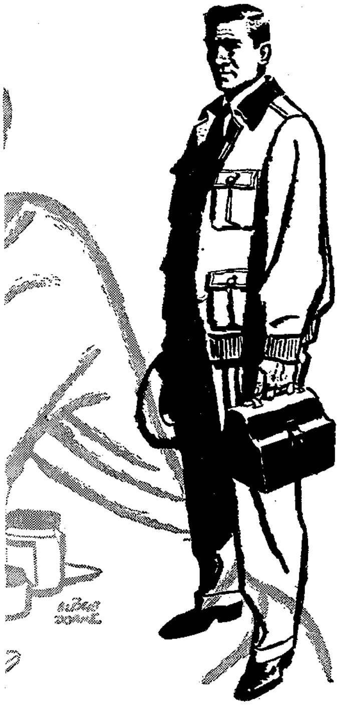
Maybe it was lack of money. Or a too-early marriage. Whatever it was, it meant getting a job – any job – fast.

And with that, our kid's dream of an art career went out the window.

A Second Chance For The Sidetracked

It seems there are a lot of ex-kids like this, talented people who got sidetracked because something went wrong. We at the Famous Artists Schools know because we've helped so many of them trade "dead-end" jobs for exciting, well-paid careers in art.

The School was founded by America's 12 Most Famous Artists, who own and run it. It offers men and women with talent a chance to get top professional art training by mail—right in their own homes, in their spare time. With its person-to-person-by-mail teaching methods, and the most fabu-



lous faculty ever assembled, its record of success is not surprising.

For example, Stanley Bowen, father of three, was trapped in a low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator with a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

John Busketta was a pipefitter's helper in a gas company. He still works for the same company but now he's an artist in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Typist To Fashion Artist

With our training, Wanda Pickulski gave up a typing job to be fashion artist for a local department store.

When Kathryn Gorsuch found out she was to have a baby, she left her filing job at an aircraft company and studied art at home with us. By the time the baby was seven months old, she went back to work for the same company — this time as a well-paid commercial artist.

Eric Ericson used to be a clerk in an auto parts department. Thanks to our training, he is now an advertising illustrator—and he earns *seven times* his former salary.

Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have the talent for a fascinating, money-making art career? Send for Famous Artists' remarkable, revealing 12-Page Talent Test. We now offer it free and grade it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent are eligible for training by the School. Mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

Norman Rockwell
Jon Whitcomb
Al Parker
Stevan Dohanos
Dong Kingman
Peter Helck
Fred Ludekens
Ben Stahl
Robert Fawcett
Austin Briggs
Harold Von Schmidt
Albert Dorne

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 5, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out if I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs.____________________Age____
Miss PLEASE PRINT

Address________________________

City____________________Zone____

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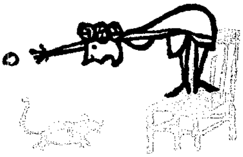
all about you

How movies affect you; balance of sexes; the pleasure-pain riddle

THE WEAKER SEX?

Is modern woman really becoming more self-assured and less dependent on the male for protection?



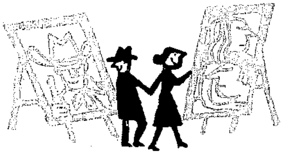
Many people seem to think so, but actually she is still more fearful, weak and insecure than man, according to tests of 1,300 men and women made by Prof. Edward M. Bennett and Larry R. Cohen, respectively of the Departments of Psychology and Sociology, Tufts University, Massachusetts. To judge from the feelings of the men and women questioned in the tests, it would seem that women feel very little personal ability to care for themselves in times of stress or danger, and that men feel only a slightly greater ability to do so. Fear and the lack of a sense of personal power are common to both sexes, say the researchers.

UNTROUBLED TEENS

Do teenagers today act differently than those of 25 years ago? They behave much the same now as they did then, according to Dr. J. Rosswell Gallagher, Chief of the Adolescent Unit, Children's Hospital, Boston. Today's youngsters are under much more pressure, he says, but adds, "I think they do a marvelous job under the conditions, and we should stop yelling at them." In a panel discussion of teenage problems, he noted that adults who are themselves mixed-up frequently communicate their own anxieties to their children. Besides reassuring youths about their problems, he said that the best thing doctors could do would be to restrain parental pressures occasionally on their children.

MOVIE THERAPY

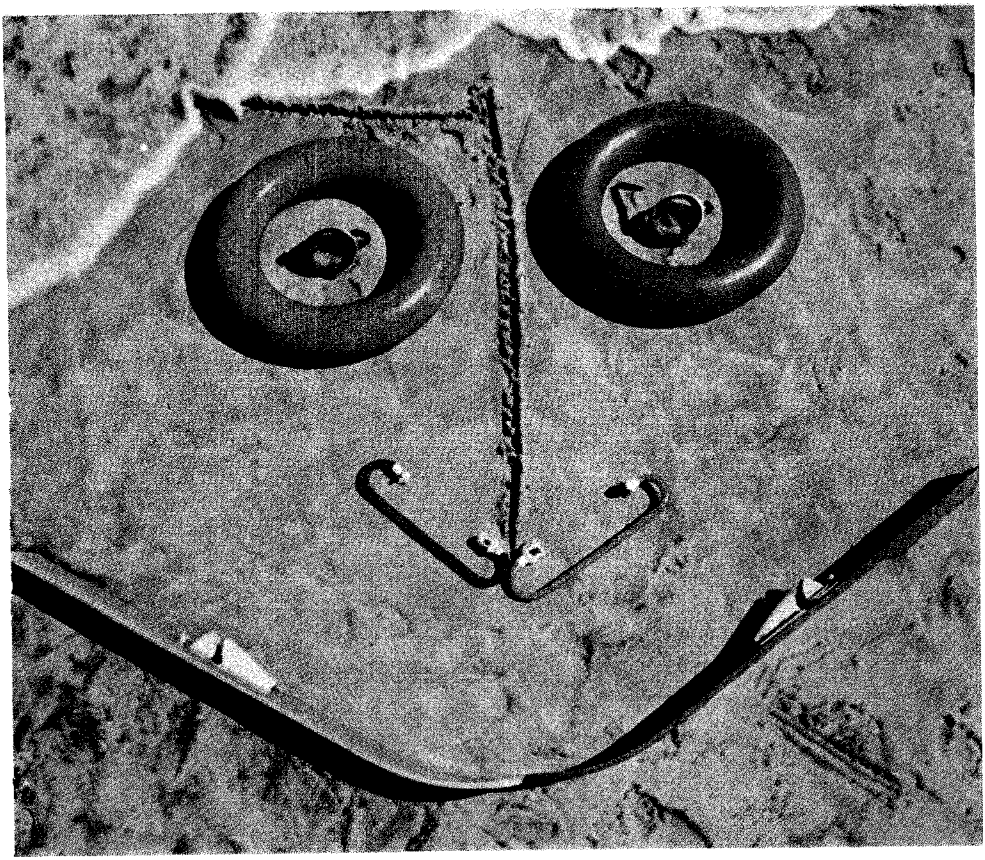
The kind of movie you like is often a clue to your personal problems, according to depth studies conducted by Dr. Arthur J. Brodbeck, a noted scientist from Beverly Hills, California. Movies, as well as comic books and TV, classify as fantasies, he says, and persons tend to choose their fantasies in the areas where they have inner conflicts. This can be good or bad, says Dr. Brodbeck, depending on whether or not the person is undergoing analysis. If he is, then



(cont'd on p. 16)

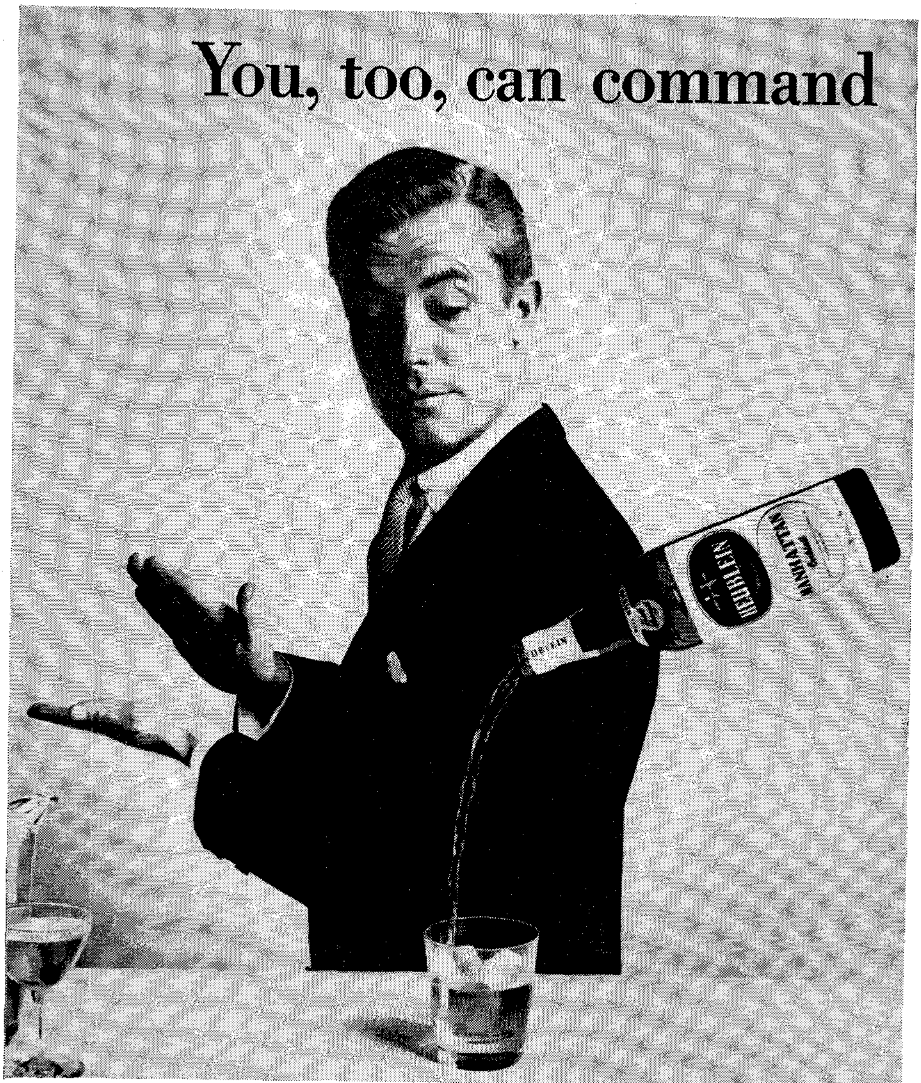
ESSO RESEARCH works wonders with oil

Butyl and the beach—a new combination



Water sports take on a new look when a fabulous new rubber is invented! Kids float in beach tubes that hold air longer. Divers breathe through snorkels that stand up to sun and salt better. Water skiers use bindings that stay strong. All made from Butyl, which outperforms natural and other types of rubber in hundreds of ways. Esso Research invented it. **ESSO RESEARCH** *works wonders with oil!*

ESSO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MANHATTAN

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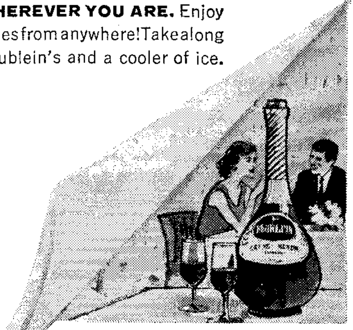

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all about you

continued from p. 12

movies of a "pure theme" such as love, fear, aggression or sadism, can serve to speed up analysis, often cutting the time of therapy in half. But if the person is not under an analyst's guidance, powerful movies can cause tremendous stress, often resulting in depression or imaginary illness. Potent movies which center on a child's basic conflicts can even result in delinquency, for the child tends to identify with and "act out" the movie's solutions to his problems instead of resolving them as he would in analysis. In his studies, Dr. Brodbeck is collaborating with Dr. Franz Alexander, a leading psychoanalyst.

MORE THE MERRIER

Though it would seem that children in a small family stand to get more training and attention, the offspring of large families actually appear better equipped to meet the world. This conclusion follows from a six-year study of 100 large families (879 children) made by sociologist James H. S. Bossard, of the University of Pennsylvania, and his associate, Dr. Eleanor S. Boll. Their study showed that though the large family is more vulnerable to disrupting problems such as illness, death or divorce, the largeness of the family calls forth special adjustive traits which help the children weather the crises. In fact, the many changes and crises to which the large family is subjected help the children develop an emotional or psychological immunity which Bossard feels may be a good preparation for adult life.

IT HURTS SO GOOD

One of the paradoxes of pain is that it frequently gives rise to feelings of pleasure in the sufferer. This phenomenon was recently discussed by Dr. Norbert Bromberg, associate professor at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Referring to skin sensations, he said, "The same nerve endings, when mildly stimulated, give rise to the pleasurable sensation of stroking; when more intensely stimulated, they produce itch, a combination of pleasure and pain; and when still more intensely stimulated, cause the sensation of pain." Since it is generally held that stimulation of one sense organ can cause only one specific sensation, Dr. Bromberg suggests that the dual pain-pleasure reaction may occur when excessive stimulation causes a "damming back" of stimuli in the brain. He further theorized that a masochistic personality might result if a child were subjected to inescapable frustrations from which he must learn to draw what pleasure he can.

Varicose veins need __this__ support

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in every supporting thread—
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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MONTH

MOVIES

Fire blocks Douglas' hotel escape with Holliman.

Last Train from Gun Hill pits a Western marshal (Kirk Douglas) against the clock, a formula now well-worn in other sagebrush sagas (*High Noon, 3:10 to Yuma*). Its plus factors: good acting, fine photography of colorful terrain and taut direction.

Intent on avenging the rape-murder of his Indian wife, Douglas tracks the two killers to Gun Hill. The trail leads to the son (Earl Holliman) of the town's rancher-ruler (Anthony Quinn) and Holliman's crony (Brian Hutton). But the odds are stacked against Douglas getting the killers out of Gun Hill for trial. His old friend Quinn seals off the town, leaving the marshal barricaded in a hotel room with Holliman as his prisoner. The split-second showdown at train-time is ingeniously staged, and the cast—which also includes talented Carolyn Jones—acts as though it meant every teeth-clenching word.

THEATER

Destry Rides Again brings Broadway its first Western musical in the horse-opera tradition—and it's a stampede unlike anything TV has to offer. Michael Kidd's direction and choreography pace the show at bullet-speed until the last badman (Scott Brady) has bitten the saloon sawdust.

Destry is the classical Western tale of the violence-hating deputy called in to clean up a gang-ridden cow town. A cold-blooded murder finally sends him strapping on his six-shooters. Dressed up with gawdy sets and costumes and Harold Rome's lively songs, it makes a boisterous, brassy show.

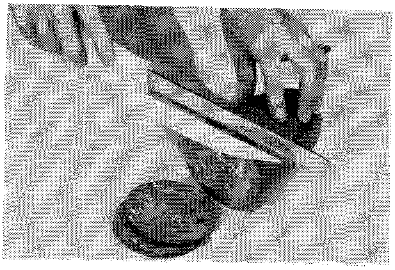
Andy Griffith plays the shy sheriff in easy style, singing surprisingly well. As the sultry siren of the Last Chance Saloon, Dolores Gray belts her songs lustily over the bar. —MARK NICHOLS

Dolores Gray delays Deputy Griffith's cleanup.

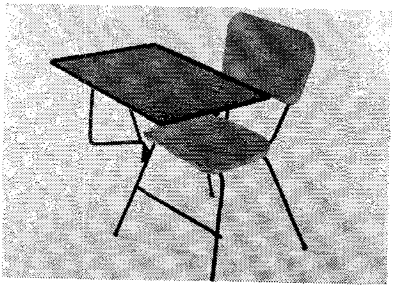
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

edited by Florence Semon

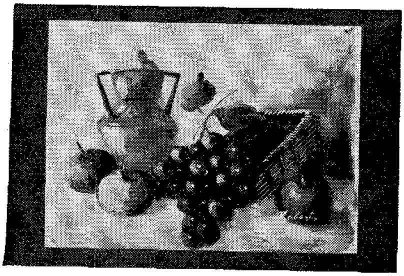
Veils are fall fashion news. Cocktail cap has egret-type feathers on silk veiling. Black, brown or navy. $9.25 pp. Imported cage veil with velvet bow and dots for day wear. Black, brown, navy or red. $7.25 pp. By Therese Ahrens, Lord & Taylor, D-74, 424 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y.



Precision slicing control on wonder knife can be adjusted from 1/16″ to ½″ for desired thickness. 8¼″ stainless steel blade with serrated edge. Ivory plastic handle. Comes with lifetime guarantee. $4.95 pp. Texmar Products, Dept. CR, 445 Broome St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

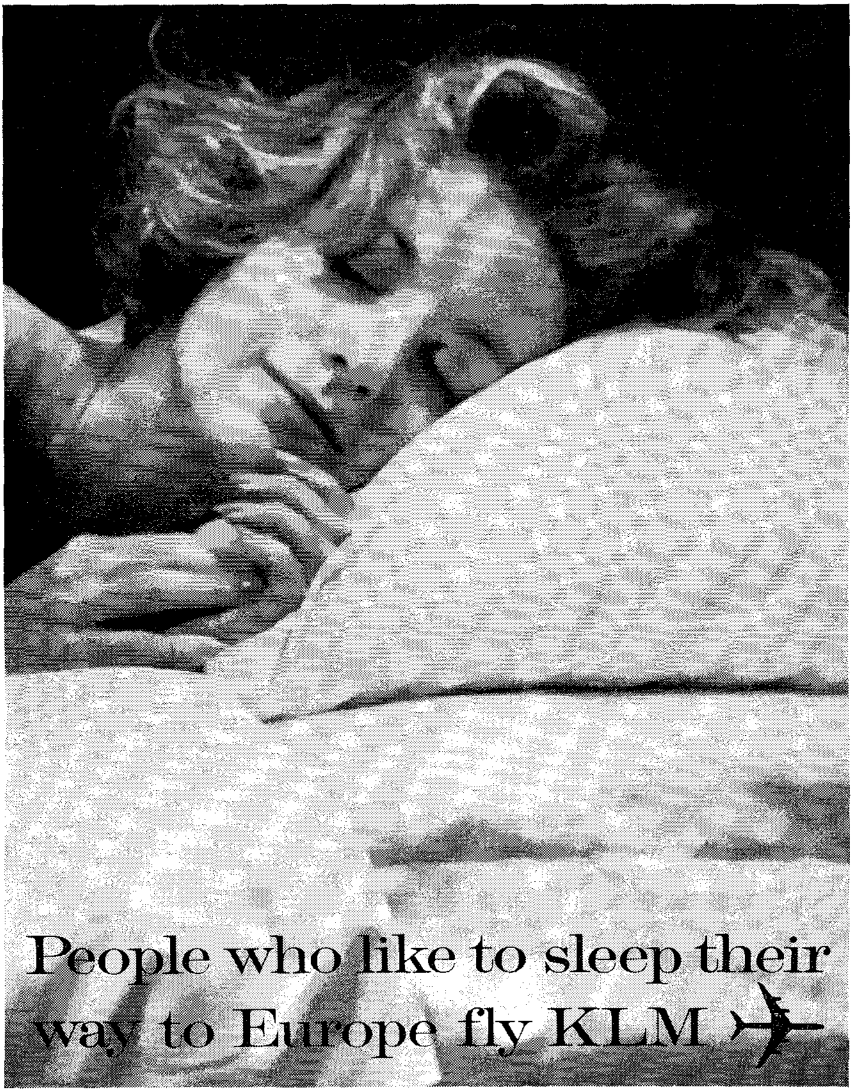


Chair for 2- to 8-year-olds has many uses. Can be used as desk, TV chair, feeding chair, etc. 12″ x 16″ removable swivel tray. Steel rod; upholstered in pink or gray pearlized vinyl which wipes clean. Measures 16″ x 23″ over-all. $8.50 pp. Junior Chair, Box 87, Willoughby, O.



Original, signed oil paintings on linen canvas at an unbelievable price. Collection includes floral and fruit stills, seascapes and landscapes by European artists. Framing instructions with 12″ x 16″ unframed canvas. $5.00 ea. pp. European Art, C, 50 Delancey St., N.Y. 2, N.Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.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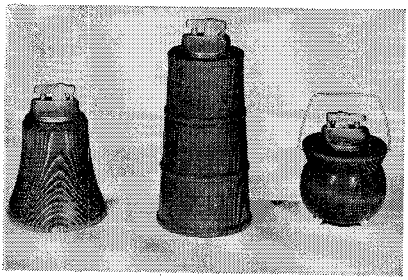
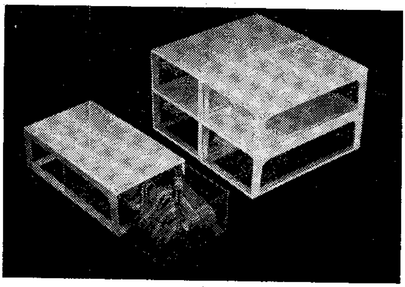
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

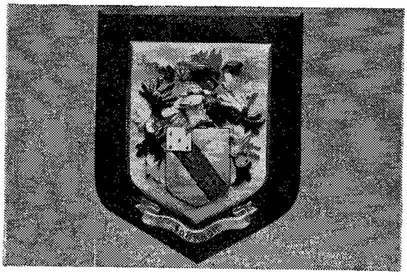
Special brush developed by Kent of London will keep cashmere garments in top wearing condition. Prevents matting and prolongs life of cashmere. Ebony plastic handle with looped cord for convenient hanging. $6.25 pp. Forest Art, C-9, P.O. Box 143, Flushing 65, N.Y.



Authentic reproductions of Early Americana fashioned into antique-pine-finish table lighters. Liberty Bell is 5″ high, butter churn 7½″ high and kettle 4″ high. Complete with brass-finish lighter. $4.95 ea. pp. Medford Products, COR, P.O. Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.



See-thru shoe boxes interlock to form decorative chest of drawers. Keep shoes neat, protected from dust and easily accessible. Of clear plastic with pink frames. Use in bedroom, closet, etc. $2.00 ea.; 3 for $5.89 pp. Sunset House, 64 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



Your family coat of arms blazoned on colorful 12″ oak wall shield from old European records listing 100,000 surnames. Check returned if arms not recorded. Allow two months for delivery. Print surname of interest. $15.00 pp. Hunter & Smallpage, Dept. C, York, England.

For additional mail order products see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper beginning on page 166

New Way to Sleep Without Fear

Exclusive Medical Report: How to get

8 Hours Sleep Tonight

New medical development found to bring longer, more refreshing sleep—without harmful effects

NOW COMES NEW EVIDENCE that safe, sound, restful sleep can be a happy reality for almost everyone. Recent tests made in one of the world's largest hospitals showed that even most severe cases of insomnia responded amazingly to a newly developed sleep-inducing formula entirely free of barbiturates, narcotics or habit-forming drugs.

Results of these clinical tests have just been made public in a special medical report. In test case after case, the hours of sleep increased from 3 or 4 hours—to 8 hours of sound, unbroken sleep. And most gratifying, the patients disclosed that there was no groggy dullness, no harmful after-effects.

Further, these doctors' tests revealed that this new medication with its unique formula is fully as effective as barbiturates. In fact, the medication successfully brought sleep in 88% of all cases tested—without danger of habit formation.

Since this new formulation is entirely free of habit-forming drugs, it can be made available to the public without prescription. Your druggist now has it under the name of Sleep-Eze® Tablets. The remarkable help that Sleep-Eze brings is due to the exclusive Formula SP-8, which combines pharmaceutically proven sleep-inducing ingredients in a unique way for maximum effectiveness.

For longer, more restful sleep get Sleep-Eze Tablets at any drug counter. Just two before retiring and you'll drift off into safe, sound sleep ...to awake bright, clearheaded and refreshed. Sleep-Eze Tablets guarantee saisfaction or your money refunded.

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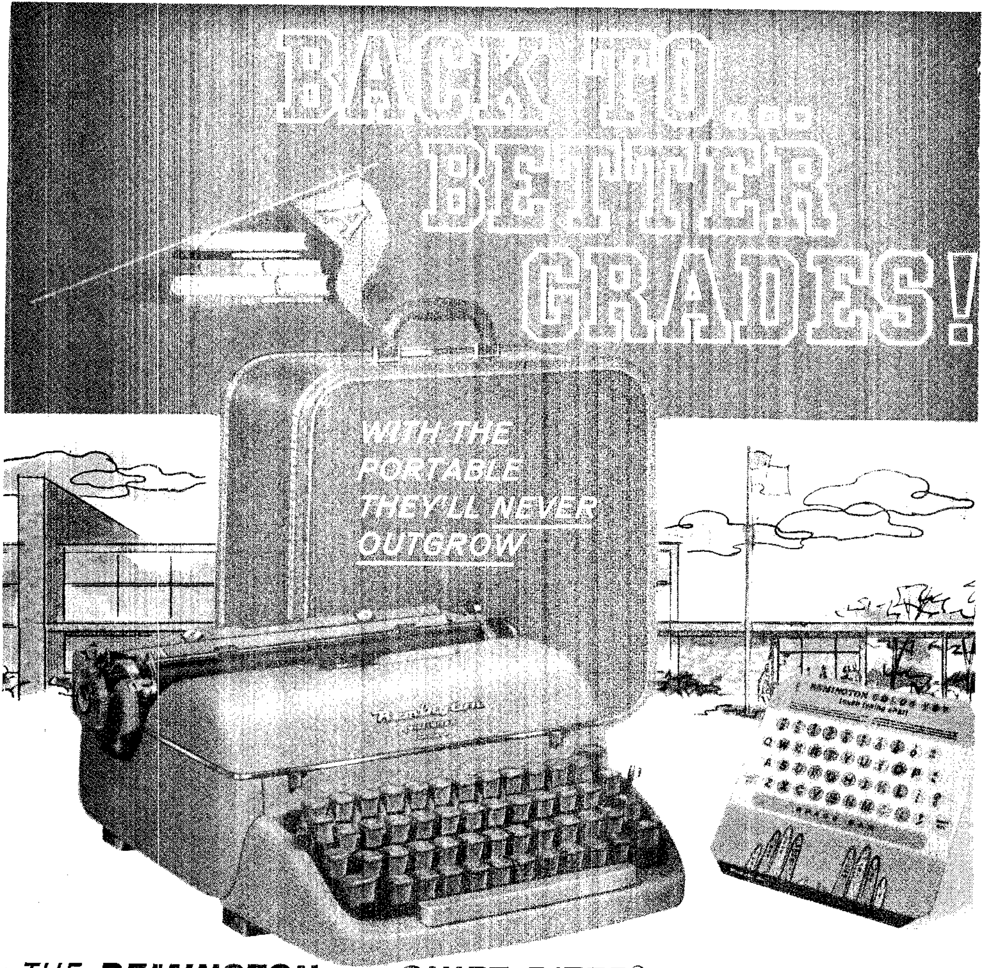
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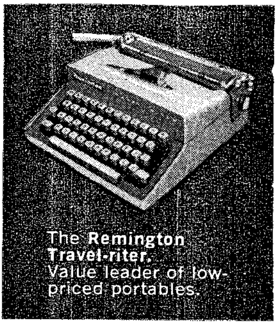

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A famed author charges:

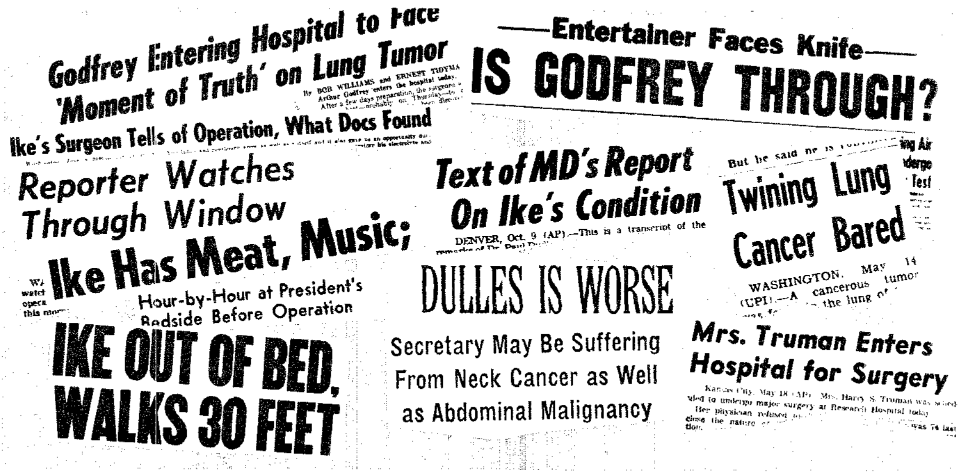
"WE ARE MAKING A CIRCUS OF DEATH"

In recent years, our morbid fascination with clinical reports on the private agonies of our public figures has made us a nation of sickroom Peeping Toms. It's time we put an end to this mass neurosis!

by Philip Wylie

When President Eisenhower suffered his heart attack, Dr. Paul Dudley White, a world-famous specialist, was summoned to Washington. He soon gave out a hopeful statement about his patient. But he added information for which no one had asked: the President's bowel movements, Dr. White said, were normal. Evidently someone questioned the need for such news, for the eminent physician later explained with bare-faced blandness, that the American people were very much interested in bowel movements.

Perhaps some are. But I am one American who is not in the least interested in the bowel movements of others, presidents included. I thought Dr. White's unsolicited discussion of the matter was absolutely uncalled for. I felt it must have been exceedingly embarrassing to President Eisenhower. The President is but one of many public



Godfrey Entering Hospital to Face 'Moment of Truth' on Lung Tumor

By BOB WILLIAMS and ERNEST TIDYMA

Ike's Surgeon Tells of Operation, What Docs Found

—Entertainer Faces Knife—

IS GODFREY THROUGH?

Reporter Watches Through Window

Ike Has Meat, Music;

Hour-by-Hour at President's Bedside Before Operation

IKE OUT OF BED, WALKS 30 FEET

Text of MD's Report On Ike's Condition

DENVER, Oct. 9 (AP)—This is a transcript of the

DULLES IS WORSE

Secretary May Be Suffering From Neck Cancer as Well as Abdominal Malignancy

Twining Lung Cancer Bared

WASHINGTON, May 14 (UPI)—A cancerous tumor

Mrs. Truman Enters Hospital for Surgery

Kansas City, May 18 (AP) Mrs. Harry S. Truman was scheduled to undergo major surgery at Research Hospital today.

figures who have recently been obliged to expose their agonies to the prying press and the glaring gaze of television. John Foster Dulles, our former Secretary of State, died of cancer—after the world had peered intimately at each sorry step of his decline.

While Mr. Dulles was in office and in good health, I disagreed violently and publicly with his policies. But I never belittled his superb courage and my heart went out to him in his final months. He was a well-bred, highly educated man—and human. No one will ever know how much inner suffering was added to his terminal distress by having to endure it in the same lurid limelight that followed his steps when he was well—and the busiest man on earth.

Let the reader ask himself how *he* would feel in such a situation:

Suppose *you* were stricken by an incurable disease. How would you react if your every symptom, pain, treatment and brief remission were submitted to public scrutiny? How would you like it if, while you were trying to recuperate in the Florida home of a friend, the press stormed your refuge like troops attacking a beachhead? Imagine that, as a last-ditch measure, radioactive gold was injected in your veins—and then try to imagine how you'd feel if the newspapers reported you'd become temporarily so radioactive that your visitors had to keep ten feet away from you to be safe from the rays you emitted?

Assume also that you, like the late Mr. Dulles, had established a worldwide reputation for energy, dauntlessness and durability, only to become a national exhibit to the pitiful fact that cancer can and does bring the strongest among us to our knees, no matter what courage is in us. Wouldn't you think it morbid and cruel of the public to stare at your inchmeal disintegration?

Of course you would!

And yet, while Mr. Dulles lay dying, the surfeit of his personal calamity was not enough for the press, radio and TV. A celebrated entertainer discovered, after surgery, that a pain in his chest was due to lung cancer—and, again, all the world was allowed to watch and listen while Arthur Godfrey, in openly-admitted terror, was wheeled to the operating room. During the ensuing hard days, Mr. Godfrey tried to cooperate with the inquisitive press. He even wrote down for a presumedly ghoulish public his deepest emotions. He tried to describe the clinical details of his surgery.

It is time to ask ourselves a question about the ruthless public attention given these famous men, and others, nowadays. Do the people of America really want to sit at the bedside of every stricken great man and every sick celebrity, listening to and looking at each successive detail of their tragedies—however grim, gruesome or intimate—without any regard for the feelings of the victims?

Has the American press, radio, or television any duty—let alone the right—to invade the operating and hospital rooms of important people?

Is the American public that heartless or that neurotically curious? Must leading Americans give up the last shred of privacy, the last iota of dignity, and even a chance to die in peace, simply because they happen to be famous?

Robert C. Ruark, the syndicated columnist, writing about the coverage on the late Secretary Dulles and Arthur Godfrey, says: "Ten years ago you wouldn't read that a man had cancer. . . . The evil thing has finally come out into the open, to where you can write about it."

Up to a point, I agree with Mr. Ruark. Until quite recently, a superstitious, ignorant, large fraction of the American public believed that cancer was so awful that it should not be mentioned even when it became the cause of death. Cancer victims were reported to have died of "a lingering illness," as Mr. Ruark also notes. A major part of an enlightened, modern campaign has aimed at bringing cancer into the open and at recognizing it early so that anyone afflicted by it will have the best possible chance of recovery.

Why was such a campaign necessary? Why was the mere word "cancer" nationally taboo? The answer goes back to dark and horrible notions held by earlier generations. Many thought the affliction was evidence of a secret, sexual misdeed and showed that the stricken person had led an evil or vile life. So when cancer occurred, family fear and pride united to hush up the presumed proof of its victim's wicked past.

Today, we know substantially more about the disease. We know it has nothing to do with sin, sexual or other. We also know it is not—as some dreaded—contagious. We know that the best hope we have of dealing with it, and of curing it, is to bring into the open the basic facts about the disease and to encourage everybody who even thinks he may have cancer to see his doctor.

Even so, there is a measureless difference between the public admission of cancer and the public examination of every step of the cancer-afflicted individual's suffering. It helps humanity to learn that the late Mr. Dulles suffered from cancer, and that Godfrey and—more recently—Gen. Nathan F. Twining, Chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, have been operated on for lung cancer. By such announcements, other worried and perhaps still-superstitious people are led to take their symptoms to capable doctors. But who is helped, in any fashion, by an ensuing account of tribulations that used to be held a man's private business? *Nobody.*

When the President suffered his heart attack, it was vitally important for the world to know two facts: the nature of his illness and the prognosis—that is, how the President might be expected to respond to treatment. Those two facts—and those alone—were of critical importance because many affairs of humanity hinged upon them. Both facts were given to the world the instant they were surely ascertained. There was no need, afterward, for the world to listen to elaborate medical talks about the minor symptoms of the President—or to hear about the normalcy of his bowels.

Dr. White's confiding of such a personal datum appalled the press of Britain. That such a needless and intimate fact should be published in American newspapers made the British think we had lost our sense of decency, discarded all feeling for privacy and revealed ourselves as unspeakably vulgar.

And countless Americans of sensibility agreed. They have begun to react violently to the clinical avidity of our press, radio and TV. Thus Arthur Krock, writing recently in *The New York Times* about the public spectacle made of the illness of the late Mr. Dulles said: "... the time is overdue to return ... to the proprieties of the sickroom."

It seems abnormal, from the standpoint of mental health, to want to read masses of surgical, medical, psychological and other torturesome detail about ill persons, however

When cancer-ridden Babe Ruth was dying in 1948, most of nation's press avoided writing about the precise nature of his final illness.

By the time President Eisenhower left hospital after heart attack, Dr. Paul D. White had released intimate details of his illness.

notable. And it is carrying the sacred right of press freedom to the edge of mental disease, to gather and broadcast such information.

Nobody has a right to invade the privacy of a sufferer, whatever his ailment or however important his name. Our free press should never presume it has the license to mount a deathwatch and to dispatch as news the step-by-step approach of dissolution. Only vultures may stand naturally, leering at the twitch-by-twitch decline that turns a thing alive into their distressful prey: carrion. Such behavior is beneath a human being.

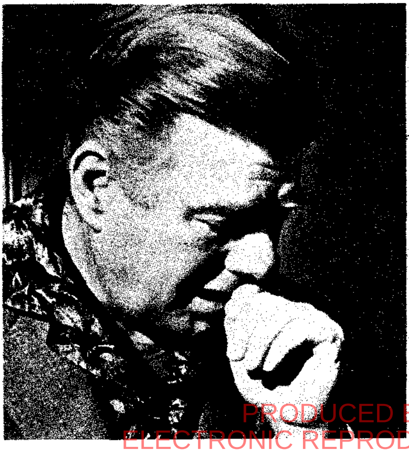
How could so many of us have fallen into so depraved a state?

The causes are varied. One is an overzealous desire of certain sick persons, or of those who speak for them, to keep the press completely informed. But the agents of the press and of all other media of communication ought to have the sense to omit complete information that is unnecessary, embarrassing or overdetailed. Pity and compassion on the part of newspaper reporters once kept them from their present ghoulish acts. They knew, for instance—but did not say—that Babe Ruth was dying of cancer and Lou Gehrig of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Those two brave men, the reporters also realized, could still read the papers and would be humiliated to have their doomed circumstances set before the public. The reporters of that era were right.

When some of his friends visited Babe Ruth toward the end, it was announced on the radio that they wept at the sight of their hero, shrunk from "225 pounds to 100 pounds." According to Mrs. Ruth, when the Babe heard about that broadcast he cursed the man who made it and said bitterly, "Hell, when I'm dead my bones will weigh more than 100 pounds."

It is hard enough to bear a slow death; but to bear it under feverish

Arthur Godfrey suddenly broke into tears last May at a unique press conference in which he talked about his operation for lung cancer.



Shortly before his death from cancer, haggard John Foster Dulles smiled wanly for photographers besieging him outside hospital.

public stare must be as ignominious to a decent man as to be stripped, tarred, feathered and ridden through the streets on a rail.

For a sick man or one dying—however great—surely has one right greater than all other alleged rights: the right to be a *private* citizen for as long as he wishes.

Certainly, if the destiny of other people impinges upon his state, a stricken leader—but nobody else—has a further duty. He owes it to those who depend upon him to let them know the bare facts of his situation. It was rumored, for instance, that Franklin Delano Roosevelt suffered from an incipient heart disorder. If so—and if he knew it—I think it should have been told to the people—for the nation might then have been better prepared to face the consequences of his subsequent death by stroke. And surely, the long illness of Woodrow Wilson should not have been shrouded in silence while a mystified world wondered, waited, and, in the perplexing period, lost hold of its ideals.

But even in such rare, crucial instances, nobody needed the kind of news people are getting today about stricken celebrities. These frequent bulletins, fulsome as hospital records, are useful only to the doctors in attendance. The public has no right to them. And certainly their publication has a bad effect on any sufferer unless he is such an exhibitionist he insanely believes it good publicity to have the masses examine X rays of his liver and photographs of his gallstones.

It is, to sum up, a brave and honorable public service of the stricken to announce the simple fact of whatever disease it is that threatens and perhaps ultimately ends their lives. From such unadorned announcement, all people gain a noble example and the medical statisticians gain useful data. Among national leaders, such simple announcement is mandatory. But to add more detail is to bring a death to dignity itself by robbing death of dignity.

There is, already, too much violence and misery, murder, mayhem and sensationalism in our press, on our radio and on our TV screens. Such loud merchandising of calamity tends to make us callous.

That is why, perhaps, we have not yet done what we should do, whenever the candid cameras and klieg lights are carted into the sickroom of some notable: rebel with our individual voices. These, united, would yank the vultures out of the sickroom and give the patient what he most needs: peace, privacy, rest and quiet.

Only a fool would want that sort of attention; and only an idiot could bear it. Disease is not a proper occasion for charivari. Most of the important men among us are neither fools nor idiots. And even if a shameless public should desire to peer upon renowned agony, none but veritable pimps of communication would cater to such an appetite.

So let's restore to sickness its privacy and to death its necessary dignity. For if we do not, we shall have taken a major portion of dignity and of value not just from death but from life, also.

Puerto Rico's "miraculous" lady Mayor

by Ray Kerrison

In 13 years, motherly Felisa Rincón de Gautier has transformed San Juan from a dreary slum into a show place of the Caribbean

ONE RECENT WEDNESDAY at 8 A.M., about 700 Puerto Ricans shuffled into a big, stately room in San Juan's city hall. All wanted help from the same woman, Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier, a jolly woman with twinkling brown eyes and an eye-popping hairdo of swept-up braids.

Officially, Doña Felisa is Mayor and City Manager of San Juan. But to its 500,000 people, she is known as *La Milagrosa*—The Miraculous Lady. Since she became Mayor 13 years ago, she seemingly has done nothing but accomplish the impossible.

When she took over, San Juan was a grubby, stench-ridden town, its streets strewn with garbage and goats, its sidewalks cluttered with beggars and brats. Today, thanks to Doña Felisa, the Puerto Rican capital is one of the world's cleanest cities—a Caribbean show place.

Doña Felisa flattened slums and relocated more than 100,000 people in modern, pink- and white-walled low-cost houses and apartments. She laced the city and its outer limits with a network of smooth macadam roads, and built schools, nurseries, parks, health clinics, even a cemetery where the poor are interred free.

She turned a slaughterhouse into a community center and introduced laundromats and public baths. She transformed a "hospital" where patients were handed prescriptions without so much as a stethoscope examination into one of the best equipped, most efficient institutions in the Western Hemisphere.

But *La Milagrosa's* best-known project is her unique "open house," held every Wednesday in San Juan and every Thursday in suburban Río Piedras. The poor swarm in to seek her help; often as many as 1,000 line up to pour out their troubles.

Doña Felisa sits at her desk, fan in one hand, pen in the other, from 8 A.M. on. Frequently, she is still there at 2 A.M., having gone without lunch and dinner.

A recent session shows how *La Milagrosa* operates.

A woman cried that she hadn't enough money to buy her baby a pair of shoes. The Mayor phoned a well-to-do friend and solved that in less than a minute.

Another woman wanted blood for a stricken neighbor and Doña Felisa called a dispensary to see that she received it.

A youth, out on bail on a theft charge, sought a lawyer to represent him. The Mayor called an attorney friend, who agreed to represent the lad without charge.

A poverty-stricken woman, grimacing from labor pains, lined up patiently just to seek Doña Felisa's blessing. She got it—along with $10.

A girl wept because her fiancé had run out on her. As Doña Felisa wondered what she could do to soothe her, a young man next in line generously volunteered to stand in as bridegroom. The pair are now happily married.

Endowed with prodigious energy that belies her 62 years, Doña Felisa never works less than 15 hours a day, seven days a week. "She does the work of three men," says her special assistant, Marta Bradsher. Doña Felisa has never taken a vacation since she became Mayor and has spent only two days in the hospital (for a checkup). Virtually her only break from office routine is an hour on Sundays, when she goes to Mass.

With her husband, Jenaro de Gautier, an attorney in the Department of Justice, Doña Felisa lives in a small, simply furnished three-room apartment attached to city hall. "When I married Felisa in 1940," her husband says, "I married the whole city of San Juan. I don't mind that, but when people call me Mr. Rincón (Doña Felisa's maiden name), I get mad."

"Jenaro is very proud of Felisa," says a friend. "But he resents their lack of privacy. And, of course, he's always telling her to slow down, but she doesn't listen."

Once asked to explain how she managed her rigorous schedule, Doña Felisa herself declared, "Vitamins—and a patient husband."

San Juaneros don't seem to mind having their city run by a woman. "Puerto Ricans are not concerned whether their public officials are men or women," Felisa explains. "All they want to know is, 'Can the person do the job?' " She believes, however, that women must be feminine to succeed in politics—and never antagonize a man!

Perhaps because she has never been able to have children, Doña Felisa adores them. One of her proudest projects is a string of ten nursery schools for children whose parents are so poor that both have to work in order to provide the bare necessities of life.

The youngsters, from two to four years old, are left at the schools at 8 A.M. They change into uniforms and shoes, provided gratis, and spend the day learning English, Spanish, dancing, nursery rhymes, how to clean their teeth and nails and are served a free, hearty lunch.

Doña Felisa has helped rear more than 100 impoverished children. She brought them in from rural districts, installed them in her apartment, clothed and fed them, and paid for their education.

Once, in a poor country district, Doña Felisa met a bright-eyed 12-year-old boy about to leave school because he'd gone as far as he could in his area. She promptly dispatched him to her home in San Juan and sent him through school there.

Doña Felisa also estimates that she has been godmother to about 400 children. Recently, after a priest had baptized yet another of her godchildren, he turned to her and said, "Doña Felisa, if I had one wish that might be granted me, it would be to be born anew so that I might have the great honor of having you as my godmother."

At no time does Doña Felisa's love for children show more than at the Feast of the Three Kings.

It is a Spanish tradition to have the "Three Wise Men" bring gifts to children on January 6 instead of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. Since many parents cannot afford gifts for their children, Doña Felisa finds the money for them. In the past, she has raffled a house each year, raised an average of $28,000 and bought gifts for more than 50,000 families. But now she must find another money-raising scheme, since the Government is enforcing laws against raffles.

DOÑA FELISA's motherly concern for the members of her vast "household" is a legacy from her childhood. Her mother died when Felisa was 13, and the little girl was left to care for seven younger brothers and sisters. Her father, Don Enrique, was a successful lawyer whose precept for living was, "Don't worry about anything. God will provide." With that, he gave most of his money to the poor and sank the rest into wild business deals.

At night, however, he read the Bible and the classics to his children, and grounded them in history and public affairs. "I managed only three years of high school," says Doña Felisa, "but with my father I attended the University of Life."

Like her father, nothing pleased young Felisa more than to be able to give to the less fortunate.

"Once, when we were teenagers, an 18-year-old Haitian girl visited us," her sister Josefina recalls. "There was a dance that night and our guest had nothing to wear. But Felisa fixed that. She took my hand-embroidered red evening gown and cut it down to fit our Haitian guest. Of course, she would have given the girl her own dress, but mine was a better fit."

After she left school, Doña Felisa opened three dress shops which soon began to prosper. Then, in 1932, Puerto Rican women won the right to vote—and in San Juan, among the first women to register was Felisa Rincón. She joined the island's Liberal Party and went to work alongside a rising young politician, Luis Muñoz Marín, now the Governor of Puerto Rico.

Muñoz Marín was pushing for Puerto Rican independence, but then decided that autonomy within the U.S. political system would be even more advantageous to the island. This shift demolished the Liberal Party, and from its ruins he built the Popular Democratic Party. Doña Felisa went with him.

In 1936, friends persuaded her to run for the Puerto Rican Senate, but her father, appalled at the prospect of his daughter in public office, refused to give his consent. "He believed a woman's place was in the home," she explains.

Although 39, Doña Felisa bowed to his wishes. Four years later, friends once more urged her to seek the mayorality of San Juan, but again she ran into family objections—not only from her father but now from her husband, whom she had married a few months earlier.

But in 1943, a hurricane smashed all opposition. The storm formed in the North Atlantic and began moving on Puerto Rico. A thousand people, whose "homes" were flimsy shacks, flocked to Doña Felisa's brick home to seek shelter. One pregnant woman went into the bedroom and promptly gave birth to a son.

Quickly, Doña Felisa set out to install the refugees in public buildings. To her horror, city officials refused to open them because they had no power to turn public buildings into shelters until the storm struck. Angrily, she stalked off, smashed the locks on half a dozen schools, and moved in the frightened people. Next, she went to the bank and withdrew $500 from her own account to buy food for the refugees.

Capriciously, the hurricane veered sharply away to the east and spared the island. But Doña Felisa decided that at the next opportunity she would run for Mayor. In 1946, she got her chance. The Mayor resigned to take another position and she was appointed in his place—without opposition from her family.

Behind Doña Felisa's sunny smile is a razor-sharp political brain. No one appreciates this more than the U.S. State Department, which has sent her on four goodwill tours through Central and South America.

When she goes abroad, Doña Felisa knows what to look for. "If you want to find out what a city is really thinking, go to the slums," she says. "On a foreign tour, that's the first place I head for. And when visitors come to San Juan, the first place that I take them is to our slums. I'm not proud of them, but it shows what we are trying to do here."

Only once has she run into trouble abroad, but like the skilled politician she is, she turned it to her advantage. It happened last year in Caracas, Venezuela, where she was invited to address 2,000 labor leaders and workers in a huge auditorium.

Patiently, she started to trace Puerto Rico's progress from a poverty-stricken agricultural economy to a bustling, industrial commonwealth. "We had a revolution," she declared, "not with men and guns and blood, but with ideas. We have all the benefits of the people on the U.S. mainland. We can come and go as we please without visas and quotas, we have no defense bill, and we are defended by the greatest army in the world."

At this, about 50 men from all corners of the hall suddenly jumped to their feet and began to shout, "Yankee imperialists go home! *Viva* free Puerto Rico!" Others hissed and booed. Too late, Doña Felisa realized she'd been steered into a nest of Communists.

Desperately, she tried to quiet the howling mob, but someone turned off her microphone. Gathering her white lace mantilla tighter about her, Doña Felisa stepped down from the rostrum and, with a gracious smile, began shaking hands with every man in the house. To each one, she said, "We in Puerto Rico have exactly what we want. We have as much freedom as you have. Come up and see for yourself."

"By the time I got through shaking almost 2,000 hands," she recalls with a chuckle, "I had more friends among them than I would have had had I talked for a week."

In her flag-draped San Juan office, which has pictures of President Eisenhower and Harry Truman, Doña Felisa keeps three big glass showcases crammed with medals and awards. She has two favorite trophies, however. One is a miniature battleship given to her by the U.S. Navy in recognition of her work for the thousands of sailors who swarm ashore at San Juan. (She is the only woman ever to receive such an award.) The other is a silver cross which makes her a Lady of the Holy Sepulcher, one of the highest Papal awards any woman can receive.

On the wall behind her desk is the seal of the city of San Juan. Its inscription reads:

"It is very noble and loyal this city
For its constancy, love and fidelity."

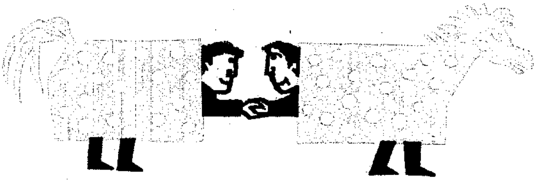
When the city's founding fathers penned these lines some 400 years ago, they might have been thinking of just such a person as Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier.

WHY EDITORS LEAVE TOWN

HEADLINE in a Boston paper: "Hotel Burns. Two Hundred Guests Escape Half-Glad."

IN A LEWISTOWN, Illinois, paper: "Mrs. Jones left today for La Harpe and the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago to visit relatives."

—JAMES HENRY



GRIN AND SHARE IT

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once received a letter addressed to George Bernard Shawm. In a beard-tossing fury, Shaw roared to his wife that his correspondent could not even spell the name of the world's greatest man. Moreover, he fumed, there was no such word as "Shawm."

Shaw's wife, one of the world's most martyred women, quietly disagreed, led Shaw to a dictionary and pointed to: "Shawm—an old fashioned wind instrument."

—*Prairie Messenger*

A CERTAIN PROFESSOR, well acquainted with the foibles of human nature, sometimes offers her class this example of the conjugation of the verb "to be":

"I am firm, you are obstinate, he is pigheaded." —HAROLD HELFER

THE DEPARTMENT STORE salesman walked up to the manager with a problem. "How," he asked, "can I stop women customers from complaining about our prices, and talking about the low prices in the good old days?"

"Very easily," replied the manager. "Act surprised and tell them you didn't think they were old enough to remember them." —*Quote*

FOLLOWING A REHEARSAL for my brother's wedding, we held a buffet supper at our home.

As I stood in line waiting my turn at the display of food, my nine-year-old niece, who was behind me, tugged at my shirt sleeve and whispered, "I don't know what to do."

I whispered back to follow me and do just as I did. A moment later, she tugged my sleeve again and said, "Don't get any olives, I don't like them." —BOB MILLER

WHEN THEIR WIVES chanced to leave town at the same time, the first-floor apartment dweller and the occupant immediately above him decided to go fishing.

As they cast in a lake 50 miles from home, the downstairs resident said: "I keep worrying about a cigar I was smoking before we left. I'm afraid I left it burning on my wife's new bedside table."

"Well, you can stop worrying," replied his companion. "I left my bathtub water running."

—*Wall Street Journal*

MOLIÈRE, THE FRENCH playwright, regarded doctors with suspicion, convinced they were in league with the undertakers.

Once, when the playwright was suddenly taken ill, his doctor was summoned from the country, where he had been hunting. When he entered the sickroom, he was still carrying his gun. Noting the weapon, Molière remarked, "Are you afraid, sir, that your usual treatment will not suffice?" —E. E. EDGAR

BRITISH ACTOR-MANAGER Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was extremely absent-minded, and no one knew it better than he.

One afternoon, during a break in rehearsal, he left the theater and went to a restaurant for lunch. He was still carrying the script with him. Seating himself at a table, he spread the script out in front of him and became engrossed in it.

The waiter, hesitating to intrude upon his thoughts, hovered near the table. Thirty minutes passed and Tree still hadn't spoken a word. Then he glanced at his watch and looked up.

"Waiter," he said, "if I have had my lunch, please bring me the check. If not, bring me some roast beef."

—E. E. EDGAR

MOTHER WAS DISCUSSING with the mathematics teacher her child's slow progress in algebra. "It isn't that he refuses to try," she said. "I rather think he just doesn't believe it at all." —JOHN DOBINA

A SPORTS-CAR DRIVER was puzzled when a friend whom he had given a lift asked: "What's this long wall we keep driving past? It's over ten miles long."

The driver answered: "That's not a wall—it's a curb." —PETER CAGNEY

THE ATLANTIC FLEET was holding maneuvers and a call to general quarters had the crew rushing to their stations. Already reports of simulated damage were being recorded by damage control.

An officer stood on the deck and, with crayon in hand, he stooped and traced out a rough circle several feet wide extending from the rail toward midship. In the middle of this area he wrote, "Bomb hit. Deck gone."

A seaman running to his post reached this damage sign and stopped. He looked at the far side of the circle and suddenly took the crayon from the hand of the amazed officer. Drawing two straight lines through the center of the circle, he wrote, "six-inch plank," and hurried on his way. —*A. M. A. Journal*

GUIDE TO GROUP of tourists: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest cataract in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment, you will hear the deafening roar of the waters."

—*Woodmen Of The World*

A COUPLE OF ENGINEERS got off the train carrying a special suitcase in which there was a gyroscope, one of those instruments that keep a plane on its course.

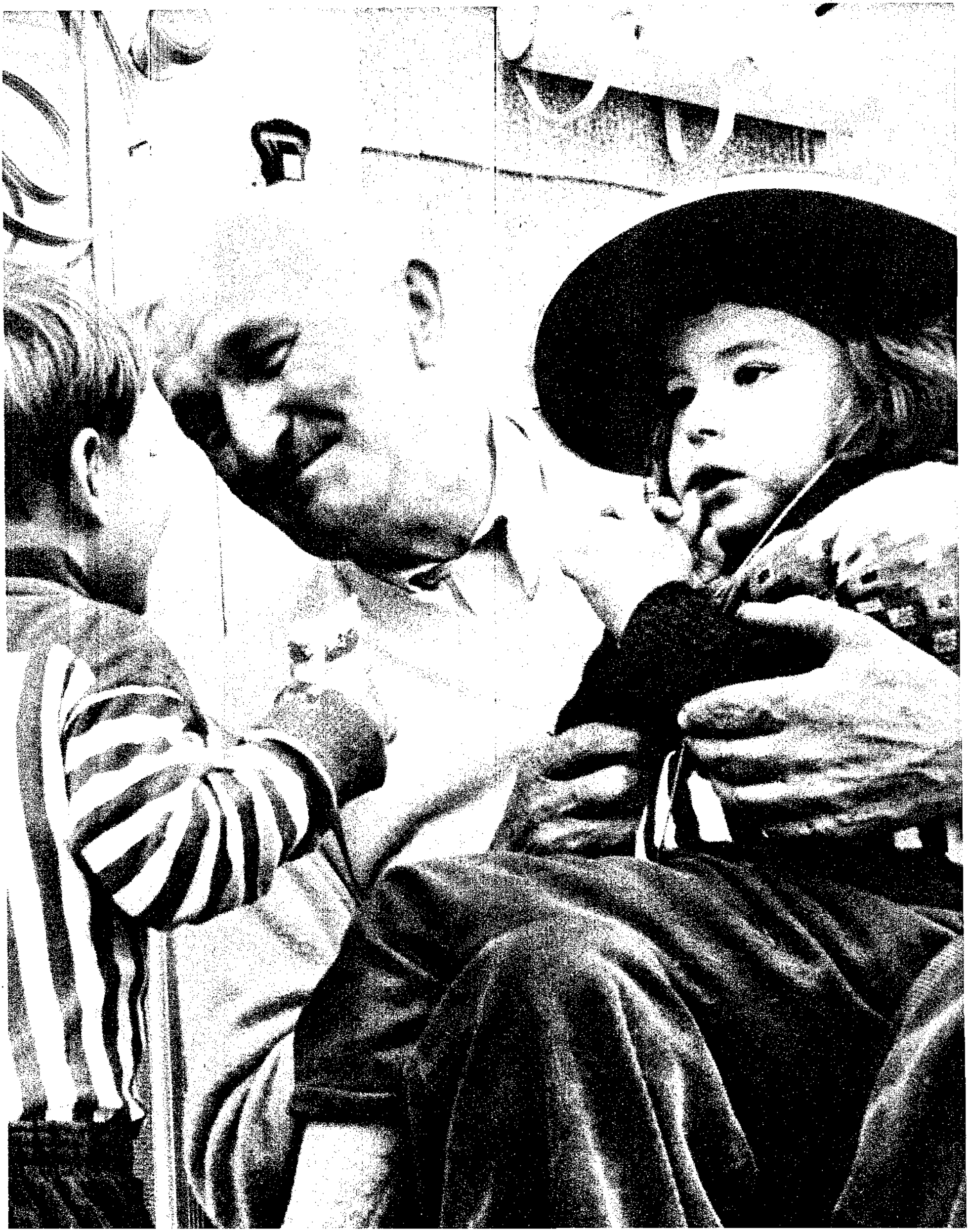
As a gag, they started it up before the porter picked up the suitcase and headed toward the exit door to the cab stand. The suitcase kept on a straight course through the door but refused to turn down the street with the porter. He tried it three times and finally put the bag down.

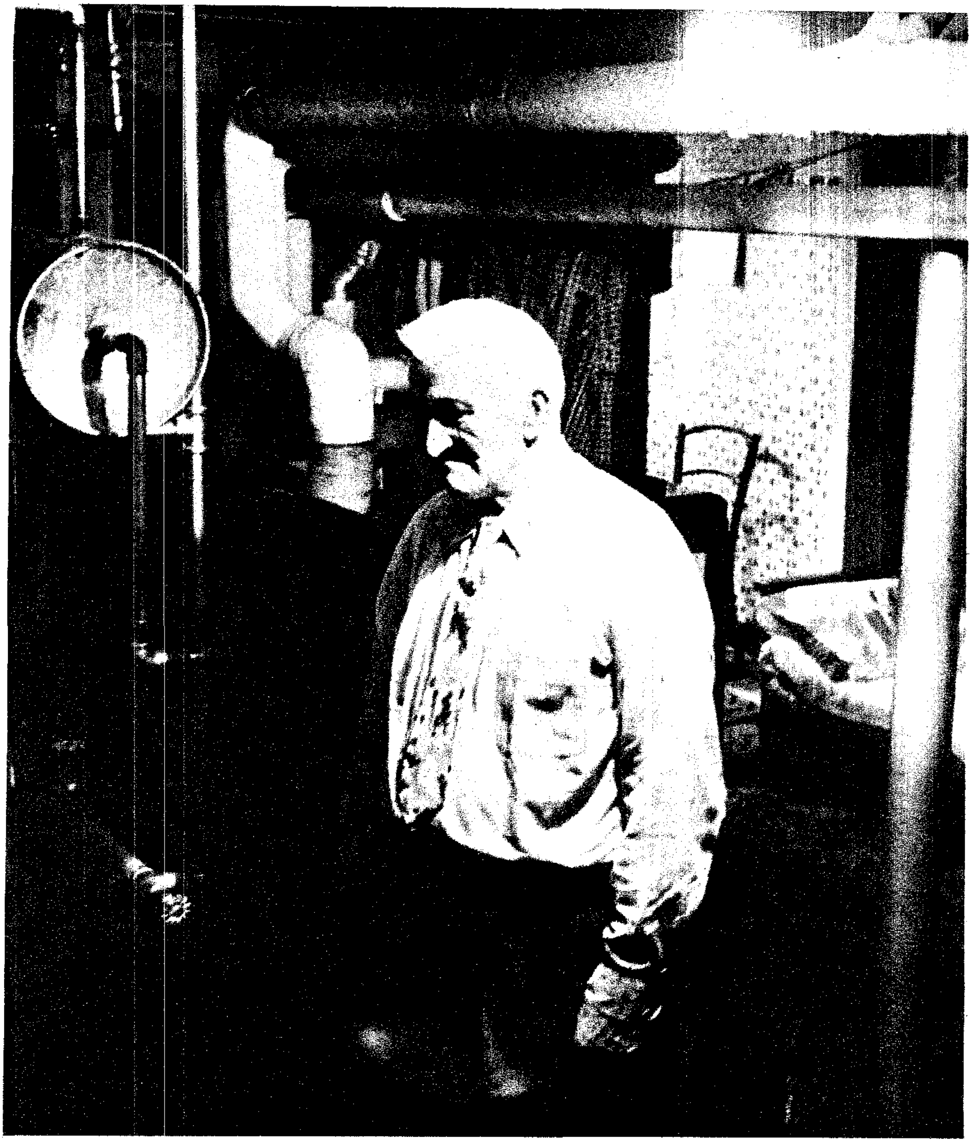
"You gentlemen," he said, wagging an accusing finger at the engineers, "have been drinking too much." —*Minneapolis (Minnesota) Tribune*

Happy ending for Stanley

Beaming with joy as he plays with neighborhood children (right), 75-year-old gardener Stanley Makowski is a man physically and spiritually resurrected. Ailing and alone, he was rescued from life's scrap heap by a Williston Park, New York, housewife who believes literally in the Scriptural injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Last fall, when Mrs. Mary Winchell, the mother of six, spotted Stanley trudging past her Long Island home, he was seriously ill of diabetes and seemed doomed to spend his remaining days in the cellar where he had lived for 12 years. No one appeared to care if he lived or died. "It was a situation that you had to do something about," Mrs. Winchell recalls. "At least I had to do something." Here, in pictures, is the inspiring story of how she has given new hope to the proud old man who had always thought that "you have no friends in this world if there's no money left in your pocket."

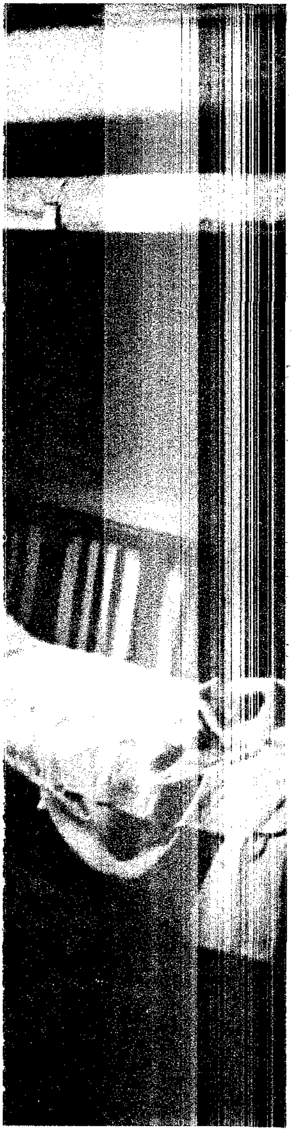
Photographs by Dan Budnik
Text by Richard Kaplan



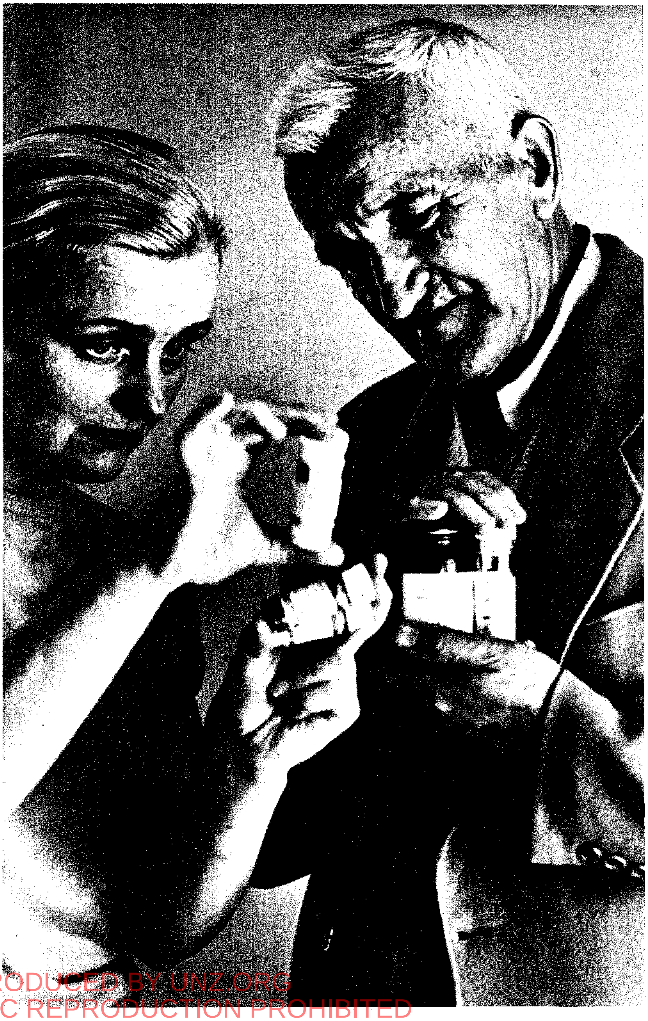


In stuffy, pipe-cluttered basement, Stanley slept on old bed he cherished. He used rest room at nearby gas station, went to New York for bath.

Mrs. Winchell reads medicine-bottle labels to Stanley. Confused, he had even been buying "sugar added" foods, thinking they were "sugar free."



Stanley's diabetes was Mrs. Winchell's first worry. To reach a free clinic he faced a 90-minute bus ride. So she persuaded some of her friends to drive him there. Previously, doctors had called him an "uncooperative patient." "How could he cooperate," she asks, "when he barely understands English?"



"We just showed him that we cared"

Before long, Stanley became a jovial "grandfather" to the Winchell family. "He used to be so quiet," says Mrs. Winchell. "Not because he was unfriendly; he was just unhappy. All we did for him was to show that we cared." But to Stanley, this was the greatest gift of all. Now he constantly looks for ways to repay Mrs. Winchell, whom he calls "my angel with the gold hair," but she gently tells him, "Just say a prayer for me." Last Christmas, however, he bought her eight pairs of cotton stockings and a box of candy. She gave him a set of rosary beads. "I'll never forget you," wept Stanley.

At home altar (above), Stanley, a devout Catholic, lights a votive candle for Mrs. Winchell.

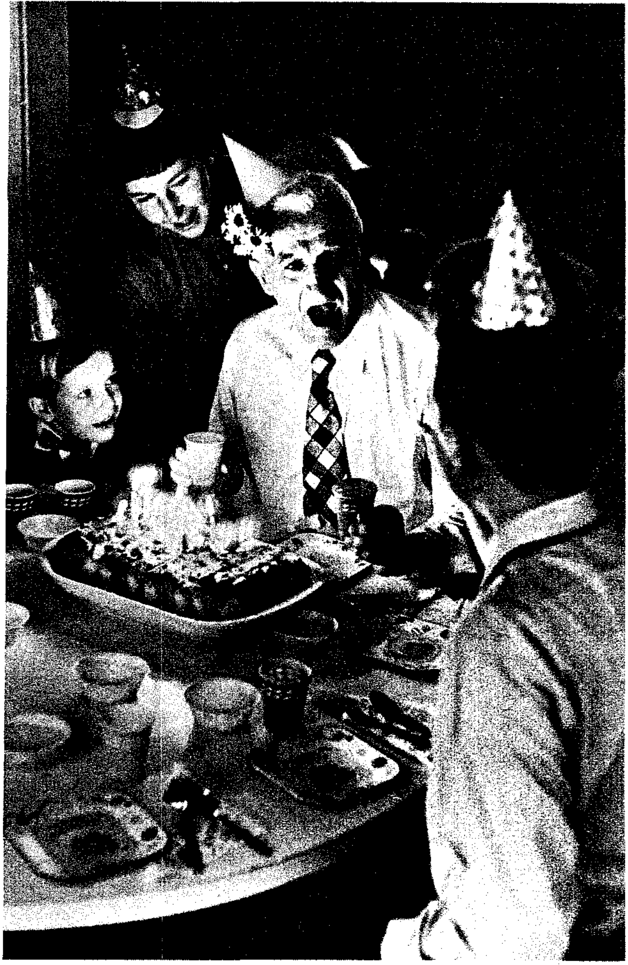
As Mrs. Winchell and neighbor watch, Stanley conducts puppet show for kids. "I don't know if they like me," he says wonderingly, "but I sure love them."

Stanley treasures faded World War I Polish Army uniform. He still wears it on national holidays.

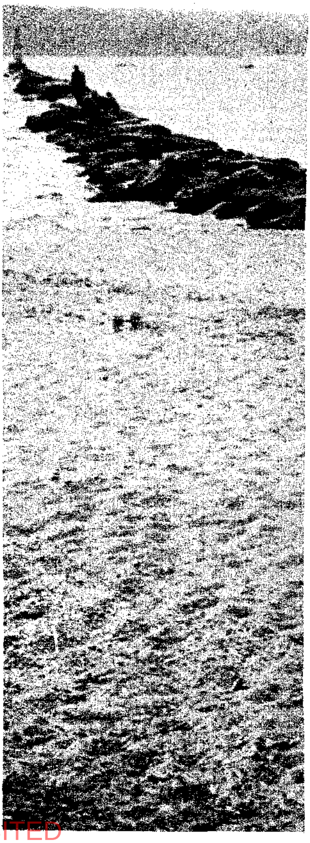
Getting Stanley out of his gloomy cellar was difficult; few persons would rent to a man his age. But through a neighbor, Mrs. Winchell finally found him an airy room in a house owned by an elderly, Polish-speaking widow in the nearby town of Glen Cove.

Mrs. Winchell, three of her children and Stanley's landlady, Mrs. Josephine Miezok (right), gaily drink soda toast to him as he arrives in new home.

Stanley visits free clinic twice a week (below). He can't afford private medical care, since Social Security and relief checks are his only income.



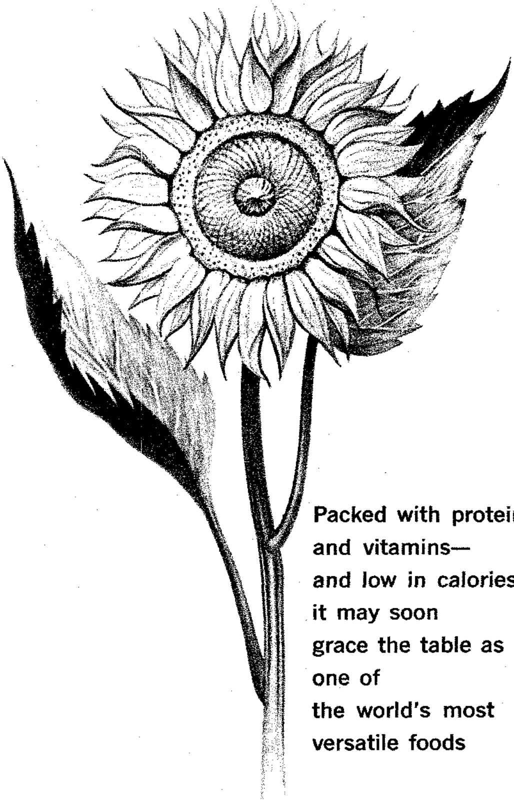
At birthday party given for him by Mrs. Winchell's neighbor, Betty Rosenzweig, Stanley blows out candles on dietetic cake.



With Mrs. Miezok, he goes fishing on beach near home. "I never knew such nice things could happen," Stanley says. "I tell you I'm a lucky old man."

by Reed Millard

The sensational sunflower



Packed with protein and vitamins—and low in calories—it may soon grace the table as one of the world's most versatile foods

THE SUNFLOWER may soon be supplying the world with highly nourishing foods. You may be eating it in spreads for bread, salads, spaghetti, cake, candy and a dozen other forms. That is the prediction of scientists who have discovered that the seeds and roots of various types of sunflowers are gastronomic treasure troves.

Ever since the Indians introduced Columbus to this native North American plant, people have munched on chewy, nutlike sunflower seeds. Now at the Texas Research Foundation, the University of Illinois, and other institutions, plant breeders are at work remodeling the sunflower to make it into a wonder crop yielding products important to both overfed Americans and underfed populations in other parts of the world.

For in the sunflower family, nature has performed the miracle of creating a food that can be all things to all men—a fattening food for those who need carbohydrates, a high protein food for those most in need of this basic life requirement, a food with almost no calories at all for weight watchers.

The scientists start with the seeds in the giant (up to 24 inches in diameter) sunflower heads. The seeds have a bigger percentage of protein than cottonseeds or soybeans, both noted for richness in this particular. Pressed, they yield a fluid that looks like any cooking oil.

In addition, the sunflower seed boasts significant quantities of calcium, thiamine, niacin and vitamin D. The oil can be used in cookery, on salads and as the basic ingredient in oleomargarine. Sunflower oleomargarine keeps better than that made from other oils, since sunflower oil totally lacks linolenic acid, which is detrimental to preservation.

Ground up, sunflower seeds make a flour that has not only the richness of the oil, but added values. Up to 50 percent of it is protein, and nutritionists aver that it is so rich in iron that few foods, other than egg yolks and liver, can compete with it. Even if this meal were not directly eaten by human beings, it would have great nutritional importance, because it makes a super feed for livestock and poultry, with a higher percentage of food value than any of the other standard feed crops, particularly oats, corn or wheat.

If the sunflower's so wonderful, what's holding up production? Not nutritional but agricultural problems, explain scientists like Dr. Earl Collister, head of the Texas Research Foundation's plant breeding program.

Some types are just too *big*, according to some experts. One sunflower reached a record height of 30 feet, with giant stems the size of small trees. Even varieties rated "average" are about eight feet tall. This makes trouble in harvesting because combines have difficulty handling plants that size. On mechanized U.S. farms, the sunflower's size has been a drawback. Some are grown in Illinois, Texas, Minnesota, Kansas and California. But these U.S. acreages are small compared with those in other countries.

In Argentina, for instance, the sunflower is an important row crop. In Canada and Russia, thousands of acres are devoted to sunflower cultivation. Russians started raising them extensively in the 19th century.

The agricultural experts are busily at work cross-breeding productive but oversized sunflowers with shorter cousins from the roster of some 100 different kinds of sunflowers. For once, Texas takes pride in having something smaller than other states! Dr. Collister and his associates have come up with varieties under 12 inches high. At present, they are working with a type that is 30 inches tall with a six-inch seed head. It is suitable for mechanical harvesting. But this and other short varieties are only in the experimental stage; the seeds for them will probably not be available for several years.

Researchers at the experimental fields of Co-op Vegetable Oils, Ltd., in Manitoba, Canada, have produced strains that are about four feet high. Three years ago, researchers came up with a field of pint-sized hybrids which, under experimental drought conditions, produced 2,827 pounds of seeds per acre.

"When you can make a single acre turn out almost a ton-and-a-half of a food product as nutritionally valuable as sunflower seed," says one horticulturist, "you figure you've passed an agricultural milestone."

Scientists see the sunflower as one of the most promising crops for those parts of the world with underdeveloped agriculture and huge, hungry populations. It will grow almost anywhere. But there is one thing that will stunt the plant's growth. That's lack of sunlight. Experiments show that the loss of even a few minutes of sun can measurably slow the growth of sunflower plants.

The researchers haven't stopped with sunflower seeds. They're also experimenting with the thick, woody stems. Crushed and compressed, they make a good fuel. Experimentally, scientists have processed the stalks like pulp wood and obtained a fine quality white paper.

In other trials, the stems have been plowed under as fertilizer; and breeders have hit upon a use that may have the most promise of all—a sunflower with a stalk as sweet as candy. Maybe sunflower sugar will be added to the growing list of edibles from this golden wonder of the plant world.

Agriculturalists may find most of the sunflower's riches out of the sun beneath the soil. Three hundred years ago, French explorers found Indians eating what looked like large red peanuts. The Indians called them "sun roots" and showed the white men the plant from which they came—a sunflower-like herb. The Europeans took the roots back with them, and soon they were grown in many parts of Europe. In Italy, this kind of sunflower got a new name, *girasole*, which means turning to the sun, and from a corruption of that name, it picked up a curious English one, "Jerusalem artichoke." This plant grows five to ten feet tall with many yellow flower heads often two to three inches in diameter.

The chewy sunflower seeds yield a rich, golden oil that is excellent for cooking or salads.

In its natural form, the Jerusalem artichoke tastes something like celery, but there are flavor variations among different strains of the tuber. Scientific plant breeding has increased the size of the roots from their original peanut-size until now a Jerusalem artichoke looks about like a good-sized potato. It can be eaten raw, cut up in salad, fried, or baked. One enthusiast has so far found 120 different ways to prepare the roots. Ground up, they make a white flour that can be used in some ways like wheat flour. It's been used in breads, cake, and even spaghetti.

What intrigues the researchers in this diet-troubled age is a startling fact: this root seems to have almost no calories. Strictly speaking, the tuber does contain calories, but the human system cannot utilize the carbohydrates in the form in which the Jerusalem artichoke stores them. For this reason, it might make a perfect reducing-diet food; it has food value, being rich in thiamin and minerals. The trick is that it stores its carbohydrates not as most other plants do (as sugars and starches) but as levulose and inulin. Medicine has long recommended this inulin-containing plant for diabetics.

Any home gardener with a yen to try out Jerusalem artichokes, can grow this particular sunflower with the large, edible roots with ease. Seed companies sell the roots like seed potatoes, for about $2 for five pounds, which will yield a considerable supply. After that you can get your own seed. The sun root can be the last vegetable eaten in the fall and the first in the spring. The roots are not harmed by frost so long as they are left in the ground. In the spring, the roots can be planted early, as soon as the ground is workable. Garden experts have one word of warning: let this sunflower loose in your garden and these edible roots will grow at a fantastic rate.

Commercially, this astonishing growing power awes the agriculturalists with its possibilities as a source of food in vast quantities. Three tons per acre is an average yield for potatoes. The incredible sun root commonly produces five to six tons—and has set records up to 20!

Take the family of plants that grow practically any place in abundance, plants endowed by nature with potential food riches in seeds, stems and roots— and it's easy to see why the agricultural scientists are so sure that the sunflower has a place in the future as bright as the golden face it turns to the sun.

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The tragedy of the "stale marriage"

by Hugo A. Bourdeau

Executive Director, Marriage Counseling Service, Baltimore, Md.
as told to Robert Liston

Once they were passionately in love; now blind forces are tearing their relationship to shreds. It happens to many couples. An expert tells how to fight it

ONE OF THE MOST COMMON COMPLAINTS a marriage counselor hears is, "We've grown apart."

Couples once so in love they couldn't wait to get to the altar now look at each other and say, "We're strangers." And many of them are. They have allowed keeping house, rearing children, earning a living and even being good citizens to keep them from the tasks of maintaining a satisfactory marriage.

These couples have forgotten how to enjoy the sublimely close personal relationship with another human being which marriage alone offers. They have forgotten—or were unaware—that such a relationship is not the product of accident but of effort. They lose sight of the simple truth that people grow—either better or worse, broader or narrower—during their lives. Just living under the same roof is no guarantee that two people will grow in the same way.

Unfortunately, modern society is like a centrifuge. Couples get into the spin of day-to-day living, then fly off in different directions. A husband generally flies toward his work, a wife toward her home and family.

For example, a man we shall call James Benson was a salesman for a pharmaceutical firm and came into daily contact with doctors, dentists, druggists and hospital administrators; it was mentally stimulating work. In sharp contrast, his wife, Anne, was a model housekeeper with a compulsive need for order. She could not quit for the day until every ash tray was cleaned, every dirty cup washed, dried and put away. This took up all her days and most of her evenings. She normally worked right up until bedtime, with little time for reading or other diversion. Her recreation was shopping or an occasional coffee klatch with neighbors whose talk also centered on nothing but babies, cake-baking and faulty plumbing.

This went on for years, until James insisted that she go to a cocktail party. Anne endured it and came home in tears. "You ignored me all evening," she wailed.

James explained to me that he had tried to engage her in conversation all evening. He had failed, because she was so out of touch with life she didn't know what to talk about. "I can't seem to reach her anymore," he said.

But wives such as Anne, who let themselves become dreary, are no worse than husbands who degenerate into mere "breadwinners."

Tom Jenkins was the owner of a large and successful firm. He installed his wife, Ruth, in a $50,000 home, gave her all the money she wanted, then threw himself into his business affairs 12 or 14 hours a day. He'd come home, eat, fall asleep watching television, then go to bed to repeat the ritual the next day. When Ruth complained of boredom he gave her money to buy a new hat.

In desperation, Ruth joined a "Great Books" class and a current events club. Before long, she was a stimulating woman of knowledge and varied interests. Tom was a modern Rip van Winkle; life had passed him by. He could give me the exact cost of shipping goods to Chicago, but couldn't remember his own son's birthday.

Remarkably, it was a business crisis which brought them to me. Tom had mentioned to Ruth his need for a special exemption from the city in order to expand his offices. He complained he didn't know the official that could grant his request.

"Oh, I know him," Ruth said. "I'll phone him right now." She did, arranging an appointment for Tom on the next day.

"How did you know him?" Tom asked suspiciously.

"His wife belongs to my Great Books class. He comes with her occasionally," Ruth informed him. Tom was greatly disturbed that his wife knew the community's influential members while he didn't. "Why wasn't I in on this?" he asked resentfully.

"Because all you do is eat and work and sleep," Ruth told him.

Tom felt like a stranger—and he really was.

Relationships such as these are dismal things. They hardly add up to a marriage. Rather, it is two individuals cohabiting. There are many subjects they don't talk about, lest they quarrel. Neither discusses personal problems with the other; they try in vain to solve them alone. The problems worsen until someone else is found to talk to.

THESE COUPLES seldom are hostile to each other. Theirs is a state of ennui. Their marriage is like a closed window. They can look in and out at each other, but never reach one another. It continues until, as happened in a recent case, the wife says, "Since you're getting home so late from the lodge, why don't you sleep in the guest room? That way we won't disturb each other."

A year or two later, when the youngest child left home, this couple went through the formality of a divorce. But actually, they had been separated for years.

What can such couples do?

One course of action is to go back to the point of separation and start all over again if possible.

I know one couple, married a dozen years, who went all the way back to courtship. By agreement, she moved into a furnished apartment a few doors away. Her husband called her up for dates. He brought flowers and candy, and they even parked in lovers' lane.

When they resumed living together, they sold their old home and moved into a new one. This symbolized their remarriage and a start on something better than mediocrity.

Few couples need go to this extreme. For most, rediscovering old interests, creating fresh, joint enterprises is sufficient. A sharp break with routine is all many require.

As Anne Benson became less a housekeeper and more a wife, she recognized her compulsive need for order and learned to leave something undone each day to spend the time with her husband.

And Tom Jenkins found that associates could handle his "pressing" business affairs just as well as himself. He began going to his wife's Great Books class. He not only enjoyed himself, but saw one of his business competitors doing the same.

Sometimes, just the search for joint activity is enough. One couple tried bowling, but the husband didn't like it very much. In vain, they tried painting, ceramics and furniture refinishing. The husband was an enthusiastic golfer. But when his wife tried it, she objected to the walking and was afraid of snakes. They even started going to bingo games, but found them boring.

A year and a half later, they were still without a mutual activity yet they were obviously a close, companionable couple. They were aware of it and happily explained: "We've had so much fun just looking for something to do."

The goal is not activity; merely going out together is not the answer. The search is for companionship.

The Mortons, for instance, certainly had activity. The first day this confused and troubled couple sat in my office, Irma Morton said, "One thing about us, we certainly do things together."

That they did. She and her husband George were well-to-do and moved in a highly social set. They moved so much they never stopped. They had attended some kind of function seven nights a week for the 15 years of their marriage.

Physically, they were in each other's company every night. But were they *together*?

Said Irma: "When I go with him I feel he's there to make a business contact. He doesn't need me. It's merely socially acceptable to take me."

Said George: "When I go to her club dances and charity bazaars, I feel like a bump on a log. I'm her escort, not her husband."

They were, in truth, strangers. At first, their gadding about was a subconscious means of postponing marriage adjustment. Of late, their activity had become an excuse for not facing each other alone. It was a means of warding off the guilt that they felt about the condition of their marriage.

Marriage adjustment is a four-step process. First comes empathy or understanding. Then there is autonomy, in which couples act independently. Later they learn to do things together. Finally they learn to create companionship.

The Mortons were stuck at the autonomy stage. They were so independent they were two individuals. Even in the same room they were not together, because they were not "involved." There was little communication. Neither knew what the other's thoughts might be. There was no real interest in the other's activities and problems. They seldom shared ideas and viewpoints. And when each complained the other never told his partner anything, it was a simple matter of not asking.

Communication in marriage cannot be emphasized enough. It is impossible for a couple to make an adjustment unless they can speak to each other freely and *hear* what the other actually says; in other words, *hear with understanding.*

Couples who have grown apart are often so intent on building up barriers that when one speaks, the other immediately attaches the wrong meaning, or hears sinister, hostile overtones where none exist.

Slowly, the Mortons learned to listen with understanding. Each stopped attributing snide motives to the other. They began to truly understand one another.

George was able to say, "What color is your hair? You've worn a rinse so long I can't remember what color it actually is," without Irma construing it as a personal insult.

And Irma could say, "Why do you wear that horrible Japanese housecoat? I associate it with a second-rate vaudeville act I once saw in Chinatown," and George knew she really meant the housecoat was horrible—not he.

In learning communication, the Mortons found companionship. By plan, they went out one night a week, studiously avoiding their friends, so they could really be together.

Companionship and involvement will not just happen. The Mortons, the Jenkins and the Bensons all had to make an effort to find time for each other and for marriage.

There is a natural clash between the activities of husbands and wives. Away at work all day, he prefers to stay home in the evening. At home all day with squalling children and dirty dishes, she prefers to go out. The effort required to disrupt these routines is part of the effort that makes a better marriage.

In counseling, I try to help married "strangers" understand that marriage is not just a clean house, a jungle of appliances, a new car every year, a set of boxing gloves for junior or dancing lessons for Sally.

Marriage is the union of two people. It is companionship and communication and closeness. The type of marriage two people envision on their wedding day can be achieved if they will—through all their years—have concern for each other, as well as for material things, and cultivate the art of living in the present tense.

ALL TOO TRUE

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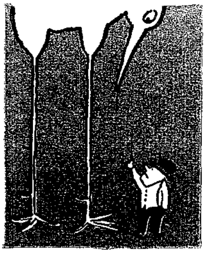
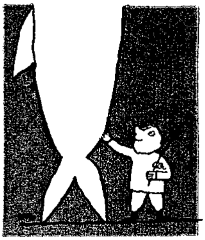


A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Nature, as well as man, sometimes deals in superlatives. Guest Quizmaster John Daly, moderator of CBS-TV's "What's My Line?" (Sundays, 10:30 p.m., EDST) invites you to pick the correct answers from among the choices below. Check your answers on pg. 107.

superlatively speaking



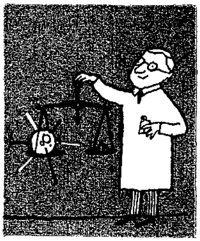
1. The longest single span bridge is the:
(a) Royal Gorge (b) George Washington (c) Golden Gate

2. The longest river is the winding:
(a) Nile (b) Mississippi (c) Amazon

3. The smallest bird in flight is the:
(a) bush tit (b) kinglet (c) hummingbird

4. The largest bird is the:
(a) condor (b) ostrich (c) megapode

5. The lowest temperature was registered in:
(a) Siberia (b) Greenland (c) Alaska



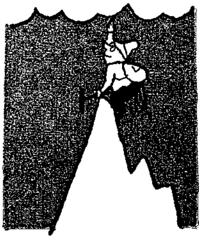
6. The largest rod-and-reel catch on record is a:
(a) tuna (b) man-eating shark (c) Pacific black marlin

7. The lowest point on the earth's land surface is:
(a) The Lybian Desert (b) Death Valley (c) The Dead Sea shores

8. The simplest form of animal life is the:
(a) protozoa (b) slug (c) mite

9. The largest animal is the:
(a) hippopotamus (b) elephant (c) whale

10. The longest run on Broadway was that of:
(a) "Tobacco Road" (b) "The Little Foxes" (c) "Life With Father"



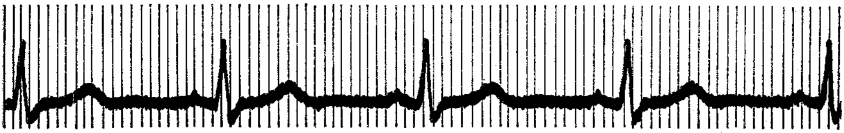
11. The first launched man-made satellite weighed about:
(a) 184 pounds (b) 75 pounds (c) 23 pounds

12. The deepest place yet sounded is in the:
(a) Atlantic Ocean (b) Pacific Ocean (c) Indian Ocean

13. A world record for deep diving is:
(a) 2,000 feet (b) 250 feet (c) 600 feet

14. The highest waterfall is:
(a) Victoria Falls (b) Angel Falls (c) Niagara Falls

15. The highest point of the world touches the sky of:
(a) Tibet-Nepal (b) India (c) Argentina



Your heart—and what affects it

by Walter Ross

SOME YEARS AGO, a young boy fell on a paper knife. It pierced his chest and penetrated his heart. A surgeon opened the chest and found the heart still beating, with no wound apparent. The heart had already healed itself; the only evidence of the injury was an accumulation of blood.

This is only one of the remarkable stories that can be told about the heart, the most amazing and strongest muscle in your body.

Every day this small (no more than ¾ pound) muscle moves from five to ten tons of blood. In 70 years it generates enough energy to lift a giant battleship 14 feet in the air. It starts working before you are born and continues ceaselessly, although at varying rates depending on your work, the stimulants you use, the food you eat, the diseases you suffer, the emotions you feel and even the weather.

The normal rate at which your heart beats is the same as your pulse rate. It ranges from as few as 40 beats per minute—Glenn Cunningham, the famous miler, had a pulse this low—to 100. In times of stress or excitement, your pulse may double, although it will probably not go above 220 beats per minute. Rapid beating, even for months, does not usually strain your heart. However, a pulse ordinarily returns to its normal rate after a few minutes of rest.

Your heart works at only 1/10 of capacity when you are resting. Even when you are doing very hard labor or exercise, your heart has at least a 30 percent reserve for extra effort. It's not possible to damage a healthy heart by the most strenuous effort. If you come too close to the limit of your heart's efficiency, your body has a built-in safeguard — fainting — that causes you to stop effort and fall into a horizontal position in which your heart works least and gets a chance to recoup its strength.

Keeping in mind these facts about your heart, let's take a look at the things that affect it:

Hard labor and exercise

Most doctors believe that steady physical labor or exercise strengthens a healthy heart. If your body muscles are fit, your heart muscle will be stronger. If your muscles are slack, your heart will be less able to stand a heavy load.

There is evidence that steady hard labor is insurance against heart attacks. Recently, a study in British hospitals showed that heart attacks were three times as common among light workers (schoolteachers, bus drivers, clerks) as among boilermakers, dock laborers and coal miners. Attacks were five times as common among *younger* light workers—ages 45 to 59—as compared with attacks among heavy laborers of the same ages.

Sexual intercourse

Heart specialists generally regard sexual intercourse as a form of exercise not damaging to healthy hearts and a useful means of releasing emotional tensions. They usually counsel their patients, even those who have had heart attacks, to continue their sex habits as they did before their attacks. They do caution against overindulgence and recommend that sex relations take place early enough in the evening so that there is plenty of time for rest and sleep afterward. "I wouldn't recommend that one of my recovered patients have relations with his wife just before going to work," one doctor said. "The rule I use is: act your age. Don't try to be the sexual athlete at 45 you were at 25."

The same physician pointed out that illicit sex relations might be a threat to a man with high blood pressure, since fear of discovery might increase his tension and raise his blood pressure.

Heat and humidity

As air temperature and humidity rise, your heart works harder to keep your body temperature normal. On a very hot, humid day as much as 60 percent of your blood supply may be at the surface of your body. Your heart will beat faster to push more blood into your lungs.

Heat stress is increased by hard work or exercise, which alone can raise body temperatures as much as 4°; by wearing heavy clothing; by eating heavy meals; and by exposure to the sun.

You can decrease heat stress by wearing light clothing, shading your head from the sun, eating lighter meals—less meat and fat—and avoiding iced drinks, which raise body temperatures. Middle-aged people who must work or exercise in hot weather should begin working lightly in the spring and increase work gradually. Then when July and August come, these persons will be able to take the extra stress of heat and hard work.

Cold

When outside temperatures fall, your heart expends more effort to keep you warm. The colder it gets, the more work your heart must do —pumping warm blood to your skin and extremities. Also, at low temperatures your basal metabolism—the rate at which your body burns food to keep you alive—rises, calling for more output by your heart.

Normal hearts can easily stand cold stress. Light, warm clothing is a help. However, cold stimulates many to sudden activity. In middle-aged, sedentary people the sudden stress of overactivity and cold may be dangerous, especially for those who have damaged hearts—for cold tends to mask certain symptoms of heart disease.

Altitude and oxygen

At high altitudes, where the oxygen content of air is lower, your heart has to work harder to extract enough to keep your tissues supplied. Modern airplanes flying at great altitudes maintain cabin pressures equal to the air only a few thousand feet up. Since you spend most of your time sitting, you are not likely to notice the lower oxygen content of the air. Oxygen equipment is carried for those who do feel the difference.

Newcomers to high places are apt to feel altitude distress if they try to maintain their normal activities. Their tissues, deprived of enough oxygen, will make them feel tired, however, and keep them from straining their hearts. Hearts can adapt to thin air, as is proved by the daily hard work performed by Andean Indians.

Alcohol

Alcohol is a mild heart stimulant which very slightly increases the work done by the heart. In very large quantities it can damage the heart muscle; but it is more likely to hurt the brain and liver.

The strongest effect alcohol has on your heart is probably through your emotions. If alcohol makes you tense and angry, don't drink. If it makes you feel relaxed and affable, many doctors feel that having a drink or two before dinner may be beneficial.

Coffee and tea

The caffeine in coffee and tea is a stimulant to the heart. It also affects the nervous system—in some people more than others. Those especially susceptible to caffeine will notice an increased pulse or palpitation. None of these things will cause heart disease, according to Dr. Paul Dudley White, noted cardiologist.

Tobacco

Tobacco has a constricting effect on blood vessels. Since it raises your blood pressure, it adds a burden to your heart. As with caffeine, tobacco is more easily tolerated by some than by others.

Some people get so much relaxation from smoking, and are made so nervous by being deprived of tobacco, that doctors are reluctant to make them stop, even after they've had heart attacks. No heart specialist will say bluntly that smoking damages your heart—but statistics show that heavy cigarette smokers get at least twice as many heart attacks as those who smoke less or not at all.

Rheumatic fever

The infectious disease that does most permanent heart damage is rheumatic fever. It is most often found in children, but also among young adults. Rheumatic fever occurs chiefly in the northern U.S. between January and June. Its symptoms include a preceding sore throat, headache, fever from 101° to 104°, abdominal pain and nausea, rash and swollen neck glands.

Permanent damage to the tissues of the heart happens usually as the result of several attacks of rheumatic fever—and people who have had one, have at least a 50-50 chance of getting more.

It used to be almost impossible to stop repeated attacks of rheumatic fever. Today, however, with slow-acting penicillin and sulfonamides, recurrences of the disease can be and are being controlled.

Teeth

A businessman complained to his doctor of an irregular heart beat. The physician checked and found that the man's pulse was indeed irregular. He sent the man to his dentist to have his teeth X-rayed. The films showed an abscessed molar. When this was removed, the man's heart became regular.

Abscessed teeth are such a common source of irregular pulses that doctors recommend routine teeth X rays to patients who have an irregular beat.

Pregnancy

Carrying a baby imposes an increasing load on the mother's heart, mostly in the later months of pregnancy. The mother's heart work is probably 50 percent above normal in the ninth month of pregnancy because of the extra blood supply. The strain is bearable by women with normal hearts. Even many women with heart disease can bear children under medical supervision which should start before pregnancy.

Eating

The amount you eat affects your heart by making it work harder for a longer period after a heavy meal. Nobody knows exactly how certain fats can affect your heart; but many physicians prescribe a low-fat diet as a safeguard against attacks. Some of these doctors feel that the fat content of your diet may affect your circulatory system by increasing deposits of cholesterol, a yellowish fatty substance, on blood vessel walls.

High blood pressure

Your blood has to be under pressure to circulate through your body. Normal blood pressure is created primarily by the heart's contraction and partly by the blood vessels. It changes constantly under a variety of stresses and relaxations in the bodies of normal people. Blood pressure becomes a strain on your heart only when it stays too high for a long time. Then it may cause the heart to enlarge and pump harder to keep blood flowing. High blood pressure is a greater threat when the sufferer also has hardened arteries.

High blood pressure is no longer the early death sentence it used to be. In many cases it can be brought down with combinations of drugs, some of them quite new, or with surgery. Psychotherapy also helps, for often high blood pressure results from the inability to relax or overaggressive attitudes.

Overweight

Every pound of body weight over that which is normal for your height and build is a strain on your heart. Being overweight is even more of a burden for someone with high blood pressure. Moreover, the hearts of the obese cannot stand heat strain as well as those of normal weight.

Life insurance companies charge overweight people extra premiums because statistics show a much higher death rate among the obese, mostly from heart and circulatory diseases. If these same overweight people reduce, they have a normal life expectancy.

Tension

One way of measuring how hard the heart is working is by the number of calories burned each minute. For example, a steelworker doing heavy labor consumes an average of 4.4 calories per minute; a surgeon performing an operation burns only 3 calories per minute. But blood pressure and pulse rates tell a different story. The surgeon's *extra* heart work is more than four times as great as the steelworker's.

This suggests that men who work or live under continual tension may be putting greater strains on their hearts than men who do hard physical labor all day long. A man who does physical work gets tired and has to rest, but a man under tension may be unable to relax, not giving his heart and arteries a chance to renew their strength.

Neurosis

There is a disease called "cardiac neurosis" which has the symptoms of heart disease but actually is an emotional disturbance. It is usually caused by intense, prolonged fear—sometimes fear of heart disease itself. It is frequently found among soldiers who are abnormally frightened of combat—then it is called "soldier's heart."

This condition is not an illusion—it often makes invalids of its victims. Like its cause, its cure has nothing to do with the heart: psychotherapy is the answer. One young man who thought he was dying of heart disease found that he had cardiac neurosis. After eight months with a psychotherapist he learned that he wasn't physically ill and was gradually able to resume an active life and to get married.

Hormones

Between the ages of 35 and 55, three times as many white men die of heart disease as white women. In the same age group, white men have about five-and-a-half times as much fatal hardening of the arteries as white women.

The difference seems to lie in sex hormones. Both men and women secrete androgens (male hormones) and estrogens (female hormones). However, women's bodies manufacture a great deal more female hormones than men's bodies. And it is these hormones that physicians think protect women from heart and circulatory diseases. However, giving extra estrogens to men feminizes them, so these hormones in their present form are not a useful preventive of heart disease.

Rest and sleep

Your heart requires periods of rest and relaxation between periods of effort, in order to recoup its reserve strength. Heart specialists recommend at least eight hours of rest at night for healthy patients; more for those who have had heart attacks. They prescribe non-competitive sports so that their patients can stop and rest before becoming overtired. The heart specialists don't believe that anyone should rest too much or turn himself into an invalid—not even those patients who have heart disease, except in serious cases.

Age

As you get older, your heart, along with the rest of your body, is more prone to accident and disease. This does not mean that you should pamper your heart after you pass age 40—it does mean that you should gradually take things a little easier.

If you're a tennis player, switch from playing strenuous singles to a slower game of doubles. Do a lot of walking. One heart specialist in his 50s told me that he gets his minimum daily exercise by walking his dog, by shunning elevators when going downstairs or when climbing no more than two flights, and by playing golf week ends.

Custom

Most hearts can do what they've been accustomed to doing. The men who make headlines by dropping dead after shoveling the first heavy snow or running for a train probably had taken no exercise for weeks or months previous to the big effort and probably had a heart or blood vessel disease that would have struck within hours or days in any case.

The lesson of all this is simply that your heart is equipped to take a fantastic number and intensity of strains. You can harm it more by worrying about it and pampering it than by giving it plenty of work and plenty of rest. Treat it with respect and it will last you a lifetime.

HUMAN COMEDY

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD NIECE was giving a blow-by-blow description of a quarrel she'd had with her cousin to someone over her toy telephone. Her mother heard her end the conversation with, "And Perry—then she slapped me in the face, and I don't like her. All right, Perry, good-by."

"To whom were you talking, honey?" asked her mother.

"Why, Perry Mason, of course, and I think he'll take my case."

—MRS. A. J. ROGERS, JR.

RECENTLY, our young son was listening to a broadcast of the Milwaukee Braves ball game which opened with the singing of the national anthem.

During the singing, he stood up very solemnly and, as the anthem came to a close, he sang, "And the homers of the Braves."

—MRS. M. OTTERBEIN

I WAS EXTREMELY NERVOUS on the day of our wedding. But my husband was just as nervous. He had many things to attend to before he would call for me and take me to city hall for the simple ceremony.

In his feverish state, he thought he'd better make a list of all that he had to remember. A few weeks later, I came across that list and it read:

1. Haircut
2. Car—service station
3. Wedding rings
4. Corsage
5. Bride

—BABETTE C. IVAN

OUT IN THE Rocky Mountain West, my cousin, a long-distance operator, was once faced with the problem of getting a call from New York through to a vacationing executive.

The gentleman had left his hotel and one number after another failed to locate him. This naturally took considerable time.

When she finally cut back in on the New York line she overheard the waiting operator remark, "Whatever can that Denver operator be *doing*?" Then, hearing my cousin on the line, she chided: "What took you so long?"

Slightly miffed by this seeming injustice after all her effort, my cousin replied: "Oh, the usual thing. The stage just lumbered in and we all went down to see who was on it."

—MELA M. LINDSAY

MY LITTLE GRANDSON hurried to answer the ringing telephone. It was a long-distance call and the operator, on hearing a child's voice, said, "Will you please bring someone older than you to the phone?"

"Okay," answered the boy, "I'll bring Mommy. She's 42 years old."

—MRS. JOHN TOGSTAD

A MAN APPROACHED a farmer and asked the price of a horse he had advertised for sale. The farmer quoted the exorbitant sum of $3,000. Getting over the initial shock, the prospective buyer made a more reasonable offer of $150.

"That's coming down a lot," said the farmer, "but I'll take it."

As the buyer counted out the money, he couldn't resist asking the seller why he would accept $150 after naming such a large amount originally.

"Well," drawled the farmer, "I just thought maybe you might want to own a $3,000 horse."

—EVELYN MULKERN

WHEN MY SON was three years old he was a most curious youngster. He was always picking up things, shaking them and, more often than not, dropping and breaking them before I could get to him.

One day, hearing a loud crash in the vicinity of my bedroom, I started toward the sound, shouting, "Jon, if you've broken anything, you had better start saying your prayers!"

Just as I walked into the bedroom, he backed away from the broken object, clasped his hands together, closed his eyes and lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

—CAROLYN J. YARBROUGH

BELIEVING THAT CULTURE is absorbed from environment, I started quoting bits of famous works to my children as soon as they were old enough to enjoy their nursery rhymes. It was only a short time until they began reciting both with equal dexterity.

My pride was punctured, however, when I overheard my three-year-old son quoting Shakespeare in the light of his own experience. My small Hamlet was saying, "To behave or not to behave. That is the question."

—MARY O. MONICAL

TWO NIGHTS A WEEK I attend night school at a local college where most of the students are hard-working businessmen trying to get their degrees. One evening an English professor, complimenting us on our excellent scholastic record, said: "I hold you up to my day students, telling them how you family men work all day and still get better grades than they do."

"Oh, I wouldn't be too hard on them," one businessman commented. "After all, they take their report cards home to understanding parents. We have to face our kids!"

—ERNEST BLEVINS (*Quote*)

A FRIEND, who was admiring the Texan's new sports car, asked if it was air-conditioned.

"No," was the answer, "but I always keep a couple of cold ones in the refrigerator."

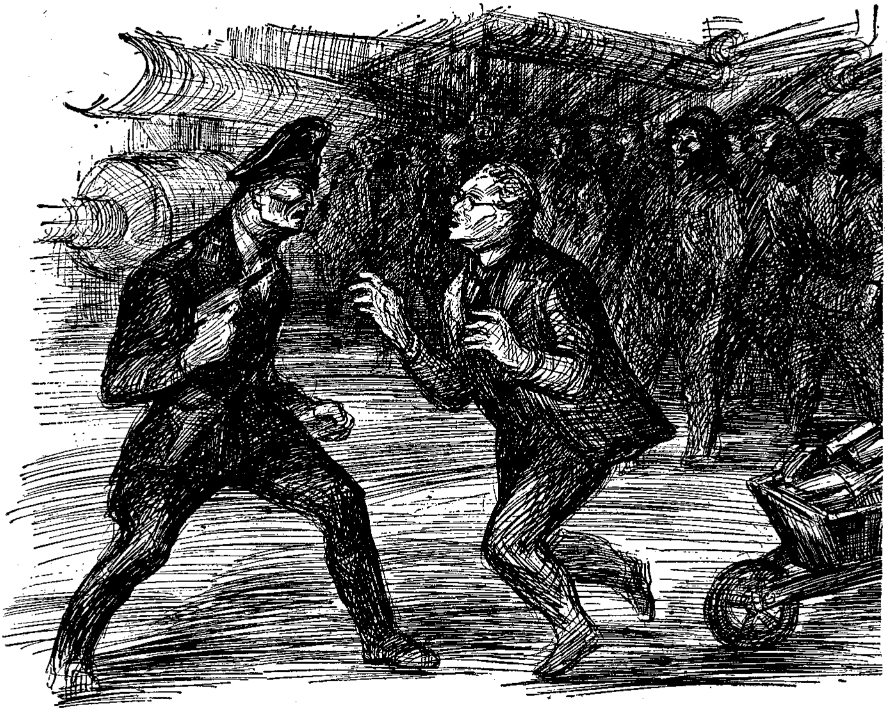
—ALMA MINZER

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

by Kurt R. Grossmann

The humanitarian who cheated Hitler

At any moment he could have been executed for treason. But for five years he protected 1,100 Jews slated to die under the Gestapo terror



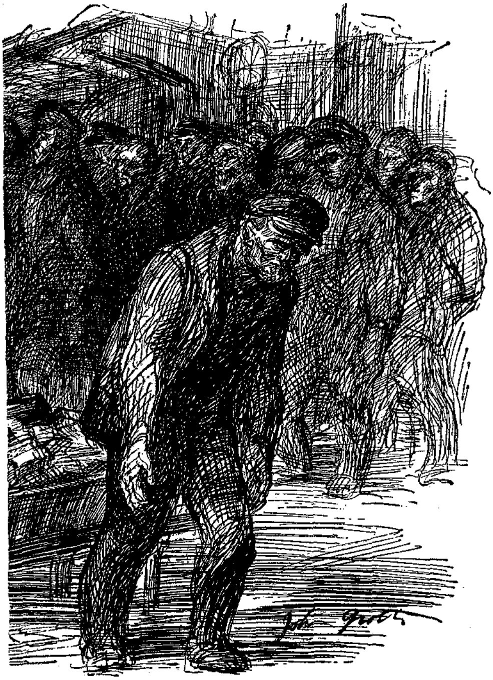
IN 1947, THREE WOMEN—all newly arrived Jewish displaced persons from Germany—approached the Rescue Department of the World Jewish Congress in New York with an astonishing request.

"Please," they asked, "can you send food packages to this man?"

The official took one look at the name and address on the card, then exclaimed in amazement: "A *German!* After all the Nazis did to you?"

"Oscar Schindler saved our lives," replied the women. "He saved over 1,100 Jews. Now we must help him."

This unusual episode opened the file on the story of a remarkable Gentile industrialist who helped balk Hitler's insane plan to exterminate European Jewry. Although many other Christians throughout the continent risked death to save Jews from the Nazi terror, there was one startling difference in Oscar Schindler's case. As a loyal German producing war material, he operated directly under the eyes of the Gestapo and the S.S. Yet every day from 1940 to 1945, he personally fed, clothed and protected an ever-increasing flock of Jewish men and women marked for death. At any moment he might have been executed for treason. Miraculously, his scheme worked; every one of his 1,100 charges survived.



Until the 1938 Munich Pact, Oscar Schindler appeared destined for a prosperous but uneventful career as the son of well-to-do German Catholic parents who owned a farm-equipment factory in Zwittau, a city in the Moravian section of Czechoslovakia. When the Nazis marched into the Sudetenland, Oscar was 28—tall and powerfully built, with reddish-blond hair and blue eyes.

At this point, Schindler made the first in a series of momentous decisions. He joined German Army Intelligence as a civilian employee at Breslau. Here he formed lasting friendships with a number of career officers. Many of them, he discovered, secretly detested Hitler—and their attitude rubbed off on him.

With the outbreak of war, Schindler made a second fateful decision. He could keep his job, he was informed, only if he joined the Army. Instead, he chose to enter war production; he and his wife went to Nazi-occupied Poland in 1940 to seek a factory. The Germans were then busy seizing Jewish-owned property and forcing owners into "bankruptcy." Schindler acquired a small "bankrupt" plant at Cracow which, with 25 Polish and seven Jewish workers, was turning out kitchen equipment. Unwittingly, he had now found the "cover" for his future rescue operations.

Polish Jews were being torn from their homes and herded into ghettos and brutal labor gangs. Only by working at a German-owned firm could these people hope to escape forced transfer.

Schindler's rescue efforts began on a small scale when he took over the factory and hired the former owners and other competent Jews who desperately sought work. At first, he had no conscious plans for rescue. He retained warm memories of Jewish friends during his school days and he deplored the persecution around him. Gradually his distress turned to horror. Every day his Jewish employees came to plead for a father, a brother, a neighbor. "Bring him around," Schindler would answer. By the end of 1941, he was employing 190 Jews.

In 1942, Hitler's diabolical "solution" to the Jewish "problem"—a blueprint for the systematic murder of 6,000,000 men, women and children—was put into operation. Able-bodied Jews were forced into slave labor, and the young, weak and sick were thrown into concentration camps. A peremptory notice went out to industrialists: all employers of Jewish slave labor would be responsible for housing them in barbed-wire compounds, to be guarded by S.S. troops. Unless barracks were built within five days, even able-bodied Jews would be consigned to the death camps.

Schindler was angered and revolted by the senseless cruelty. As a loyal German, he would gladly work around the clock for the war effort. But as a human being, he considered himself morally bound to use every means possible to defy Hitler's program of slaughter.

Courageously, he ordered and paid for the immediate construction of oversized barracks. Here he settled his own flock of 190 Jews and 450 Jewish slave workers of other German factory owners.

The number of his Jewish employees was to grow from over 600 in 1942 to approximately 800 in 1943, 900 in 1944 and 1,100 in 1945. Not all these were bona fide workers. Some were the wives or parents of employees; others were people smuggled into the plant, with Schindler's assistance, to hide out until the Jewish underground could smuggle them out of the country. When S.S. officers made inspection tours, these non-producers had to be concealed or disguised as employees.

Once every month, Schindler had to submit carefully doctored lists of workers to draw the meager food rations allotted to slaves. For the privilege of "renting" each slave, he had to pay their S.S. masters five Polish *zlotys* per day, then about $1.

The cost of preserving this small army mounted every week. The S.S.

factory and barracks guards were regulars on Schindler's payroll, and he paid huge bribes to influential Nazi officials. He was also lavish with presents, liquor, parties, women and well-timed favors—all in a calculated effort to build goodwill.

Schindler's quick thinking saved many lives. One day, an S.S. officer became irritated by the slow progress of an elderly man trying to push a heavy wheelbarrow.

"Malingerer!" shouted the officer. "Execute that Jew!"

As the doomed man was led out to a back courtyard, Schindler smilingly told the S.S. bully, "I've just received some fine French cognac. Let me get some for you." He walked away nonchalantly. Once out of sight, he ran to a storeroom, seized a bottle of cognac with one hand, a bottle of vodka with the other, and raced to the back yard. There, an S.S. guard was just raising his gun. Schindler waved the vodka in the guard's face.

"We're alone out here," he whispered breathlessly. "Nobody can see us. Forget about the execution. I'll hide the man and accept all responsibility. You take the vodka."

The guard lowered his gun, took the bottle and disappeared. Still holding the cognac, Schindler untied the trembling worker, told him where to find a hiding place, and returned briskly to his S.S. "friend."

On another occasion, Schindler came back from a business trip to learn that in only three hours, two of his Jewish workers were to be executed at the nearby Plaszow concentration camp. The day before, they had inadvertently broken an old press. The accident had been witnessed by a Gestapo informer, who had rushed to the Plaszow commandant with a story of "sabotage." In Schindler's absence, the men were sentenced to hang, and all 30,000 inmates of the camp were ordered to attend the execution.

Schindler sped to Plaszow and burst into the commandant's office. "These are two of my best men," he shouted. "If you hang them, I shall report to the War Office that you are impeding the war effort."

The commandant was unmoved. Silently, Schindler took a thick wallet from his pocket and dropped it casually on the officer's desk. The commandant eyed the wallet. After a long pause he said, "All right. Take your Jews and keep your mouth shut about this."

FEEDING AND CARING for the Jews was the responsibility of Mrs. Schindler, who organized a kitchen and even a hospital staffed by slave laborers—six Jewish doctors and two dentists. A woman of tremendous courage, she frequently upbraided the guards for their cruelty and steadfastly refused to be intimidated by the Gestapo.

Three times during the war the Gestapo found pretexts to arrest Schindler. Each time, Mrs. Schindler indignantly appealed to high Army officials in Berlin—friends from their Breslau days—and forced the Gestapo to retreat.

Despite these arrests, the industrialist's personal courage never faltered. One morning, Erna, Schindler's German-Jewish secretary, was invited to have coffee at the breakfast table. A moment later, in walked an S.S. officer. Schindler began to pour him a generous glass of schnapps—which the Nazi coldly declined. "My honor as a German will not permit me to drink in the presence of a Jew," he sneered.

Angrily, Schindler leaped from his chair, grabbed the armed officer and, with enormous force, flung him across the room and through the swinging doors. Then he returned to his table, explaining to Erna: "How dare he talk of 'German honor'? The man's a pervert, a drunk and a sadist. What does he know about honor?"

By 1944, Schindler realized that Germany had lost the war. If he could hold out for just a little longer, his Jewish charges would be safe. But the German Army was abandoning Poland. All factories were to be evacuated and moved westward. Slave laborers were ordered to the death camps, where the grisly incinerators and gas chambers were working on 24-hour shifts.

It was at this moment that Schindler performed his greatest feat. He obtained permission to switch his production from kitchenware to strategic armaments for the Luftwaffe, and to relocate his factory in the Sudetenland. Then he demanded that all his 900 skilled workers accompany him. Time was too precious, he insisted, to assemble and train new workers.

After weeks of waiting, his request was approved—and he received an unexpected bonus: he could transfer not only his 900 Jewish workers, but also an additional 200 from the Plaszow camp in order to fulfill his quota.

Late in October, 1944, Schindler went to Brunnlitz, Czechoslovakia, to set up his plant. The 1,100 Jews had not arrived. According to Nazi regulations, they had to be reprocessed first at central camps—the 800 men at Gross-Rosen, the 300 women at Auschwitz. The men arrived on time, but not the women. After three anxious weeks, Schindler learned that, in an administrative mix-up, the women had been thrown into the execution section of the Auschwitz concentration camp.

Schindler rushed to Auschwitz. These women were essential skilled workers, he protested. Their death would cripple vital war production! The authorities were indifferent. "Never mind," they assured him. "We'll supply 300 others."

Schindler raced to Berlin and appealed to his army friends.

Amazingly, in the only known instance of its kind, an order went out directing that his 300 women workers be transported at once to their original destination! The order was issued by the Reich Security Office of the S.S., at the Army's insistence.

The last six months of the war were harrowing. Guarding the Brunnlitz factory were some of the most vicious S.S. men Schindler had ever encountered. Despite his many gifts to them, he felt that at any moment they might massacre the Jews for the sheer pleasure of killing. To prevent such a catastrophe, Schindler quietly distributed guns and ammunition among his men. Fortunately, the weapons were never used. In late April, 1945, the S.S. guards melted away before the advancing Russians.

Now Schindler saw that he, too, would have to escape the oncoming Russians. As he prepared to leave, the Jewish leaders drew up documents in Russian, German, English and Polish, describing exactly what he had done and expressing their gratitude. They insisted that their employer take copies with him; other copies were sent to major Jewish relief organizations.

At five minutes past midnight on May 9, 1945, certain that his 1,100 Jewish friends were safe at last, Oscar Schindler bade them farewell and headed for the American lines.

His story has a heart-warming postscript. In June, 1957, Schindler, at present a resident of Frankfurt, Germany, visited New York, where more than 200 of his former Jewish workers, now living in the U.S., overwhelmed him with gifts and undisguised affection.

But the most touching tribute, perhaps, was an announcement by several former S.S. slaves, now American citizens. As the builders of a housing development, they had found a way to honor their benefactor. Today, in the Elmwood Homes section of South Plainfield, New Jersey, there is a street called Schindler Drive, which will perpetuate the name of a noble human being.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

THE FIRST STATE DINNER for Clare Booth Luce, former Ambassador to Italy, took place at the Spanish Embassy in Rome. Dinner began at 10 P.M. and ended at 11:30. As the guests gathered in the drawing room, Clare wondered how soon she could leave. The State Department had briefed her about protocol at such affairs. "No one leaves before the guest of honor."

So Mrs. Luce decided to watch British Ambassador, Sir Victor Mallet, dean of the diplomatic corps, to see what he would do.

Time crept by relentlessly as Sir Victor chatted away. 12:30. 1 A.M. 1:30. Finally, Mrs. Luce whispered to the Spanish Ambassadress, "What time does Sir Victor usually go home?"

"When the guest of honor leaves," was the frigid reply to Mrs. Luce's question.

"But *who* is the guest of honor?"

The Señora's eyes were black ice as she answered, "You are!"

—ALDEN HATCH, *Ambassador Extraordinary (Henry Holt & Co.)*

by Andrew J. Dane

Nearsightedness: handicap or blessing?

As some experts see it, myopia means our eyes are becoming "civilized"—and this short-range vision is a boon in today's close-up world

SUPPOSE FOR A MOMENT that you are acquainted with a pair of 13-year-old male twins. Both are healthy, active, bright and apparently identical except for their eyesight. The first boy, Ernest, is nearsighted, cannot recognize his own mother from across the street without his glasses, and reads only 20/100 on the sight charts. The second boy, John, can read the 20/20 line with ease, and although slightly farsighted, does not need glasses.

Which of these two boys is less likely to suffer from eyestrain and headache? *Answer:* Ernest. Which of them is better equipped visually to cope with the years of study and work ahead? *Answer:* Ernest. These answers reflect the opinions of an increasing number of ophthalmologists who believe that the moderately myopic eye, despite its obvious drawbacks, is well adapted to the exacting demands of modern living.

Yet there are millions of well-intentioned parents who look upon myopia as a fearful, disabling condition. Anxious and gullible, many of them spend hundreds of dollars a year on eye exercises, drops, bogus lenses and eye massagers for their nearsighted offspring. Their homes are illuminated by such alleged sight-saving devices as bluish "daylight" and green-tinted light bulbs.

These well-intentioned parents are trying to hurry the day when their nearsighted child can throw away his glasses and meet the world unencumbered. But that day will never come. For myopia is an incurable physiological process. And it is important for parents to learn to discount the myths and fallacies about it. For with modern methods of diagnosis, more and more children are found to be nearsighted. In 1925, only about 20 percent of high school and college students wearing glasses were nearsighted. Today, more than 30 percent have been found to suffer from this condition.

What does medical science say about this trend? Sir John H. Parsons, an outstanding English ophthalmologist, believes it is a sign that our eyes are gradually becoming "civilized"—slowly adapting themselves to the exacting demands of our mechanical age. His theory is that myopic sight will be considered "normal" sight by future generations.

A Philadelphia ophthalmologist explains Dr. Parsons' theory this way: "Our cave-dwelling ancestors needed farsighted eyes because they used their sight almost exclusively for distant vision over wide-open spaces. But now that we spend most of our lives in small, dark cubicles, we need a new kind of eye; an eye better equipped to work at a desk or typewriter, to read the fine print of technical books, to stare at profit and loss statements and blueprints."

And the moderately myopic eye, with its excellent near vision, this specialist explains, can do such close work with minimum eyestrain and without resorting to such uncomfortable optical aids as bifocals and trifocals. Despite this scientific opinion, many parents—and their children—are taken in by one of the most common of eye fallacies: that the farther you see, the better your eyesight. As a matter of medical fact, the more farsighted the individual, the more trouble he has seeing things near him clearly.

For the farsighted eye is like a camera that has been focused on the horizon. When it is required to focus at near vision, it does so with considerable strain. Force one of your eagle-eyed friends to do a considerable amount of work under his nose and "red eyes" and a "blinding headache" will be the likely results.

On the other hand, the myopic eye is like a camera permanently focused for a close-up, and is very efficient at near vision, which is most important in the modern world.

Another popular misconception is that myopic sight is a serious handicap at sports. It is true that a small percentage of myopic children become so enthralled with the printed page that they have inclination for little else than study and reading. But more often, it is the nervous and overcautious parent who causes the nearsighted youngster to avoid playground games. In most cases, famous nearsighted athletes, such as Dom DiMaggio, Jim Konstanty, George Mikan, excelled at sports despite their well-intentioned parents, not despite their nearsightedness.

However, since the advent of contact lenses, the attitude of parents has become less protective. Today, there are few Little League baseball teams which do not have two or three myopes wearing contact or shatterproof plastic lenses. Happily, the day will soon be past when the athletically-minded father of a myopic son will feel that he has gained a bookworm and lost a shortstop.

Myopia most commonly begins during a child's early school years. If a child's eye becomes enlarged in the diameter from front to rear, beyond a size arbitrarily defined as "normal," the child is considered nearsighted. Usually this expansion stops when the eye reaches a size that makes it one to three degrees nearsighted—a moderate and comfortable myopia.

However, sometimes an eye will continue its mysterious growth process until it becomes ten to 15 degrees nearsighted. The term, nearsighted, for such an eye is a misnomer, because it can see no better near than it can see far. Such an eye condition is considered pathological and its incidence is not too common.

In 1604, Johann Kepler, a German astronomer, first explained the optical principles of the myopic eye. Since then, ophthalmologists have tried to find out what makes an eye myopic—but with little success so far.

Many explanations have been offered. Poor light, poor posture, acquired diseases, hormone, vitamin, and mineral deficiencies in our diet—all have been blamed. Fairly well established is the belief that nearsighted parents frequently have nearsighted children. But even the hereditary factor is not always a definite one.

The chief characteristic of the myopic eye is its short focus. This accounts for its facility for close-range vision—a facility that usually remains with the myope all his life. On the other hand, in the case of farsighted and normal-sighted persons, the problem of focusing at near vision becomes increasingly difficult as they grow older. For the transparent crystalline lens, which was the cause of their eyestrain in youth, gradually loses its elasticity with age. By the time they reach 40, their lens is so rigid that they cannot do any work under their noses without the help of reading glasses or bifocals. This condition is known as presbyopia—literally "old sight"—and the only persons who escape its inconveniences are the nearsighted.

Thus the greatest blessing of the myope will come after 40. At that age, farsighted John will find it increasingly difficult to see near objects clearly. He will start to hold his books and newspapers farther and farther from his eyes—until finally his arms feel too short. Then he will probably visit his eye specialist and get saddled with bifocals, which have an upper segment for distant vision and a lower segment for near vision. And after he has tripped on the sidewalk and stumbled down stairs a few times, he will probably be wishing that Ben Franklin, who in 1760 invented the bifocal lens, had stuck to the printing trade.

Even worse, if the farsighted person happens to be an accountant, surgeon, draftsman—or in one of a dozen occupations which require good sight at *middle vision* as well as near vision—at 50, he will need a more scrambled set of optical lenses, known as trifocals.

But nearsighted Ernest at 50, 60 or 70 will continue to read without glasses. Because the presbyopic changes of his crystalline lens will not affect his short focus. And he will still be able to read an entire book at one sitting—without eyestrain or headache.

A Baltimore ophthalmologist, who is nearsighted himself, was asked: "When will the American public learn to appreciate the conveniences of myopic sight?"

"As a matter of fact, they already do," the specialist replied. "It's just that they don't realize they do.

"Most people have a story they like to tell," he explained, "about their Great-uncle Hiram or their old Aunt Hattie, both of whom could read without glasses at 70—or was it 80? At the risk of casting doubt on a cherished family tradition, the fact is that neither Great-uncle Hiram nor old Aunt Hattie were remarkable forebears—they were just nearsighted."

FATHERS IN WAITING

IN AN ENDEAVOR to "starch up" that most woebegone of specimens, expectant fathers, a Washington hospital has provided an album called "Comments by Fathers in Waiting" for them to pen their reeling thoughts. Here are some of their reactions:

"Been waiting for six hours. It must be a woman."

"Can't go fishing with an eight-pound, eight-ounce girl. I shall return."

"A boy, No. three. That makes three Jacks and one Queen—but it's a Full House for me."

"My first tax exemption!"

"Another girl. That makes four women under one roof. Whew!"

And finally: "Thanks, God." —*Irish Digest*

IN OCTOBER CORONET

THE TRUTH ABOUT FALL-OUT

How harmful is fall-out, deadly product of atomic tests? How will it affect future generations? Three leading scientists give the answers to these perplexing questions in one of the most definitive reports ever published.

ROMANTIC GIRLS AND OLDER MEN

Many young girls are falling in love with middle-aged men who will never marry them. Why do they do it? Best-selling author Rona Jaffe ("Best of Everything") reveals the heart-breaking details of their futile search for happiness.

The same Congress that
exposed scandals in
the Executive branch "is
riddled with real
and potential conflicts of
interest" charges
this crusading Senator.
He reveals how he solved his
personal problem; and
how his fellow Congressmen
can solve theirs

Washington's

On March 26, 1959, I wrote one of the most difficult letters of my life. Friends urged me not to write it. My own family was shocked when I first suggested it. I was told that no other Senator in history had done what I contemplated doing. I was warned that I would be ostracized by my colleagues if I persisted in carrying out my plan.

Yet it was a simple letter. Addressed to Felton Johnston, Secretary of the U.S. Senate, it informed him that I had sold all of my stock in Pan American World Airways; that I intended to sell all my stock in two sugar companies; and that he could make public a complete list of all my financial holdings. The list was included and given to the press.

Simple as it was, this letter touched on one of the most controversial and painful paradoxes in American politics—"conflict of interest"—the clash between the private interests and public responsibilities of a public official.

In the last decade, Congress has spent millions to investigate conflicts of interest on the part of officials in the Executive branch. Its findings have been scandalous.

In 1958, a House group revealed that Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams accepted gifts from Boston industrialist Bernard Goldfine and contacted two Federal agencies in his behalf. The disclosures led to Adams' resignation.

In 1955, Air Force Secretary Harold Talbot resigned after admitting to the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee that he had erred in writing letters on official Air Force stationery and telephoning leading industrialists from his Pentagon office in connection with the affairs of the private firm in which he was still a partner.

These are only a few of the con-

by Senator Stephen M. Young
(Dem.-Ohio)
as told to Al Toffler

"conflict of interest" mess

flict of interest cases Congress found in recent years while doing its duty as watchdog over the Federal Government. But during these shocking revelations affecting Executive agencies, nobody cocked an inquisitive eye in the direction of Congress. There was nobody to watch the watchdog.

Yet Congress, too, is riddled with real and potential conflicts of interest.

One of the most common conflicts stems from the outside law firm. Sixty-one members of the present Senate are lawyers. So are 242 members of the House of Representatives. Many maintain ties with their law firms, even after election. Sometimes this results in a clash of personal interest with public responsibility.

A glaring example of the conflict of interest arising from a legislator's continuing affiliation with a law firm was the case of Ohio Senator John W. Bricker, the man I replaced. During his years in the Senate, Bricker remained a partner of the Columbus, Ohio, law firm of Bricker, Marburger, Evatt and Barton.

One of the major clients of the firm was the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 11 years, Bricker's firm collected $380,547 from the Pennsylvania. Then the issue of the St. Lawrence Seaway arose before the Senate.

The St. Lawrence Seaway is a great project which will bring new industry, commerce and wealth to Ohioans. Officials of the Pennsylvania Railroad were violently opposed to the Seaway. Bricker voted against it.

Last November, Ohioans voted to retire Senator Bricker to private life. This case points up a problem that affects many members of Congress, no matter how honest.

It is no secret, for example, that Democratic Senator Herman Talmadge of Georgia is chairman of the board of the United American Life Insurance Company. He is also a member of the Senate Finance Committee which deals with legislation directly affecting insurance companies. I do not mean to imply that Senator Talmadge has ever cast a vote against the public interest because of his own private financial interests. I do mean to point out that this very situation creates ethical and moral problems.

This was dramatized in 1958, when James Roosevelt, a California Democrat in the House of Representatives, testified before a Senate committee considering legislation affecting savings and loan associations. Republican Senator Homer Capehart of Indiana charged that Roosevelt's appearance raised ethical questions because Roosevelt was board chairman of a Maryland savings and loan association at the time.

In the field of agriculture, certain members of Congress, as farmers, have collected various sums from the Federal Government under the farm loan and subsidy program. Some also sit on the committees which help shape agricultural legislation. This doesn't mean they necessarily vote for laws from which they would benefit.

The conflict of interest problem also crops up frequently on the Congressional committees which deal with commerce.

On the House side, this situation gave rise to an embarrassing incident while a subcommittee of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee was investigating the Federal Communications Commission. The chairman of the parent committee, Democratic Representative Oren Harris of Arkansas, owned a 25 percent interest in a small station, KRBB, in El Dorado, Arkansas.

At the very time his subcommittee was investigating the FCC, his station was requesting FCC approval of a planned modification of its equipment. Asked whether or not there was a conflict of interest in this situation, Harris retorted, "I think a lot of people would have that viewpoint, but I don't see anyone setting up a howl about other members of Congress who are in a similar situation." After newspaper criticism, however, Representative Harris sold his interest.

Other members of both Houses, such as Democratic Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma, have heavy investments in oil and natural gas companies. Time and again, the controversial issue of the depletion allowance faces them. The depletion allowance is a special tax deduction granted to oil and gas producers. It is now fixed at 27½ percent of their gross income.

Every time efforts have been made to reduce this allowance, each member who owns gas or oil stock is faced with a decision involving his own private interests as well as national policy. Even if a member is deeply convinced that the 27½ percent depletion allowance is good for the country, he must know, as he votes for it, that he is at the same time bolstering his own stocks.

Democratic Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, like many others, has voted against his own interests more than once. He is a stockholder in the Humble Oil and Refining Company, an affiliate of Standard Oil of New Jersey. Yet Clark has been a leader in efforts to reduce the depletion allowance, co-sponsoring a bill to that effect this year. Should his bill ever become law, his own stocks might very well drop in value.

Conflicting interests invade the life of the public official at many points. The Democratic Truman Administration was criticized when the public learned that E. Merl Young, a Reconstruction Finance Corporation official, had accepted an $8,540 royal pastel mink coat from a lawyer who represented a firm that had obtained a loan from the RFC. A similar furor arose over acceptance by Mrs. Truman and various White House aides of $390 food freezers from a Chicago businessman who had received a favor from General Harry Vaughan, one of Truman's assistants.

These "scandals" had their Republican parallel in the Sherman Adams case, and in the controversy over President Eisenhower's acceptance of gifts for his personal use and for his Gettysburg farm, including a $4,000 tractor; a rowboat; a Golfmobile; trees; furniture; an original painting by Grandma Moses; several dozen head of cattle; horses; hogs; chickens; a putting green; hunting dogs; mink-lined pigskin gloves; two flower gardens and a pony cart. It has been estimated that the value of such gifts exceeds $60,000.

But the question of gifts also haunts members of Congress. Most show discretion and refuse anything that seems to come "with strings attached." Some even fix an arbitrary limit. For example, Democratic Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois will return any gift valued at over $2.50.

One reason that conflict of interest problems arise is that Congressmen usually find it a strain to live on the $22,500 salary that goes with the job. A Senator or Representative normally must maintain two homes, one in Washington and the other in his state or district. Sometimes he has to dip into his own pocket to help pay for staff and office expenses when he finds his official allowance for this purpose is too small. Many members travel more than their expense allowance permits.

ANOTHER BIG EXPENSE arises from social activities. When a Senator goes into a restaurant with visiting constituents, he usually picks up the tab. This is expensive. But many legislators prefer to pay the expense rather than accept a free meal or drink. Even more costly is the terrifying expense of campaigning for election. Unless they are independently wealthy, many candidates find themselves in debt even after a successful campaign.

To keep their family budgets on an even keel, many legislators undertake a backbreaking schedule of public speaking. A hard-working, top-ranking Senator can gross $7,500 in about two weeks of lecturing, at an average $750 per lecture. Out of this, he must pay 30 percent to the booking agency, plus his own travel expenses and, of course, taxes. A Representative usually earns less, his lecture fees ranging from $250 to $500 per engagement.

These are all non-political talks and create few problems. But members of Congress also speak frequently before trade associations, unions, Chambers of Commerce and the like. They often receive a fee for doing so. Sometimes they hardly have had a chance to return to Washington before a representative of the organization arrives looking for a legislative favor.

Two years ago, Democratic Senator Richard Neuberger of Oregon, who was a top-flight magazine writer before entering politics, needed a bit of extra money to help cover expenses. So he spent part of his vacation writing an article on Oregon history for *American Heritage,* a highly respected historical magazine. For this article he was paid $500.

Shortly afterward, the *American Heritage* came before the Senate Post Office and Civil Service Committee to request legislative relief. Because the magazine is bound in hard covers rather than soft, it could not qualify for second-class mailing privileges.

Senator Neuberger, a member of the Post Office committee, agreed that the publication deserved second-class privileges. But since he had received, not long before, a $500 check from the magazine, he saw the potential conflict of interest.

Senator Neuberger took the graceful way out. He supported the legislation out of conviction and donated his check to the Portland State College in Oregon. He has since, also, introduced comprehensive legislation designed to deal with the conflict of interest problem. It would require all members of Congress—and Federal officials whose appointments must be confirmed by the Senate—to report all gifts and income over $100 deriving from real estate, stock, speeches, outside law firms or other sources.

While I don't pretend to have a foolproof answer to the conflict of interest dilemma, I do know what my conscience demanded of me.

When I came to the Senate, I was assigned to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, which helps set quotas for the import of sugar from Central America. I owned 154 shares of South Porto Rico Sugar Company stock and 100 shares of The Cuban-American Sugar Company stock. This meant that my actions on the Agriculture committee could, conceivably, affect my own private interests. I preferred to sell these stocks, and I took a loss to do so.

Similarly, when I was assigned to the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee, I learned that our missile base at Cape Canaveral is largely operated by Pan American World Airways. I sold my Pan American stocks as well.

Realistically, I don't believe it is mandatory for a member of Congress to get rid of *all* his holdings. The important thing is that his financial background be open to public scrutiny. I own several thousand shares of petroleum stocks. Along with my dividend checks have come letters and literature urging me—amusingly enough—to write my Congressman to vote to retain the 27½ percent depletion allowance for all oil and gas companies.

As a member of the House, I actually voted to reduce the allowance to 15 percent, and am presently co-sponsoring a Senate bill which would do just that. I chose to hold my petroleum stocks. But I feel that as long as my constituents know this, they can judge whether or not I have voted in the public interest.

In short, I believe the only answer to the conflict of interest paradox is complete frankness. The public shouldn't be asked to take its lawmakers on sheer faith. It has every right to judge the man's performance against his financial background. Complete and candid disclosure need not cost anyone a cent. Yet it can help strengthen public confidence in their Congress.

Until public officials are willing to make their financial affairs public, the corrosive acid of cynicism will continue to undermine our democracy. And cynicism not only saps the faith of Americans in their form of government, but leads to political apathy—the breeding ground of corruption.

The doubts and fears that I had before I wrote my letter to the Secretary of the Senate have vanished. I know now that what I did was right—and I would unhesitatingly do it again.

LOGIC FRANCAISE

FRENCH PRODUCER Jean-Louis Barrault, needing a Paris theater for rehearsals, approached Henri Rothschild, owner of the Theater Pigalle, one of the largest and most modern theaters in the world, with a proposition to rent the theater for a month.

The Baron declined with the explanation: "My theater is too expensive and elaborate a place to rent out for rehearsals. The fee would have to be too large. But use it for a month, rent-free; then I won't be establishing any low-rent precedent."

JEAN ANOUILH, the French playwright who directs his own plays, is usually shy and modest. Once during a rehearsal he told an actor, "This scene seems to be all wrong. I don't know whether it's my fault or yours."

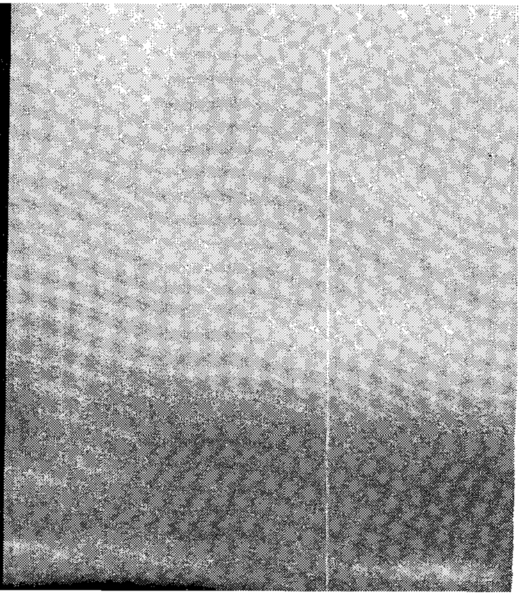
The actor gallantly assured the playwright, "The fault must be mine. You are never wrong, Monsieur Anouilh."

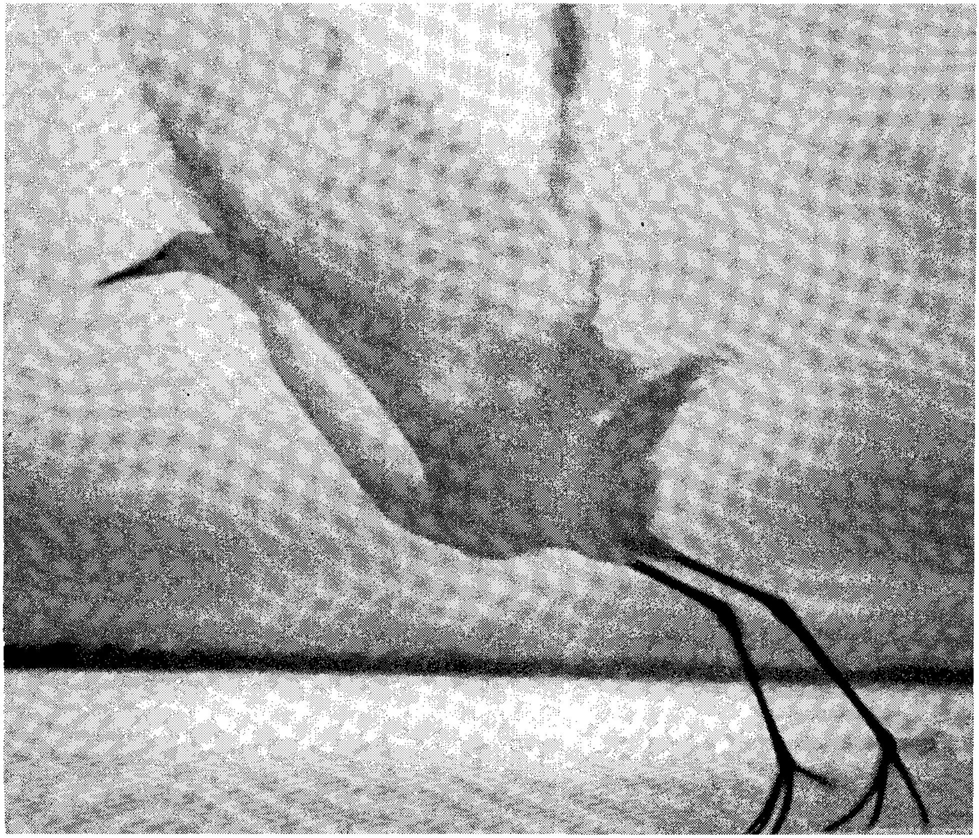
"That's too bad," the playwright sighed. "Because in that case I guess you'll have to be replaced."

—LEONARD LYONS

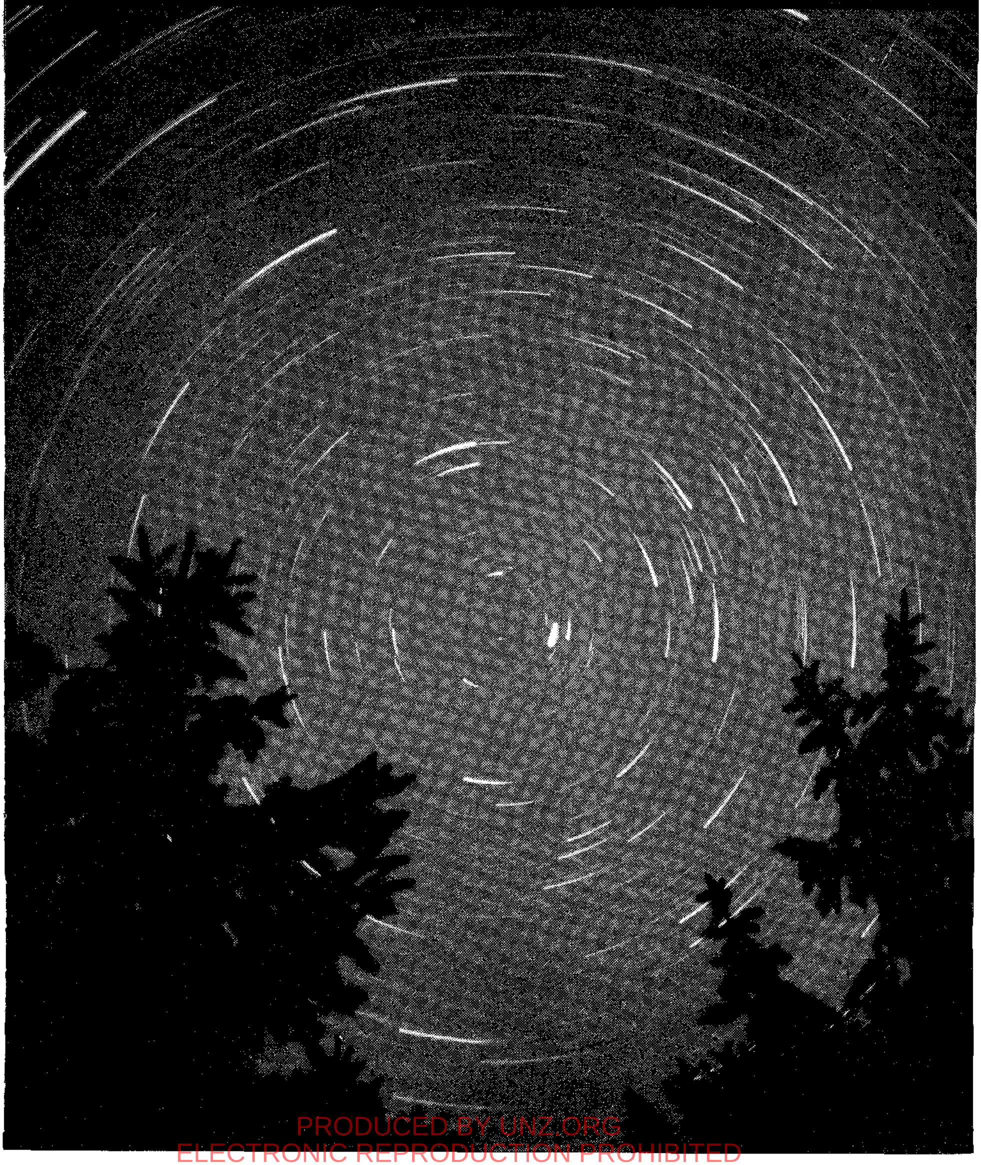
he
poetry
of
motion

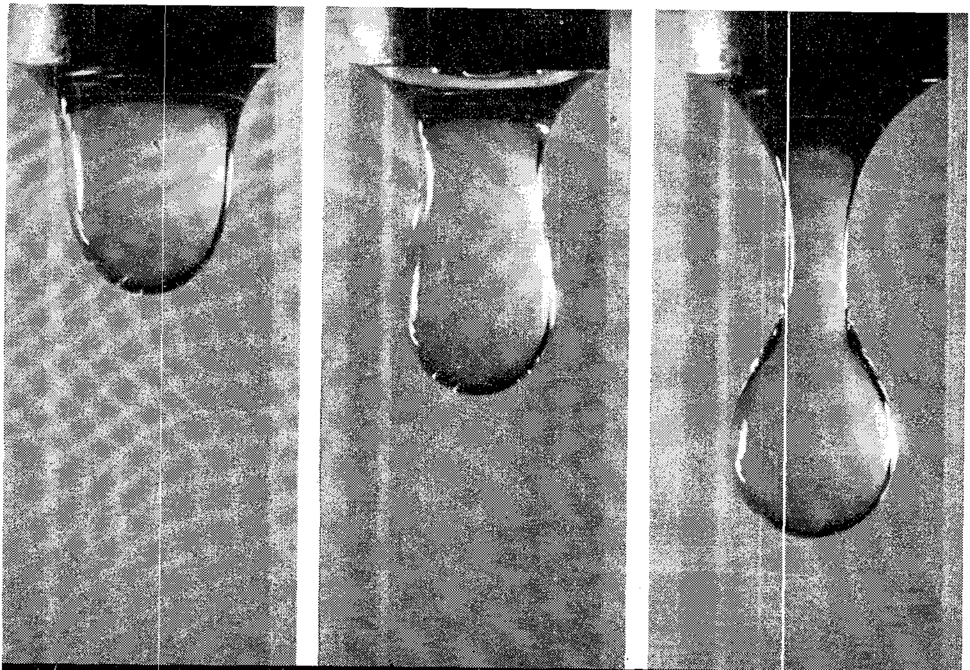
snowy egret threshes
he sheaves of
unlight, rises and then
anishes along a
nely shore line—a
raceful sonnet
f motion in which one
an read the most
ublime beauty



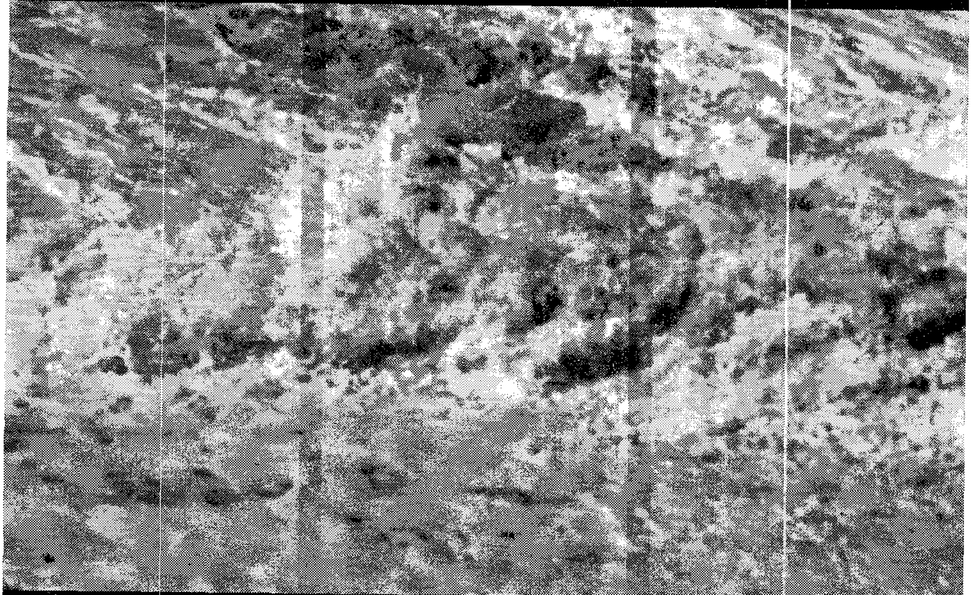


A billion years of light shower down
as stars wheel through the dark and ancient heavens, tracing
the trail of time on a photographic plate.

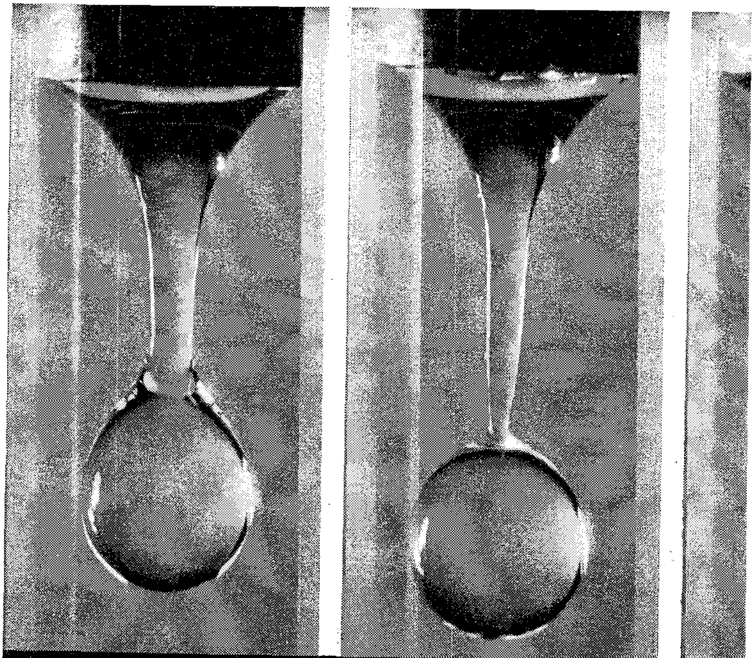




At 1/5000th of a second, a camera records the delicate birth and fine

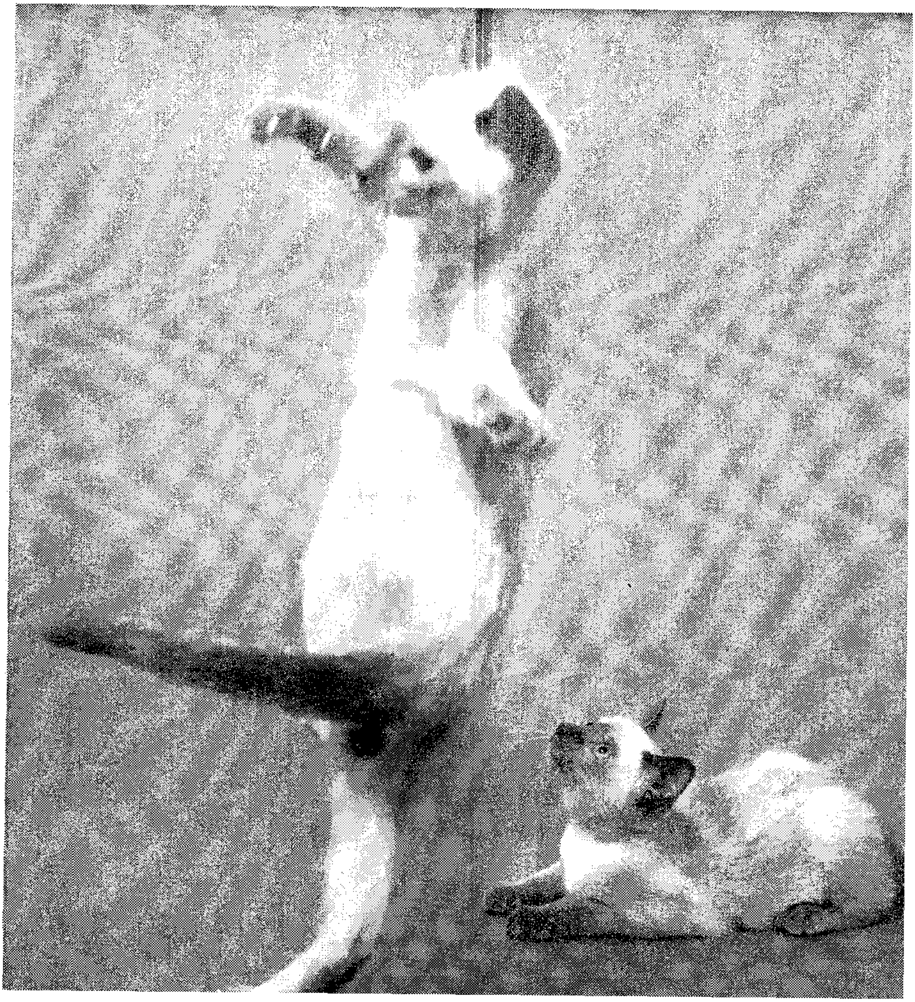


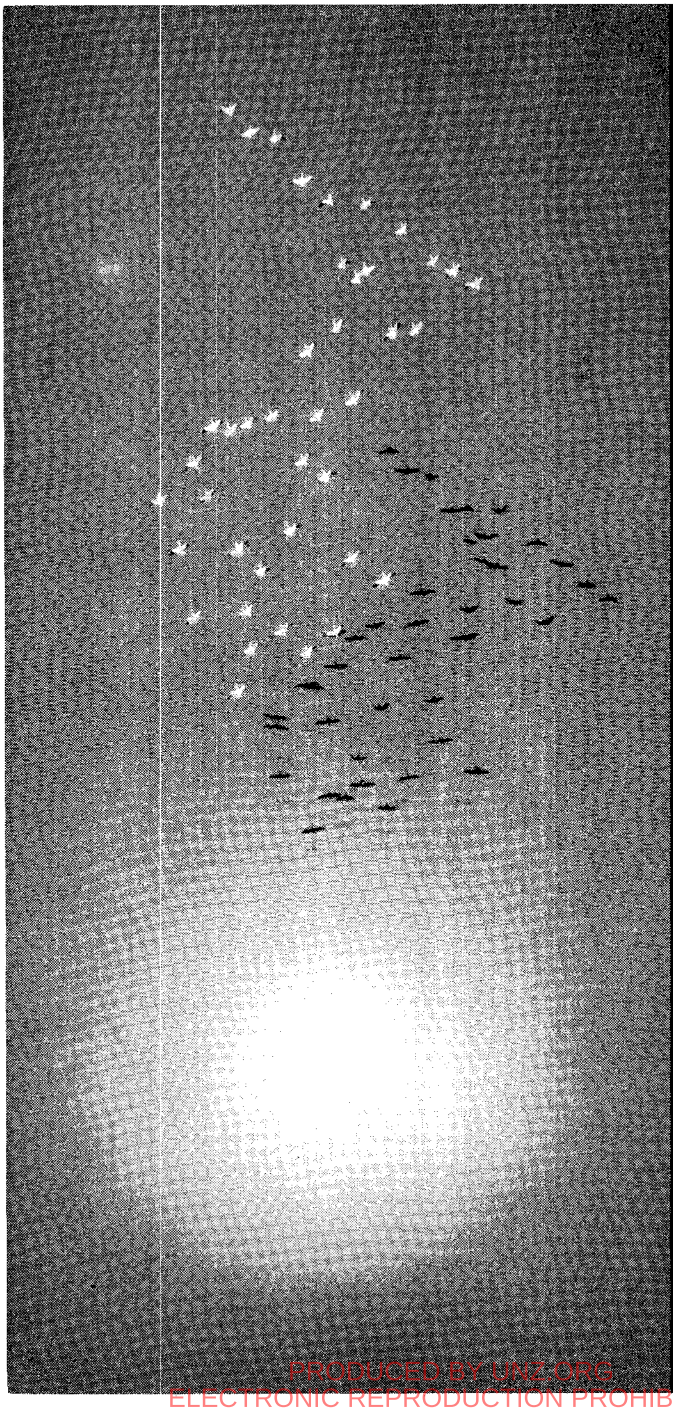
In a *child's unfettered* imagination, whatever moves seems to be alive;



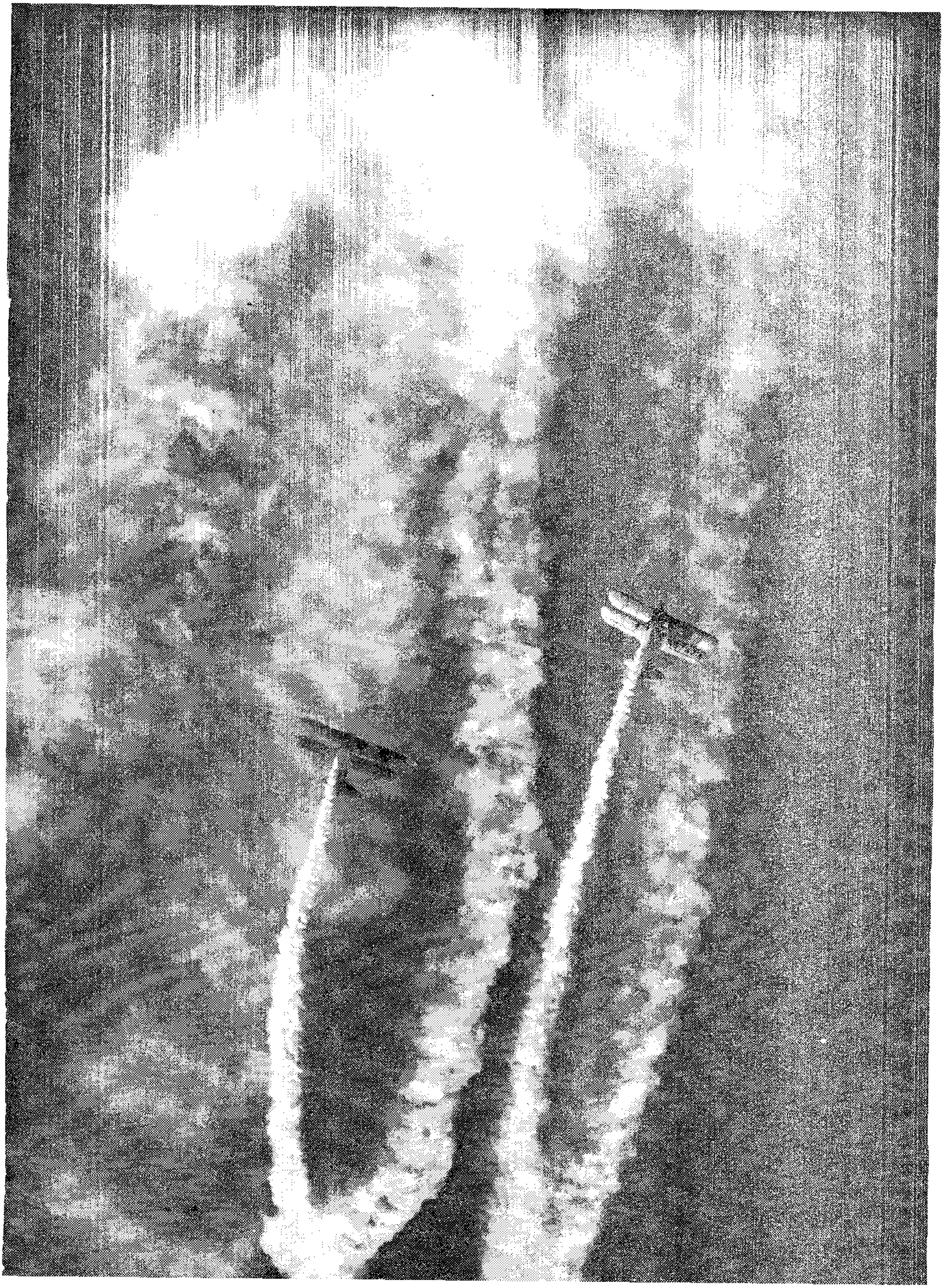
symmetry of a waterdrop conceived by the inexorable for

the onrushing surf suddenly takes on the mien of a pur





(Left) Hung in the sun's reflection, a flight of snow geese etches an image of shadow and shape on the still waters of a bay. (Right) Two biplanes seem to hurl defiance at the skies as they roll their hoops of cloud across the heavens.



How words words words work

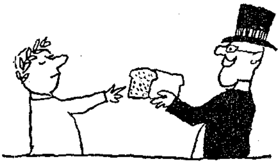
by Dr. Bergen Evans

moderator of "The Last Word," seen on CBS television, and author of
"A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Why do we say "So long" when we part? So long what?

There have been attempts to trace "So long" in this sense to the Arabic *salaam* and the Hebrew *shalom*, but the best explanation seems to be that it is merely a shortening of "So long as we're apart, good luck." Walt Whitman used it as early as 1860. Convention seems to demand that on parting we make some cheerful noise. The British go in for "ta-ta," "toodle-oo" and "cheerio." Of these, the American stomach has been able to accept only the last. They are all useful sounds, however, for they permit us to break off chance conversations and get on with our business.

Why is the head of the house called a breadwinner, when he actually works for his sustenance?



Our word *win* comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *winnan*, meaning "to toil." Naturally, if you toil enough you *acquire* something, even if only a stiff back, and in fact, our word *win* once meant only "to acquire." The present definition, "to gain a victory in a contest," came about because people acquire, not just by toiling, but also by competing. Both notions are contained in our word *breadwinner*.

Why is the happy word mayday used as a distress signal on ships?

Although spelled *mayday*, it isn't the English May Day, suggesting spring and gaiety, but the French "*m'aidez*," meaning "help me." It became the international distress signal for ships and aircraft because, like *S.O.S.*, it is brief, yet clear and unmistakable.

Why do we say that a presumptuous, impertinent person is fresh?

In this sense the word is purely American, unknown in British speech. It appeared at the time of the great wave of German immigration to this country, making it probable that it is the German word *frech*, impudent, adapted to English pronunciation. Most dictionaries still classify it as slang, though it has been in common use over a century.

Seems to me you almost have to have asthma to be able to pronounce it.

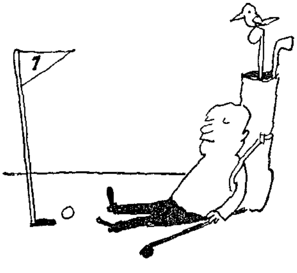
If you try to pronounce all the consonants, you'll sound asthmatic. Instead, pronounce it the way everyone else does: *AZ muh*. The word comes from the Greek verb *aazein*, meaning to breathe hard.

What is the origin of "by hook or crook"?

When this phrase first appeared in the writings of John Wycliffe (1380), it meant just what it means now—"by fair means or foul." The best guesses are that it originated in the early English forest laws governing the right of the poor to secure firewood. They were not allowed to use axes or saws, but were entitled to pull off whatever they could *by hook* (a hooked pole) or hack off *by crook* (a sickle). A passage in the *Bodmin Register* (1525) says that a certain wood was open to the inhabitants of Bodmin "to bear away upon their backs a burden of *lop, hook, crook and bag wood*." The peasants probably hacked and slashed, with hook and crook, as furiously as they could.

When we say "between each stroke" are we using good English?

The objection seems to be that *each* is obviously singular and *between* cannot be used with less than two. But when we use a phrase such as "he rested between each stroke," we really mean "he rested between each stroke *and the next one*." *Each* does refer to individual objects, but only so far as the object is a member of a group. Such a word is called a *distributive*. There is always a plural idea in mind when we say *each*; we can't say "each Europe" or "each India." Since the phrase "between each" has been used by almost every distinguished writer from Shakespeare to John Mason Brown, we accept it as idiomatic English.



This mighty-muscled mass of energy can be harnessed
to produce both heat and cold—and
is the source for 500,000 chemical compounds

Natural gas—versatile giant from the earth

by Henry Lee

EARLY ONE SUMMER evening a couple of months ago, a Connecticut suburbanite dropped his insecticide sprayer on the back porch.

"Mary," he called to his wife. "Let's go to a restaurant for a steak—and let's talk about that boat I want next year instead of how to get rid of the bugs in the flower garden."

So Mary put on her new Orlon suit, slipped into her plastic shoes and got her Acrilan and Darlan coat. John put on his new "rainproof" straw hat and lit the big coach lamp out front.

After the meal he politely held his lighter across the table and lit Mary's cigarette. "Now, about that boat . . ."

Nothing unusual about a couple going out to dinner and then talking over their hopes, you might say offhand. But there is one amazing thing.

Everything that John and Mary discussed, from the insecticide in the sprayer to the hull of next year's boat, was a product of natural gas. Mary's synthetic clothes were made from it, and so was John's new hat. They walked on natural gas instead of shoe leather and they rode on synthetic rubber tires made from it.

At Joe's, their steaks were broiled by natural gas in a new high-speed, infra-red gas broiler. John's pocket lighter was fueled with liquefied petroleum gas, and even the coach lamp he had left burning in the yard back home was a *gas*light. Gaslighting isn't as quaint as it may seem. Last year, 500,000 such lamps were manufactured, and the gas appliance industry has gone so far as to produce a unique gas *clock*.

Thanks to its unending versatility, Nature's will-o'-the-wisp—a substance as intangible as the air you breathe, but much cleaner—is in the midst of probably the fastest-growing, farthest-reaching boom in the history of harnessed energy. Though you can neither see, smell, taste, feel nor even burn it except under limited conditions, natural gas has suddenly skyrocketed into our fifth largest industry. This invisible but supremely obliging giant now supplies more than a fourth of all our wealth-producing energy—a yearly output equivalent to more than 600 Hoover Dams.

Not so very long ago, gas was frequently made by distilling coal down in the "gashouse district" of most cities. During and since the war, the accelerated construction of pipelines has made the natural product available all over the country. The purest possible source of energy, natural gas never stains a pan bottom or clogs an appliance even after years of use.

The industry's spectacular growth has also been boosted by an amazing new science called petrochemistry. Both oil and natural gas contain many chemical constituents which can be isolated or scrambled together in different proportions. The petrochemist plays with the atoms of carbon and hydrogen which together make up the molecules of natural gas. He adds, subtracts, introduces alien atoms and, in the end, produces new compounds: alcohols, ammonia, nitrates, acetylene—the list is endless.

Today, a fourth of all our chemicals derive from petrochemistry. Half-a-million compounds are already known to this new science and within only a few years, that number will rise to 1,000,000!

But with the constantly expanding availability of natural gas, the most amazing progress has been made right in the home. Nearly half of our 51,000,000 households are gas-heated, and thanks to a stepped-up research program by appliance manufacturers, home-making has been practically revolutionized.

Today, in her all-gas kitchen, the housewife probably spends less than three hours daily preparing meals, whereas her grandmother toiled nine hours under hot, smoky conditions. She may use a tiny burner, which weighs only three ounces and contains a built-in pilot no larger than a hypodermic needle. Its flame, the size of a hatpin bead, yields one-eighth as much heat as that given off by the housewife's body as she moves about.

Her new broiler completely does away with metal in its burner, substituting ceramic ports. With 60 times as many heat outlets as in conventional burners, the broiler can generate a 1,600°F. temperature and a three-micron wave length of infrared energy. Because this radiant heat, like light, travels in a straight line, it all focuses on the food—resulting in cooler kitchens, 50 percent lower gas consumption and amazingly fast cooking.

Thanks to her gas dryer and a revolutionary new *indoor* gas incinerator, the housewife saves miles of walking each year.

She can tuck all the full-sized gas appliances she needs into a wall only ten feet long, eight feet high and less than three feet deep. Here are refrigerator, range, water heater, laundry and even the home-heating plant in one compact unit.

To provide extra counter space, her gas-cooking burners fold back to the wall when not in use, and her waist-high, roll-out broiler has its own counter space. There are no motors or other moving parts in her gas refrigerator to make noise, vibrate or break down.

Though it forever puzzles the housewife that frost can come from a flame, the magic of making cold from heat is not as complicated as it seems. A tiny gas flame heats sealed refrigerating chemicals until they vaporize. This vapor is condensed into a liquid which in turn vaporizes and absorbs heat from the food stored in the refrigerator—much as your hand becomes cool when water evaporates from it. Then the vapor is absorbed by another liquid in the system; gravity draws it down to the flame, and the cycle begins anew.

Let's see what science is preparing for tomorrow's kitchen. One new feature is a flush-surface unit built right into the kitchen counter top. You can't even see the gas flames which are hidden under a special glass. You just drop hamburgers, pancakes and similar foods on the glass cover. Afterward, you merely wipe off the smooth surface with a damp cloth.

Other new features are a gas-operated freezer that swings out from the kitchen corner where base cabinets usually meet and a gas refrigerator which emerges from the wall—both at the touch of a button.

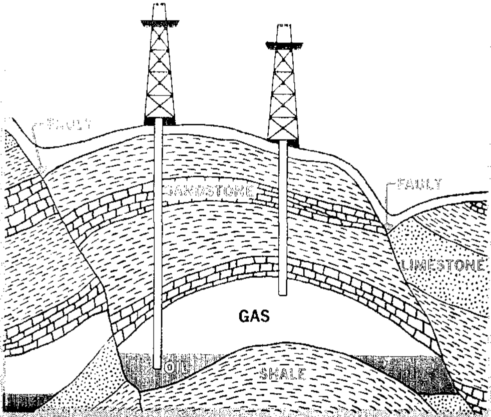
There is fingertip control to heat water to *precise* temperatures, a gas-powered percolator which can be plugged into several gas outlets, an all-year rotisserie which pivots to face either the kitchen or the patio, and, most surprising, a control panel with various selector buttons.

Pushing the right combination, the housewife moves frozen dinners and pies from a food freezer into an oven which automatically cooks and delivers them to her in minutes. Afterward, again at the touch of a button, she moves her self-propelled dishwasher along prearranged paths to the table, sink or even out to the patio, where it washes, dries and stores the dishes.

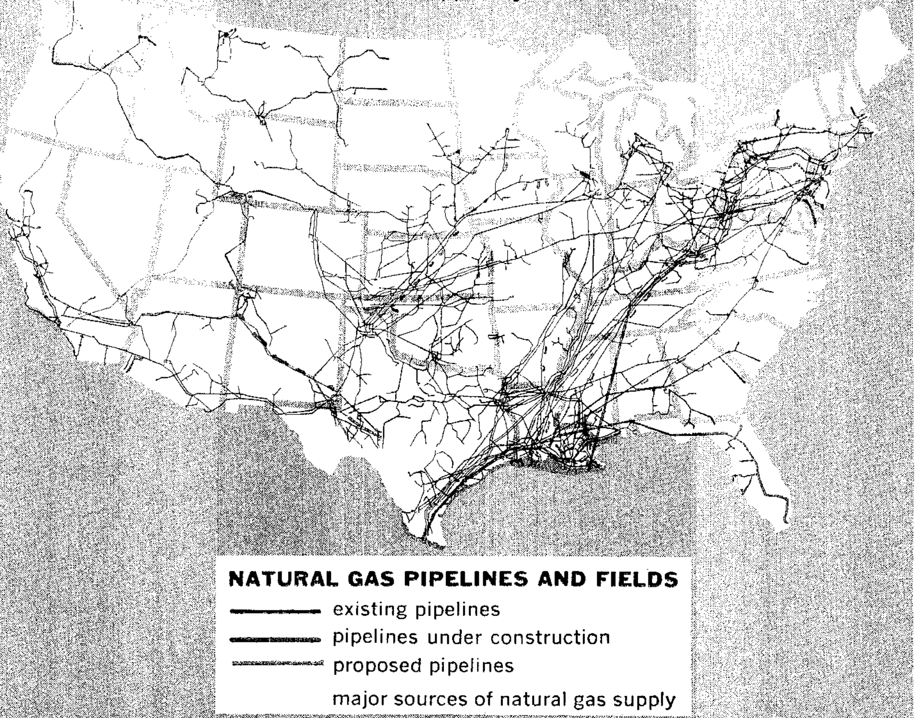
Each time she turns on the gas to perform a chore, the housewife utilizes a fantastically complicated and expensive network that stretches some 2,000 miles in space and millions of years backward in time.

The great gas fields of Texas and Louisiana probably had their beginnings when violent volcanic eruptions hurled up the first organic ooze on our planet. Newborn oceans, trillions of tiny marine plants and fish called plankton, sediment hardening into rock, all covered the ooze. In Nature's patient laboratory, a combination of extreme pressure, intense heat and other forces eventually distilled the plankton into hidden oil and natural gas.

The well-drillers—the men who uncover these hidden resources—are a fantastic breed of adventurers. They bet more than $100,000 against discouraging odds every time they haul their clumsy drilling rigs up mountainsides, through forests,


FAULT
SANDSTONE
FAULT
LIMESTONE
GAS
OIL
SHALE

Natural gas collects in pockets through breaks in earth's crust, which are called "faults." Gas is tapped by drilled wells.


NATURAL GAS PIPELINES AND FIELDS

existing pipelines
pipelines under construction
proposed pipelines
major sources of natural gas supply

across deserts and even out to sea beyond sight of land in the Gulf Coast tidewater submarine fields.

Once he strikes gas, the driller treats his find with great tenderness, "scrubbing" it through sticky petroleum to trap any dust and "drying" it of water and water vapor. When the gas enters the pipeline, other men and machines chaperone its passage toward your home, sometimes "packing" in extra amounts, sometimes diverting part of it into underground pools so enough gas always will be available to meet fluctuating consumer demands.

To bring you the smokeless blue flame of natural gas, men have hacked 50-foot swaths across mountains, over and under rivers, below highways and railroad tracks at a cost of $150,000 per pipeline mile.

As it reaches your town, the underground traveler is again "bathed," then "perfumed" (a cupful of harmless chemical gives the gas all the "smell" it will need for a year). Finally, pressure is reduced from 1,000 pounds to the few ounces per square foot that you will want. A journey that began when the world was being formed is at last over.

Right now, industry has some 25,000 uses for gas, and some 120,000,000 of us make use of it every day of our lives. Despite this prodigious and constantly increasing consumption, there is no danger we will run out of gas.

Experts now estimate the ultimate reserves at anywhere from 1,200 to 1,700 *trillion* cubic feet, and these will last for at least another century. Experiments indicate that gas can be extracted from oil shale, coal and even the common algae found in ponds, and that the rival forms of energy—nuclear and solar—can be tamed to help produce gas. Despite our increasing reliance on gas, the American Gas Association reports the price of natural gas has increased by less than a fourth during the past two decades, while the cost of living has more than doubled.

In addition to economies practiced by your local "gas retailer," much of the price-holding stems from the efficiency of the great utility companies. There are many of them like Columbia Gas System, which services a huge sector of the North and Northeast; Consolidated Edison Co. in New York; People's Gas Light & Coke Co. which covers Chicago—and the largest gas distribution system in the world, the Pacific Lighting System, in Southern California.

Consider the nightmarish demand that Pacific Lighting has met and conquered over the past two decades. Each year, in an area where almost everybody heats by gas and nine out of ten cook over it, enough new customers have been added to Pacific's clientele to populate a city the size of Syracuse, New York. Today, with more than 2,250,000 customers, the company has invested more than three quarters of a billion dollars in properties and increased its staff to almost 8,400 employees.

Next year, the gas industry's gross assets will reach $25 billion, having more than 2,250,000 customers, the and-a-half. In two decades, the

100,000,000 gas appliances currently in use probably will have trebled.

Most significant, yet largely unheralded in the press, was the trans-Atlantic voyage last winter of the prosaic-looking *S.S. Methane Pioneer* from Lake Charles, Louisiana, to the Thames near London, England.

In the first trans-oceanic gas shipment in history, she carried 32,000 barrels of liquid methane, a form of natural gas which had been reduced from vapor under the extreme cold temperature of minus 285°F. It was a brilliant achievement—the first practical way of transporting gas other than by pipeline.

In human terms, the ocean crossing was infinitely more important. It means that from the gas-rich areas of the world, gracious living and international friendship can now be exported by the barrel to the troubled, energy-have-not parts of the world which need it so desperately.

SALES PSYCHOLOGY

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY last year, I noticed two street vendors selling green carnations on a busy Times Square street corner. One had a large tray full of carnations with a sign reading $.35 each. The other had a smaller tray with fewer flowers but nonetheless was selling them and making change just as fast as he could; at the same time he kept calling out: "Fresh carnations, just $.25." As the light changed and the crowd moved on, I almost felt sorry for the man who wasn't selling any flowers, until I saw the second vendor replenish his stock from the other tray.

—JOHN E. W. HORNER

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by Arnold Hano

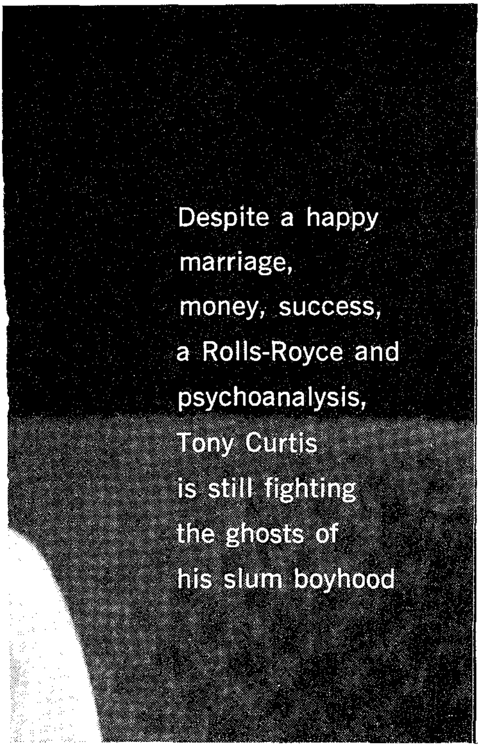
Angry idol from Third Avenue

When Bernie Schwartz—son of a Hungarian-born tailor—was 12 years old, living in the shadow of the Third Avenue El in Manhattan's East 70s, he came home one day to find the family's furniture, clothes and his father's customers' clothes thrown into the street. The Schwartzes had been dispossessed.

"The landlady," Bernie Schwartz remembers today, "was named Mrs. Diamond. We moved around the corner into a condemned house with a vacant store on the first floor."

That was 1937, during the Depression.

Today Bernie Schwartz, alias Tony Curtis, owns a $20,000 Rolls-Royce complete with a porcelain vase for a daily fresh flower. He also



Despite a happy marriage, money, success, a Rolls-Royce and psychoanalysis, Tony Curtis is still fighting the ghosts of his slum boyhood

owns a house in Beverly Hills and a Marc Chagall painting. His wife drives a black Cadillac convertible. He has five regular employees, plus three secretaries, plus a thrice-a-week gardener. And he has money in Texas oil wells.

More important—psychologically—a few years ago he bought a six-unit apartment house in Beverly Hills for $100,000 in which he installed his folks and his brother.

"I am," says Curtis, "getting even with Mrs. Diamond."

This is perhaps unfair to Mrs. Diamond, for Tony Curtis (born Bernie Schwartz) began getting even with a world he didn't make long before he'd ever heard of the landlady. Once when his father's tailor shop was robbed of $60, which was the family's total fortune, Bernie and his gang of neighborhood toughs robbed a drugstore of $70. And when a thug hit Bernie over the head with a pistol butt that same day and took the boy's share of the loot, Bernie lay in wait for a week and knocked him senseless with a brick.

When Bernie got out of the Navy in 1946, he and some pool-hall buddies decided to rob a New Jersey supermarket. Bernie was picked as the one to ask the manager for the money in the cash register. When he got to the counter, he bought a stick of gum, turned around and walked out. The stealing was over. But the getting-even continues.

Despite three years of psychoanalysis, a happy marriage (to actress Janet Leigh), two young daughters (Kelly Lee and Jamie) and his affluence, his struggle continues.

I discussed Tony Curtis with Tony Curtis in his dressing room at Universal-International's studio just over the crest of the Hollywood Hills, where the actor was working in two movies, *Spartacus,* a multi-million dollar production, and *Operation Petticoat,* a comedy.

Curtis says it is easy for him to play roles such as the unscrupulous press agent in *Sweet Smell of Success,* or the embittered convict in *The Defiant Ones,* as opposed to his comedy job in *Some Like It Hot* because, "It is easier for me to act depressed than happy; it is easy for me to recall all the terrible moments of life and reach back to them; the natural tendency of man is toward sadness, not happiness—we think of the things we should have done or shouldn't have done."

The 34-year-old Curtis—his dark hair now salted with gray—is an angry man and at times a baffled man, with the usual needs to be liked and appreciated. He is highly sensitive to criticism, probably due to his lack of confidence. "Looking at myself on the screen, I can't tell if I'm any good. I had to see *The Defiant Ones* six times before I saw what people were talking about."

When he was small, Curtis began escaping from his squalid surroundings into what he calls "play-acting." He would daydream an image of himself as a swashbuckling adventurer whom nobody ever would laugh at. He became, in his mind's eye, a hero.

Even during his delinquent teens, Curtis saw himself not as he was, but as he wanted to be. "I thought I was chic, smart, worldly. The one marvelous thing about psychoanalysis is that I learned to look upon myself not as the strange diffuse image I *thought* I was, but more objectively. I found out that I hadn't been chic, smart or worldly at all, but a guy whose suits were too padded, whose hair was too long."

In 1946, Curtis (still Schwartz) suddenly decided to study acting under the G.I. Bill at the New School for Social Research in Manhattan, and the following summer he worked in a Catskills theater group.

"We got $10 a week plus two meals and lodging. We were a fill-in between dinner and cha-cha-cha lessons. We were terrible."

Terrible or not, Curtis was signed to play stock for $60 a week, and in 1948 played the lead in Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy* at the Cherry Lane Theater in Greenwich Village.

Curtis and wife Janet Leigh (center) with the Dean Martins. Tony plays poker with Dean, takes golf lessons from him on week ends.

"I dig Odets," Curtis says today. "I have always felt a deep comradeship for his stuff." This rapport must have registered, because a Universal-International talent scout in the audience at the Cherry Lane went backstage one night, and signed Curtis to a $100-a-week movie contract.

The scout insisted the name Bernie Schwartz had to go.

"I suggested Anthony Adverse, but they told me another actor was using that name. So I said Anthony Curtis; later they made it Tony." He still lists himself as Anthony Curtis in *Who's Who in America.*

Curtis was immediately cast in ill-made, ill-directed, ill-acted vehicles in which he pranced about in medieval armor plate or else in Turkish trousers, his thick New York accent at odds with the role. Alton Cook, in the *New York World-Telegram and The Sun,* recently recalled "one precious moment in some Arabian Nights nonsense movie, when Tony spoke with all the feeling he could muster: 'I am longging to return to de land of my fah-ders.' "

But none of this seemed to affect the young star's box-office appeal. Early in his career, the relatively unknown Curtis was sent across the country on a personal appearance tour with several big-name stars. The teenagers screamed for Curtis and ignored the others.

All this was directly converted to dollars and cents. Curtis says that every movie he has ever made grossed $1,000,000 or more.

Overnight success helped Curtis live his hero-sized dream. He, literary agent Irv Paley, actor's representative Jay Kanter, and actor Marlon Brando shared a hilltop house on Barham Boulevard overlooking Los Angeles.

"I had never hung around actors much," says Curtis. "Now I was living with one. Those days were crazy. Brando was a real *cook.*" *Cook,* as Curtis uses it, means Bohemian or goofy, and it rhymes with spook, not book. Curtis insists only a "square" would spell it *kook.*

Thus young Curtis found himself in the position he had long dreamed of: squiring "cushy-looking" women. To make an impression, he used to fill his pockets with expensive-looking 49-cent cigarette lighters. He'd nonchalantly remove one from his pocket to light his girl's cigarette, and then casually toss it out the window. The girl would exclaim: "You just threw away your lighter!" Curtis would wearily raise an eyebrow and say, "So what else is new?"

Living with Brando and tossing away 49-cent lighters to impress girls did not solve many of Curtis' problems. His Arabian Nights roles, interspersed with an occasional King Arthur romance, began to pall on him. He asked his studio for other parts, to prove he could act, but his studio bosses did not want to disturb the stream of box-office dollars.

Curtis himself says he was neither as bad as people and critics made him out then, nor as good as they insist he is today.

"I like to think I am more consistent than that," he declares. "Those early pictures were bad, but why single them out as strictly 'lousy Tony Curtis movies'? I can't stand movie critics. They're all so smartypants." Yet he admits that he reads every review he can lay his hands on.

Curtis discovered other things about movie bosses around this same time. In 1950, he met Janet Leigh, already established at MGM. In 1951, they decided to marry. But both studios put their feet down. Marriage, they said, would endanger the studios' investments. Fans would prefer the couple to stay single.

"I told them," says Curtis, "that if my career depended on the fans thinking I was a virgin, then it's a shoddy way to base a career, and I'm in the wrong business."

In June of 1951, they were married in Greenwich, Connecticut, and their box-office appeal, instead of suffering, actually improved.

Still, Curtis' career, with its shallow roles, was irking him. In 1953, under extreme tension—his wife had just suffered a miscarriage—he decided to seek psychiatric help. Analysis obviously helped.

What also may have helped was being cast in *Trapeze* in 1955, and even more, his role in the Clifford Odets-Ernest Lehman movie, *Sweet Smell of Success*, in 1957. These parts led to Curtis' playing in *The Defiant Ones* and to his subsequent Academy Award nomination.

Today, Curtis can pick his scripts, and is sliced into the movie's gross. He expects to make close to $1,000,000, over the years, for his work in *The Defiant Ones.*

Such success has not slowed down his drive to get ahead. Because he didn't go to college, he is attempting to continue his education through the films he is working in. When he received his part in *Spartacus,* produced by Kirk Douglas, Curtis immediately bought the book, *The Caesars: Might and Madness* by Ivar Lissner, to steep himself in the background of the story, "so I wouldn't feel so out of place when they started shooting." The book quickly led to an interest in ancient history. "Now," he says, "I'm on an archaeology kick."

Again, when Curtis and Janet Leigh were on location together in Paris, they became interested in art.

Three of his own paintings are on the walls of their house.

"I do jazzed-up still lifes and an occasional portrait when I can get somebody to sit," he says.

His role in *Sweet Smell of Success* led to an interest in progressive jazz, and from there to classical music. (He plays the flute.)

"I am very impressionable," Curtis says. "I am a sponge. I have to absorb everything in sight. Besides, I have to keep busy. I can't stand being still."

The need to be active has made a week-end golfer out of Curtis; his coach is Dean Martin. In the evenings, there are more-than-occasional poker sessions either at Curtis' house or at Martin's house or at Frank Sinatra's house. It has been this socializing within a relatively tight, unchanging group that last year led a national picture magazine to write about the group informally known as "The Clan," with Sinatra the reputed titular head, Martin second-in-command, and Curtis among the more faithful followers.

"The 'Clan' doesn't exist," he says. "We're just a group of people who like each other's company. If there's anything that binds us together, it's that we don't lie, cheat or involve ourselves in intrigue!"

The article reported that because Sinatra has an $8,000 Dual-Ghia car, Tony Curtis was quoted as saying: "I've GOT to get one, like Frank." Curtis denies it flatly.

"I never said it. It's not true," he said recently to reporters. "When the article came out, at least 50 dealers wrote me that they had a Dual-Ghia for me. Yet I went out and ordered a Rolls. That's how much I had to have a Dual-Ghia. At first I thought of getting a Bentley. But somebody said a Bentley is a coward's car; it's for someone who's afraid to step into a Rolls. So it had to be a Rolls. Then I had to decide what kind. It had to be a convertible—I dig that sun. But a dealer said they didn't make a convertible with the kind of body I wanted. I said, 'Look, they'll make it for $20,000. Put in the order.' And they did."

Curtis sat there, eyes shut, drinking in the vision of Bernie Schwartz in a Rolls-Royce. The same Bernie Schwartz whose family had stood, dispossessed, in the shadow of the now-vanished New York El.

Then, reminiscently, he said softly, "Never in my life will I evict anybody from a house I own."

NEW RECIPE

DURING HIS FIRST months in the United States, opera star Enrico Caruso ate Italian foods exclusively. Then, one Thanksgiving, he decided to celebrate the holiday with a real, American turkey dinner.

The chef prepared the bird with loving care. He paid particular attention to the stuffing.

Caruso tasted the turkey, which he had never eaten before, and shrugged. It was obvious that he wasn't impressed. Then he tasted the stuffing. A look of surprised delight came into his face.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed. "This is superb!"

The chef was called in to hear the tenor's praise. Caruso begged him for the recipe. The chef was reluctant to divulge his secret, but after a little coaxing, he revealed that he had stuffed the turkey with spaghetti.

—E. E. EDGAR

SUPERLATIVELY SPEAKING

(Answers to Quiz on page 57)

1 (c); 2 (a); 3 (c); 4 (b); 5 (a); 6 (b); 7 (c); 8 (a); 9 (c); 10 (c); 11 (a); 12 (b); 13 (c); 14 (b); 15 (a).

The suicide stoppers

by Robin Miller

With kindly, expert guidance, this unique group has saved 53,000 from suicide and works around the clock to dispel the myths that make self-destruction a taboo topic

SUICIDE IS NOT SOMETHING that always happens to the other fellow. "To practically everyone at some time death seems the only solution . . ." wrote Dr. Thomas W. Salmon, former president of the American Psychiatric Association.

Although this waste of human life runs counter to our religious and social beliefs, pathetically little is being done officially to combat it.

Fortunately, an organization called the National Save-a-Life League exists for just this purpose. For 53 years, from its headquarters in New York City, the League has been saving would-be suicides from self-destruction; preventing those who have attempted suicide from trying it again; and caring for suicides' relatives and children. To date, the League conservatively claims to have succeeded with 96 percent of its cases, which means it has saved about 53,000 lives.

Every day about 44 persons commit suicide—and triple that number try, but don't succeed. Within a year, some 17,000 people will have taken their own lives, and at least 50,000 more will have failed in their attempts to do so.

Suicide is the 11th ranking killer in the U.S. Statistics recently released by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. reveal that suicide kills as many Americans as respiratory tuberculosis, and claims more lives than polio, ulcers, childbirth complications or the communicable diseases of childhood.

The suicide rate has remained fairly steady since 1900. The National Institute of Mental Health says that it was 10.2 per 100,000 population in 1900. The corresponding figure for 1957 was 9.4. And the estimated suicide rate per 100,000 for 1958 is 10.7.

If it were not for the yeoman work of the National Save-a-Life League, the suicide rate would perhaps be even higher than it is. Although established on religious principles, the League is a non-sectarian organization. It offers advice and aid free of charge and applicants may remain anonymous. Its New York City telephone is answered 24 hours a day. To carry on its work, the League relies on voluntary contributions to fill out its slender, $50,000-a-year budget. Representatives—usually hospital chaplains or psychiatrists who donate their services—can now be found in 28 cities, sometimes listed in the telephone book under "Save-a-Life."

To combat the suicidal impulse, it is first necessary to understand what drives a human being to take his own life. Harry Marsh Warren, Jr., president of the National Save-a-Life League, quotes this analysis by the famous criminologist, Dr. Carleton Simon: "Suicide is an inability to cope with environment. . . . Frustrations, lack of courage to face the future, actual or imaginary guilt, fear of disgrace or illness assume gigantic proportions and contribute to an uncontrollable impulse to seek relief in self-destruction."

Warren claims—and many psychiatrists confirm—that only one-third of the people who attempt suicide show psychotic symptoms or need extensive psychiatric treatment. The others are "sane in every sense of the word," says Warren.

People will attempt suicide for countless reasons, but certain motivations crop up time and again. In this order, they are: 1. Economic difficulties; 2. Ill health; 3. Domestic problems and emotional stress. (Insanity comes last by a wide margin.)

The Save-a-Life League's primary task is to "rekindle the spark of life in people." To do this, Warren and his assistant, Lona B. Bonnell, who has worked with the League for 29 years, first try to revive or introduce faith in God to break through the fog of despair that surrounds would-be suicides.

Occasionally, more drastic shock tactics are required, however. One powerfully-built young man suddenly tried to jump out of the window of Miss Bonnell's 11th floor office. Praying for strength, the frail, grandmotherly woman somehow hauled him back into the room and plunked him down in a chair.

"You sit right there!" she shouted. The astonished man obeyed. "Now *talk!*" commanded Miss Bonnell. And he did, leaving his suicidal crisis behind him.

A young woman's death was responsible for the foundation of the National Save-a-Life League. One morning in the winter of 1906, the late Rev. Harry Warren was summoned to a New York hotel. A 19-year-old girl had taken poison and was dying. Weakly, she told Warren that she had tried in vain to locate a minister the night before. "I would never have done it if I could have talked to you," she whispered. "Promise you will help people like me."

The Reverend Warren made the promise—and kept it. Eventually, he resigned his pulpit and devoted all of his time to raising funds for his unique suicide-fighting venture. When he died 19 years ago, his son, Harry Warren, Jr., took over.

Although the League counsels many young people, its statistics disclose that the suicide rate rises steadily with age, reaching its high in the 65-74 age group. Many of these elderly people simply feel that there is nothing left to live for.

"It is a tremendous responsibility to have a life thrown into our hands," says Warren. "That's why we will often call in a consulting expert—as many doctors do." In some cases, a person can get a job through the League's contacts. In others, businessmen advise on economic problems. Doctors frequently dispel fear of ill health by proving to a would-be suicide that his "symptoms" are psychosomatic.

Domestic problems that threaten marriages usually clear up when sympathetic counsel is given by League staff members. But physical disfigurements, which often cause self-consciousness and depression, frequently require more practical aid. A woman whose nose was bitten by a dog, and a sailor whose looks were ruined by skin blotches were saved from suicide when the League was able to arrange for inexpensive plastic surgery.

Anyone with severe emotional difficulties is immediately referred to one of the psychiatrists who works with the League. These doctors, who have been known to spend up to a year on a case—sometimes free of charge—also reassure sane people who fear they are losing their minds.

The Save-a-Life League cooperates fully with Alcoholics Anonymous, either sending alcoholics to A.A. or counseling alcoholics with suicidal tendencies. "Compulsive drinking rarely *causes* suicide, but it often stirs up latent suicidal tendencies," points out the National Council on Alcoholism. "Also, alcoholics tend to stage dramatic suicide attempts and there is always the danger that these will succeed."

Occasionally, the League relieves financial stress that might drive a man to suicide by the simple expedient of a gift (never a loan) of money. "Lives have been saved for as little as a $5 bill," says Warren.

FROM STUDYING the thousands of troubled individuals who have streamed through their offices, Warren and his colleagues have discovered that nearly three times more men than women will consider or commit suicide—40 percent for reasons of ill health. "Women find it easier to talk about their problems," says Warren. "Men hold things in more, and get to the point where they can't think clearly."

But more women than men make unsuccessful suicide attempts, and more women try to take their lives as a result of a broken romance or an unhappy marriage. Recently, however, the suicide rate among women has been on the rise.

Methods of committing suicide also vary between the sexes. Men choose firearms and explosives first, hanging next and poisoning last. Women reverse this order, apparently to avoid disfigurement. Jumping from high places, the most publicized method of suicide, is actually low on the list for both sexes.

Although 200 people come to the League every month for counsel, the 3,000 letters annually answered by the organization also effectively thwart suicides. From the tone of the letter, the League decides whether to give advice or to suggest a visit to a minister or doctor. When the case sounds desperate, they put the writer in touch with the League's nearest representative, or vice versa.

The League will also write to people who are believed by friends and relatives to have suicidal tendencies. "But we can't break in on someone's life by force," Warren says. "We can only offer our services. After that, the person must cooperate."

Oddly, the League has discovered that the highly-populated Northeastern section of the U.S. has a lower suicide rate than many other parts of the country. New York City's rate, for instance, is surprisingly low—in 1957, it was only 6.7 per 100,000 population. The further West one goes, the higher the rate rises: in 1955, 7.9 in the East-South Central region; 12.3 in the Mountain States; 14.9 on the Pacific Coast. Individual states varied from 6.0 in Mississippi to a high 26.8 in Nevada.

Other surveys indicated that states with high suicide rates are among the first seven in literacy, and that intellectual people are more prone to suicide than others. The lowest suicide rate is among married people, the highest among widowed and divorced persons. The rate for single men is more than double that for married men.

World events also affect the suicide rate. In wartime it declines, possibly because people are too busy to think about themselves. But during postwar recessions the rate increases. During the 1956 period of economic prosperity, the suicide rate fell below 10.0 per 100,000 for the first time on record. Recently, the rate has been rising slightly.

One obstacle that unnecessarily keeps potential suicides from needed help is fear of the police; many suicide attempts are hushed up in the mistaken belief that an arrest will be made. In fact, the chances of this now happening are remote. Today, most states classify suicide as a "misdemeanor," yet take no legal action. Others, like New York State, see to it that suicidally-inclined persons receive proper psychiatric help.

The Save-a-Life League calls in the police only when it has been informed of an imminent suicide attempt. One such case had a grimly humorous touch. Tipped off by the League, police burst into an office to find a man in the act of raising a gun to his temple. He stopped when a cop, from long habit, barked, "Drop that gun or I'll shoot!"

One of the most important facets of the League's work is caring for children whose parents have committed suicide. Unable to understand the nature of the tragedy, a child often suffers a deep psychological wound. Whenever possible, the League sends the children of suicide victims to accredited camps where they can get over the initial shock in healthy surroundings.

"Showing that someone cares," is the National Save-a-Life League's most effective weapon in fighting suicide. "Unfortunately," says Warren, "would-be suicides are clever at hiding their intentions from those close to them; rarely will they reveal their true thoughts. But both pride and shame are excellent deterrents, and these emotions seem to last right up to the end. Many people ask us, 'Would God forgive me if I took my own life?' 'Will suicide affect my family?' 'Will my daughter marry as well if I kill myself?'

"Naturally, we work on these feelings. No one really wants to die. If we can make a man feel he is wanted, if we can get a ray of hope through to him, he will grab it. Delaying the act is half the battle."

"And getting people to talk is the other half," adds Lona Bonnell. "Deep depression is often caused by the unexpected—a disappointment, a loss, a defeat. Mind and body are numbed, emotions run riot and reason is dethroned . . . the greater the tension, the less able you are to think clearly, to find a solution to your problems. People must speak up to relax these tensions."

How can you detect the warning signs of suicide in a loved one?

"If someone you know starts saying, 'I'd be better off dead,' don't take it too lightly," warns Warren. "The threat of suicide should never be disregarded. Eventually, the person might do something about it. A true friend can do as much as anyone in the early stages. Try to see his problem as he sees it, on his level. Then try to convince him that you can help him to analyze his problem. If you feel he is desperate, however, send him to the League or call in professional help."

Lona Bonnell has another piece of constructive advice. "Tell him this," she says. " 'You are important to God. No matter how insignificant your life may seem, it is unique in this world. Each of us has a function to perform in life. It is only for us to find this function through prayer and faith. Having found it, we can no longer seek death.' "

DEFT DEFINITIONS

SINKING FUND: Your checking account toward the end of the month. —JAMES HOLDING, *Wall Street Journal*

TRAVEL FOLDER: Trip tease. —ROSEMARY CHURCH

FEBRUARY: The month in which you discover that a month's salary goes just as fast in 28 days as it does in 31. —*Wall Street Journal*

MOOSE: An animal that has a head and horns on one end and a living-room wall on the other. —*Spokesman Review*

BARGAIN SHOPPER: A woman who will buy everything on which she thinks the store is losing money. —*General Features Corp.*

Faster than
it poured from
the earth,
he poured his
wealth
to the winds

Coal Oil Johnny's million-dollar spree

by Harold Mehling

Shortly after Independence Day in 1864, a tall young man nicknamed "Coal Oil Johnny" strode into the plush Continental Hotel in Philadelphia and banged on the front desk.

"I want the manager!" he demanded.

The clerk regarded the youngster's clothing with a raised eyebrow. He wore a suit of large red and green plaid squares, and from his lapel the twisted end of a $10 bill protruded like a green flower.

"The manager is busy," the clerk murmured coldly, turning away.

The youth blinked in anger, then flipped a $20 gold piece to a bellhop; moments later, he sat in the manager's office.

"I want to buy this hotel," he announced.

The manager stared disdainfully at the circus-tent suit. "The owners don't want to sell it," he replied.

Coal Oil Johnny thought a moment. "All right," he said. "I'll just rent every room for a day. The whole hotel."

He counted out $8,000 in greenbacks, and the following morning Philadelphians were startled to see a huge banner floating over the entrance to the Continental Hotel:

OPEN HOUSE TODAY
Everything Free!
ALL ARE WELCOME!

From the hour the word spread until midnight, the Continental was jammed with delighted citizens who roamed through the rooms, emptied the bar, stripped the restaurant and carried away costly furniture.

Through it all, the young man with the sun-gold hair and loud, plaid suit grinned, joked and paid. Then he went on to equally incredible escapades. He bought $1,000 champagne dinners for entire theatrical companies, distributed diamond lockets among chorus girls and tucked bank notes in his buttonholes for newsboys to grab at.

Less than 12 months later, when all the laughing and paying ended, he had spent almost $1,000,000 and left a trail of debts that totaled $100,000. He had also lost his source of income and the respect of most of his fellow men.

Coal Oil Johnny—his real name was John Washington Steele—was one of America's first oil millionaires. He made a fortune by accident and spent it on purpose, perhaps because he felt he had no right to the money since he hadn't earned it; and because he wanted to experience the good times he thought money could buy.

When Johnny was an infant in Pennsylvania, both his parents died of diphtheria, and the boy was taken in by a childless couple, Culbertson and Sarah McClintock. They were as fond of him as they would have been of their own son, and when farmer McClintock died in 1855, he left his 200 acres to his widow, in trust for Johnny.

At that time, oil was an old but irritating story in western Pennsylvania. For years, Johnny had heard farmers curse when they dug water wells and found them polluted with a gummy black liquid. Johnny even saw it floating by on Oil Creek, on which the McClintock farm sat.

Four years after Johnny's foster father died, however, a one-time railroad conductor hit the first gusher in Titusville, about 12 miles north of the McClintock farm. Now that it was possible to get oil out of the earth in great quantities, everyone realized that a gigantic new industry had suddenly been born.

Western Pennsylvania underwent a revolution. Land sharks invaded the region to negotiate leases for every inch of real estate that might be covering oil.

Roaring-rich boom towns—Stand-Off City, Two Thieves and Dead-Beat—grew up overnight. Oil was struck on Widow McClintock's farm, and she leased sections of it for cash advances and royalty payments. Johnny went to work as a mule-skinner, hauling barrels of oil from well to railroad. He fast became a strapping, handsome man.

It was the early spring of 1864, and Johnny had finished off a hard day's hauling with several drinks. He arrived at the farm late that evening with his wagon and team. As he guided the horses past a score of oil derricks, he saw his wife, Eleanor (whom he had married when he was 18) running along the path toward him, sobbing hysterically.

"Aunt Sarah's hurt!" Eleanor cried. "She's dying!"

Johnny rushed into the little farmhouse and heard the news from a doctor. Widow McClintock had tried to hurry a fire in her cookstove by pouring crude oil over the coals. The stove exploded; she died the next day from the burns she had suffered.

If the coming of oil had changed Johnny's farm life, the death of Sarah McClintock changed his entire life drastically. When a lawyer opened her safe, he found several thousand dollars in cash and a will bequeathing everything she owned to Johnny.

There was over $200,000 in banks, and the royalties on McClintock wells were pouring in $2,000 to $3,000 a day. Johnny was not yet 21, but on his next birthday it would all be his.

Johnny was distraught over the tragic death of Sarah McClintock—the only mother he had ever known. To get away from the disturbing scene, he and Eleanor took a trip to Philadelphia. He left his wife with friends of her family and walked the streets aimlessly.

Johnny had received an advance of several thousand dollars from Widow McClintock's lawyer, so he was flush as he wandered in and out of hotels and taverns.

In one bar he met a newspaperman who was as thirsty as he was witty, and—on Johnny's money—the pair roamed the city together. The next morning Johnny awoke in a fog to read all about himself in a newspaper. The reporter called him "Coal Oil Johnny," and predicted that he would soon be "savoring the fleshpots of our city."

Johnny liked the "Coal Oil" appendage, he liked fame and he liked his brief glimpse of high life in certain sections of the Quaker City.

He arranged on his 21st birthday to receive the entire wealth of the McClintock wells. Then, leaving Eleanor on the farm, he went back to Philadelphia with a bottle of brandy in each hand and $100,000 in cash in his pockets.

Other men might have gone off to the Civil War to lose their grief in heroism, but Johnny followed the accepted practice of hiring a replacement for the Union Army uniform he was supposed to wear.

JOHNNY HAD ALREADY achieved his reputation as a flamboyant spender at the time he impetuously offered to buy the Continental Hotel. He had awakened that morning at the equally plush Girard House, and was piqued when he was unable to get a hack in the rain. He found a driver waiting for a woman shopper and offered to buy the hack. When the driver hesitated, Johnny handed him $2,000, which was at least twice what the rig and horse were worth.

He rode around for a half hour, during which he noticed a number of poverty-stricken men sloshing through the wet streets. He ordered the driver to stop, returned his carriage to him, and added $1,000 with which the overwhelmed man could buy a stable. Then Johnny strode into the Continental and enacted his flamboyant open-house gesture.

But Johnny had a hot temper, too. His first act on renting every room in the Continental, was to demand that the desk clerk who had snubbed him be fired. When his request was turned down, Johnny made a remarkable proposition to the manager of the Girard.

"Cut your rates below the Continental's," he said. "Whatever price they charge for a room, you charge $2 less."

The manager protested that he would soon be out of business.

"No, you won't," Johnny assured him. "Here is a cash advance of $25,000 to work with. Keep careful track of your losses and I will reimburse you for every cent."

The manager liked the game, and Philadelphia's first price war began. Guests entering the Continental were intercepted at the doors and informed that the Girard was charging less for better accommodations.

Johnny sat in a carriage across the street, laughing and drinking with a coterie of hangers-on who had become devoted admirers of his money.

The oil prince's antics came to the attention of a New York investment banker, William Wickham, and Johnny was invited to visit Wickham, who wanted to buy the McClintock farm. Johnny went to the big city and found even more to dazzle him than he had in Philadelphia.

Wickham offered him $1,200,000—and Johnny, in an alcoholic daze, said the price sounded fine. He was introduced to champagne, cigars, the new Fifth Avenue Hotel (with an elevator!) and to the prettiest chorus girls in the world. He bought dinners for the casts of musical shows, tossed diamond pins at chorus girls from his box seat and staged bawdy stag parties that soon had tongues wagging.

When Coal Oil Johnny returned to Philadelphia, he was a man of the world. He bought a handsome carriage, had its sides painted with pictures of flaming red oil derricks, and rode through Fairmount Park with his obsequious friends, oblivious of the giggles he inspired. Every day he was getting rid of more money than his wells were bringing in.

Johnny was now ready for his greatest adventure. He bought a third interest in the famous Skiff and Gaylord minstrel show and decided the show should tour the East. So he ordered $5,000 worth of gaudy posters—with his own photo in one corner—and had them sent on in advance to cities the show would visit. Then the minstrels took off for Utica, where they played to a full house. Johnny spent his profits by buying an engine, baggage and sleeping car in which the performers could live in splendor. One day he offered minstrel-boss Gaylord an engaging proposition.

"Let's cancel all the traveling dates for the next two weeks," he said, "and go where we please. We'll play whenever we feel like it, and without charge."

Gaylord objected that the show would go bankrupt, but Johnny counted out all the performers' salaries for two weeks and then estimated the company's profits, based on sell-out houses. This sum he turned over to the business manager.

Gaylord grinned. "All right, Johnny," he said. "It's your party!"

Indeed it was. Coal Oil Johnny opened the festivities by throwing a champagne dinner for the cast; each member found an expensive gift under his plate that evening. Then they set off in their private train and saw the countryside, giving a performance whenever the mood struck.

Early in January, 1865, after a riotous holiday celebration, the financial facts of life began to show themselves. Long-suffering Eleanor wrote from the farm that agents of the U.S. Government had been visiting the farm, taking inventory of its assets. Johnny didn't understand, but a lawyer soon enlightened him.

He was so unaware of the world around him that he had not heard that the Government, to finance the Civil War, had levied a temporary ten percent tax on income. He had never paid a cent of it, and owed almost $100,000. When he checked his holdings, he found he had less than $25,000 left.

William Wickham, the New York investment banker, backed out of his deal to buy the farm for $1,200,000 and the Government immediately took over the McClintock property. As this news became public, Johnny was showered with bills—$19,000 for hotel services, $2,200 for a painting, $1,500 for billiard tables, $1,250 for harnesses, $22,000 for legal fees, $2,100 for liquor, and so on, endlessly.

Johnny was bankrupt. The Government sold most of his farm for taxes and the oil prince's source of revenue was gone. In less than 12 months, he had gone through nearly $1,000,000, almost become an alcoholic at the age of 21 and failed to find the happiness he thought his spending would bring.

He worked for a while as baggage master at Rouseville, a town near his old farm and tried to avoid liquor. He and Eleanor then moved to Iowa, where he remained until a newspaper reporter identified him and wrote stories that attracted crowds of curious people to his home.

Now seeking refuge from public attention, the couple went to Nebraska, where Johnny got a job as a railroad freight agent. There he gradually slipped from public memory, and lived happily until 1920, when he died at the age of 77.

The oil industry, which is 100 years old this year, is not proud of skeletons in its closet like Coal Oil Johnny. But John Washington Steele is an integral part of the birth story of this gigantic industry because, a century ago, he proved something considered so obvious today that it is usually mentioned only in jest.

With $1,000,000, Coal Oil Johnny proved that money can't buy happiness.

QUICK QUOTE

A LITTLE GIRL DESCRIBED her appendectomy this way: "They told me it wouldn't hurt and then they stuck a needle in my arm and I disappeared." —JOYCE BENSON

Vilhjalmur Stefansson's

amazing "Stone Age"

In **The Journal of the American Medical Association,** Dr. George L. Thorpe writes: "The simplest to prepare and most easily obtainable high-protein, high-fat, low-carbohydrate diet—and the one that will produce the most rapid loss of weight without hunger, weakness, lethargy or constipation—is made up of meat, fat and water. The total quantity eaten is not important but the ratio of three parts of lean to one part fat must be maintained . . . I have yet to find a patient on this diet who complained of not having enough to eat, of tiredness, weakness, or constipation . . ."

Dr. Frederick J. Stare, Professor of Nutrition and Chairman, Department of Nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health, writes: "Stefansson has probably consumed more meat than any other person today . . . It is of interest to consider Stefansson's high intake of animal fat in connection with the current interest in atherosclerosis. Has it been good or bad for him? Would it be good or bad for you? Life expectancy at the time of Stefansson's birth was many years less than it is today, but he is seven years past what it is today." (Stefansson is now three years older than he was when Dr. Stare wrote this.)

From preface to *The Fat of the Land*, by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Macmillan, 1957.

Meat Diet

by Evelyn Stefansson

A great Arctic explorer's diet lets you eat as much as you want, while losing excess pounds; never leaves you hungry, makes you feel strong and energetic. Many leading doctors vouch for it

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL about my going back to the all-meat diet I used to live on—like a Stone Age Eskimo?" asked my explorer-anthropologist husband, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, one morning in October, 1955. "They were the healthiest, happiest people I have ever known, and during more than ten years among them I never saw a fat man, woman or child."

"Stef" (as most everyone calls him) had been unable to lose the ten pounds of overweight his doctor wanted him to shed. Now and then, by will power and starvation, he had lost a few. But he loves good company and good food. Week ends with friends, numerous speaking engagements followed by elaborate banquets and other such circumstances resulted in the breakdown of his will power.

Most men count success by achieving prominence in a chosen field; Stef has succeeded in many. He has known the thrill of discovering new land; the last sizeable islands to be discovered in the Canadian Arctic, for example. There, after learning the almost impossibly difficult Eskimo language, he found a group of Stone Age people—more than 500 of whom had never seen a white man before. From these primitives he learned an entirely new concept of nutrition—the basis of our "Stone Age" diet.

My first reaction to his Stone Age diet proposal was concern over the extra time it would take to prepare. I have several jobs and many hobbies. Normally, I do my own cooking and keep house with the help of a weekly cleaning woman.

Forenoons I write books about the Arctic in order to enjoy the luxury of being a librarian (afternoons) of the world-famous polar library which Stef, and much later I, built up. I lecture, and last year directed Dartmouth's Arctic Seminar. Only by a miserly budgeting of time do I manage all these things. "In addition," I thought to myself with a silent groan, "I am now supposed to prepare an extra menu!"

But aloud I said: "Why not, dear?" And we began to plan.

To my astonishment and delight, the Stone Age diet not only proved effective in painlessly getting rid of Stef's overweight, but turned out to be cheaper, simpler and easier to prepare than our regular mixed diet! Far from requiring more time, it took much less. Instead of adding housekeeping burdens, it relieved me of several. Almost imperceptibly, Stef's diet began to be my diet. First through laziness, and then because I really enjoyed the food, I too began to eat like a Stone Age Eskimo.

What is the diet of a Stone Age Eskimo? In the Arctic, it consists of meat, both the lean and fat, and water. The primitive Eskimos had no vegetables, no carbohydrate except the infinitesimal amount contained in meat, no fruit, no cheese, no salads, no desserts.

It was a diet that Stef had brought back from ten winters and many summers in the Arctic—much of that time spent living with and like the Eskimos. Doctors in this country were once skeptical of what he had to say about Eskimo nutrition; for at that time—the 1920s—it was thought that meat was a kind of poison; that eating it would cause hardening of the arteries, kidney malfunctions and other dire results.

Not trying to prove anything, but simply to give the medical world a chance to watch, Stef and a colleague, Karsten Andersen, lived for an entire year on nothing but meat. The two explorers entered the Dietetic Ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York in January, 1928. They were supervised by a Who's Who committee from learned institutions, but were directly managed by a group of doctors and technicians under Dr. Eugene F. DuBois, later professor of physiology at Cornell University Medical College and chief physician of New York Hospital. Eighteen years after the experiment began, Dr. DuBois wrote:

"According to the books, Stefansson and his companion should have died of scurvy. . . . The results of the extensive work in the Sage metabolism ward of Bellevue Hospital, the calorimeter room and the chemical laboratories have been published in a dozen scientific articles. . . . A great many dire predictions and brilliant theories faded into nothingness."

At the end of the experiment both men were in excellent health, slightly better than when they had started. They had not developed high blood pressure, kidney disease, vitamin deficiencies or any other of the numerous complications predicted for them by the country's foremost nutritionists. Medical textbooks had to be rewritten to include the new information.

To obtain a clear-cut result, the Bellevue experiment had excluded milk, cream, eggs, butter and cheese so that it could not be said later that these foods had saved the men. All these foods, with the exception of milk, however, are included in our present diet.

In the Stefansson household we live on meat, which includes fish and poultry. We do our best to avoid carbohydrates, but on rare occasions eat some foods that contain a little sugar and starch. We use lots of heavy cream, sweet or sour, in scrambled eggs, gravies and sauces. We go easy on milk and favor anything containing fat—butter, bacon and extra suet. When eating out, we permit ourselves low carbohydrate vegetables and fruits—lettuce, string beans, grapefruit, apples and the like; they give us a larger choice. We put lots of butter on vegetables.

We never measure or weigh anything, and our diet usually comes out close to the one-part-of-fat-to-three-parts-of-lean ratio favored by many doctors. We drink coffee and tea. Usually, but not always, we have a drink before dinner. A typical Stefansson dinner is a rare or medium sirloin steak with a wide streak of fat left on, and coffee, freshly ground. If we have had enough fat with the steak, the coffee will be black, otherwise heavy cream will be added. Sometimes we have wine.

HOW DOES ONE measure the miracle of a return to exuberant health? That was the happy result for Stef some months after embarking once again in 1955 on his all-meat diet. He began to lose his extra weight almost at once, and steadily lost about a pound a week until he had dropped a total of 17 pounds. Then he stopped losing, and his weight until this day, has remained practically stationary.

WHAT THE STEFANSSONS

EAT

- Meat } all kinds
- Fish } all kinds
- Poultry } all kinds
- Marrow
- Eggs
- Butter
- Bacon
- Heavy cream (sweet and sour)
- Suet
- Gravies
- Sauces
- Leafy vegetables
- Lettuce
- String beans
- Cauliflower
- All fruits

AVOID

- Sugar
- Molasses
- Most starchy vegetables (beans, potatoes, etc.)
- Bread
- Rolls
- Pies
- Cake
- Candy
- Fluffy desserts

GO EASY ON

- Milk

NB: They don't measure or weigh foods. They do use tenderizers, onions, salt, spices, vinegar, wine and other flavorings in cooking.

At 75, Stef had been having increasing stiffness in one knee and soreness in both his hip and shoulder joints. As his knee stiffened, he began to go up and down stairs one step at a time. One day, some months after the start of our meat diet, he found to his surprise that he could use both legs with equal facility in climbing the stairs. Astonished, he proceeded down. When he had reached the foot of the stairs, without pain or stiffness, he shouted for me to come and see.

Happily for dieters, fat takes longer to digest than carbohydrates. It "stays with you" longer. Absent, when you are on a meat diet and eat enough fat, is that nagging feeling of emptiness which usually torments you on "starvation-type" diets. Your body has a built-in fat alarm which prevents you from overeating. It is all too easy to overeat of carbohydrates; but with fat, when you have had enough, you have no desire for any more.

But even if you should tend to overeat of lean and fat, you don't have to worry about counting calories. Your body can readily convert carbohydrate into fat, but fat cannot be converted into carbohydrate in any significant amounts, according to Dr. George L. Thorpe (*Journal of the American Medical Association*, November 16, 1957). In bulk, you will be eating more lean than fat, but you will be deriving most of your calories from the fat and, lacking carbohydrates, you will find the fat tasting delicious.

Some of our friends say: "We love meat and would like to go on an all-meat diet, but we can't afford it." I too had thought an all-meat diet would be more expensive. But I had forgotten about all the things we would *not* be eating regularly. These included bread, rolls, potatoes, salads, vegetables, pies, cakes, candy and fluffy desserts. Eliminating them from our diet cut them out of our budget, saving a great deal of money. Shopping time was cut, too. With fewer items to shop for, I could shop less often and get through quickly.

Meal preparation time was also slashed. There were no beans to string, no potatoes to peel, no pies to bake, no elaborate casseroles to concoct. Clean-up time was likewise cut down. There were fewer dirty pots to scour, fewer dishes to wash. I found myself with more than an extra hour of free time every day.

Cooked meat, unlike salad or bread, keeps indefinitely. A roast is good hot, and then just as good cold for several meals.

The cost of an all-meat diet *seems* high. Because there is so little waste, on a monthly or yearly basis it is actually inexpensive.

Mutton was part of the secret of our lowered budget. Fortunately for us, mutton is extremely unfashionable in the U.S. Many Americans have never even tasted it except as flabbier and less flavorsome lamb. It is cheap and delicious. The first whole mutton we bought cost 19 cents a pound.

Mutton is our staple. For dinner we often have thick mutton chops, roasts of leg and shoulder. We also like beef, which is our usual company meat, although we have converted several friends to eating mutton.

Among our discoveries were kidneys, something I had formerly ignored. But each time we bought a whole mutton, there was that package marked "kidneys." Sautéed quickly in butter, with or without a diced onion, they make a wonderful luncheon. Add wine to the sauce and you have an elegant supper dish. Ribs, beef liver instead of calf, and chicken livers by the pound were some of our other delicious, less expensive choices.

Then came the discovery of marrow. I had often heard Stef say that when he lived by hunting in the Arctic, the most delicious food imaginable was marrow. A friend has told me that in Russia, as a change from caviar, beef marrow on a sliver of toast would be served with champagne as a great delicacy. Lightly boiled and served in the bone, marrow makes a delightful prelude to a meal. Your butcher, incidentally, will give you marrow bones free, or charge a small sum for sawing them into lengths suitable for serving.

From earliest times, explorers have been telling us about the *cheerful, happy* Eskimos. Stef thinks they are cheerful because their diet keeps them superbly healthy; or at least they used to be, when they lived on a meat diet.

We have a friend, a Montreal surgeon named Dr. Ray Lawson, who specializes in breast cancer. In studying the complete absence of breast cancer, indeed, *any* cancer, among primitive Eskimos (when they live like white men they get white men's diseases, including cancer) he eventually got in touch with Stef. Stef converted him to a high-fat diet. It was such a success that Dr. Lawson published an article in which he said: "For two years now I have been living as a fat eater myself and the results have frankly astonished me. Not only have I lost 30 pounds, but I find I have about twice the energy I had before, and I have a completely new outlook on life."

Stef had also won over some of the medical profession when he published an important paper on scurvy in *The Journal of the American Medical Association.* Dr. Blake Donaldson has done well in New York curing people of both overweight and underweight with a variation of Stef's diet. Dr. A. W. Pennington, at the request of the DuPont Co., in Delaware, worked out another variation for the company's executives.

Stef likes to point out that for more than 1,000,000 years man was a carnivorous animal. The invention of agriculture is comparatively recent in our history—a mere 15,000 years ago in China and the Near East and only 2,000 years ago in England. From an evolutionary point of view, we are well adapted to an all-meat diet. But we are still in the process of adjusting to agricultural foods, the carbohydrates.

Stef and I have been on our "Stone Age" diet now for four years. Before we went on the diet, Stef had a slight cerebral thrombosis—which was one reason why our doctor was so anxious for him to lose weight.

Now, at 80, Stef has twice the energy of most men of 50—works ten to 12 hours a day, handles a voluminous personal correspondence and lives a full, happy life. Our doctor tells us that we're much healthier than we were four years ago—our blood cholesterol level, supposed to be a warning sign of heart attacks and strokes, is lower than ever and Stef's blood pressure, which once was as high as 220, is now normal for a man of his age and size. He says he feels "ten years younger all over—and 20 years younger" in his joints. ♛

Horse sense for horses

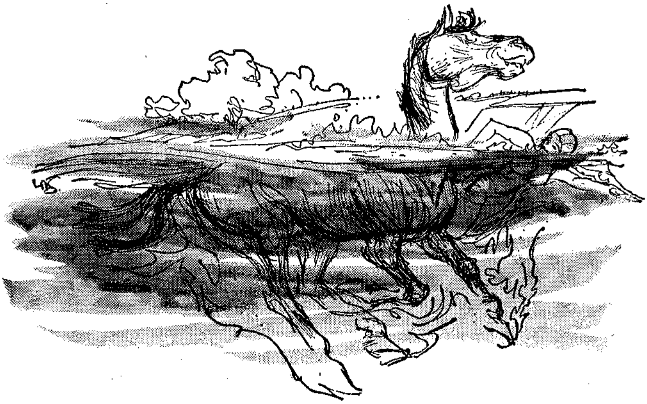
by Bob Baskett

Psychology often cures mixed-up mounts of their galloping neuroses—and sends them racing toward fame instead of the glue factory

WHEN COSMETICS-QUEEN Elizabeth Graham sent her race horse, Jewel's Reward, to the Kentucky Derby in 1958, a portable phonograph went along. Not that the colt liked music; while earning $349,642 as a two-year-old, Jewel's Reward had often been frightened by brass bands at the race tracks. But at Churchill Downs his stall was wired for sound, and every day at 5 P.M. he was treated to a strident recording of *My Old Kentucky Home* to get him accustomed to the Derby-day din.

Actually, many racing greats have been mixed-up mentally. In fact, down through history, horses have been just as wacky as people. And horse psychology, properly applied, has sometimes meant the difference between riches and fame and the milkman's cart.

Queen Elizabeth II called in Dr. Charles Brook, a London psychotherapist, when her horse, Landau, lost several important races. The consultant undertook to change Landau's pattern of nervous responses through massage. After several minutes' treatment, in which Dr. Brook skillfully kneaded the royal horsehide, Landau would fall sound asleep, his head contentedly



One woman race horse owner believes in swimming with her thoroughbreds. "Horses need fun just as much as we do," she says.

resting on the bearded doctor's shoulder. The horse won three of his next four races.

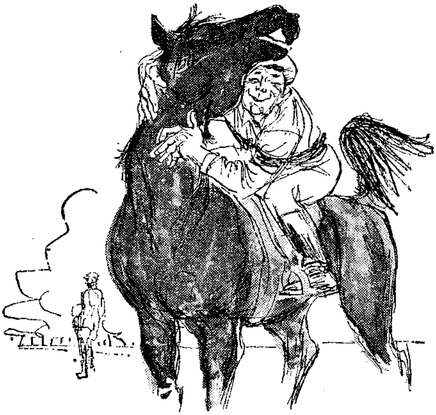
When "Plain Ben" Jones, famed Calumet Farm trainer, encountered a star filly who refused to eat, he sawed a window in the barn wall and tied a gluttonous mare nearby. The filly felt obliged to gobble her grain—if only to keep the mare from getting it.

Man o' War was a different case. He'd bolt down his breakfast oats. To slow him down, his handlers put on his bridle before feeding time. Not knowing whether he was supposed to dine or dash six furlongs, Man o' War would think it over, nibbling slowly until his food was gone.

Iva Mae Parrish, whose IMP Stable has grossed some $100,000 in the last four years at small tracks from Florida to Canada, is convinced that swimming is good for thoroughbreds. It keeps their limbs loose, she insists. More important, it's fun—which she believes horses need just as much as humans do. "I've taken dips with my horses in lakes, streams and pools," she says. "I feel as if we've splashed around in every river between Lake Erie and Jacksonville, Florida."

Dr. J. R. Upton, a consulting veterinarian, says that it's not unusual for a horse to fall in love with its jockey. That's why some stables will fly in a "pet" jockey, at considerable expense, just to ride one race.

Still, the theory can operate in reverse. The brilliant sprinter, Mad Hatter, hated jockey Earl Sande, and once tried to run away when Sande lost a stirrup. After that, Sande won many a race with Mad Hatter simply by sawing at the reins and flopping about like a top-heavy meal sack, feigning an emergency. The horse couldn't reach the winners' circle fast enough.



When a filly flirts with its jockey, the stable is only too happy to subsidize the romance.

The great English jockey, Steve Donoghue, was despised by the British mount Glenanar. The horse would try to trample Donoghue in the paddock and refused to let him into the saddle. Finally, the jockey solved the problem by slipping into the saddling area through a rear entrance while grooms held a cloth over Glenanar's head. Only then could Donoghue climb aboard. After the race was over, Donoghue would run for his life; some said he made better time back up the stretch than the horse had coming down.

Some horsemen have been so greedy for winners' purses that they've resorted to brutality. A 17th-century Italian horse doctor advised his clientele that steeds sometimes failed to do their best because of head pains. Such animals, he concluded, should be "bled in the eye vein and have water squirted into their nostrils."

And Gervase Markham, an English veterinarian published a handbook in 1631, setting forth "infallible" methods for pepping up a tired horse. Rubbing powdered window glass into a nail hole in the spur vein was his remedy. "Mount his back and do not but offer to touch his sides with your heels and . . . if he have life in him he will go forward," Markham suggested. In case glass wasn't available, Markham offered these two alternatives:

"All the rider need do is to sharpen a stake and thrust it through one of his mount's ears, working it backwards and forwards," or "take three or four rough pebble stones and put them into one of his ears; then knit the ear so that the stones fall not out and the noise of the stones will make him go for long after he is tired."

The modern jockey carries neither window glass nor stake—and even spurs are no longer used. However, some years ago at Laurel Park, an owner and trainer were barred when officials discovered they had attempted to set up a conditioned reflex in a horse with the aid of a salt gun. When nobody was around the starting gate at daybreak, they would train a powerful gun, loaded with rock salt pellets, at the horse's hindquarters, then ring the starting bell and pull the trigger. The horse learned to associate the pain of the salt blast with the ringing of the bell and was inclined to break swiftly, stealing a march on the opposition, when the starter clanged the bell in the afternoon.

Man has long been interested in equine psychology. Aristotle was an early authority on animal behavior patterns; phrenologists analyzed "mystery bumps" on equine foreheads as early as 1815. More recently, Rex B. Hersey, University of Pennsylvania psychologist, found that horses have the "blues," for up to five days, followed by "high" periods when they are full of run.

Millard Sanders, a noted horse trainer at the turn of the century, was an expert equine analyst. Sanders might have been a millionaire were he alive today, when $100,000,000 in purse money is offered each year to some 40,000 thoroughbreds and trotters.

Sanders once was asked to train the fast but supposedly uncontrollable trotting mare Lou Dillon; seven weeks later, on August 24, 1903, she became the first horse in history to trot the magic two-minute mile.

But Sanders denied that he'd used any tricks to make a champion out of racing's angry young mare; he'd merely used the same psychology that he would have followed in dealing with any determined female.

"The secret is," he said, "I let her have her own way!"

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Bob Willoughby from Lee Gross; 5 Arthur Shay; 19 left Paramount, right Friedman-Abeles; 28-9, 31 Wide World Photos; 38-47 Dan Budnik; 84-5 Sybil Shelton from Monkmeyer; 86 Zachary Freyman from Lee Gross; 87 Hermann Eisenbeiss; 88-9 top Oskar Kreisel, bottom Lartigue from Rapho-Guillumette; 90 Lou Bernstein; 91 Hank Parker; 92 William A. Garnett; 93 Angus McDougall; 102 Larry Barbier Jr.; 104 Nate Cutler from Globe Photos; 132, 134-5, 136, 139, 140-41 Jacques Lowe; 137 Frank Bez; 138 Don Ornitz from Globe Photos; 150 Combine Photos; 151 Wide World Photos.

New magic in the air

by Norman Carlisle

Asthma, hay fever, colds—even burns and post-operative pain—respond dramatically to treatment with negative ions, electrified particles that we breathe

INTO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE in a Philadelphia hospital stepped a wheezing, gasping victim of asthma. While talking with his doctor, the patient began to feel that something surprising was happening to him. The symptoms of his ailment, which had plagued him—off and on—for years, were disappearing.

His surprise was understandable, for he had been given no medication and no expectation of help. Yet he was receiving a remarkable treatment. A few moments before this patient arrived, the doctor had snapped on an unobtrusive machine which was filling the air with millions of negative ions—tiny, invisible particles carrying a negative charge of electricity. Simply breathing the high concentration of negative ions had arrested the asthma sufferer's symptoms.

The use of concentrated negative ions to treat asthma is only part of a sweeping medical development that promises relief for victims of a wide range of illnesses and disabilities including not only respiratory ailments but even burns and post-operative pain. These ions can be turned out by inexpensive portable devices, some already on the market, which can be used any place.

There's nothing mysterious about an ion. It's simply an atom or part of a molecule with an electrical charge. You breathe ions all the time because some are always present in the atmosphere. During an electrical storm, and in some places—the spray around a waterfall, for instance—there are more of them.

To produce ions artificially, air is passed over a radioactive source or an ultraviolet lamp. As they move past, a certain number of air particles acquire the charge that makes them into ions.

Medical men have long suspected that

ions affected the human system. Researchers who tackled the ion problem would sometimes get results that seemed spectacular; later, under seemingly identical conditions, there would be no reaction at all. Other times, the consequences would be positively bad, with patients complaining of dryness of the throat, headaches and nausea. Many researchers gave up in disgust, others averred that ions were just too undependable to be a real medical tool.

Then, a few years ago, a number of researchers simultaneously solved the riddle of ion research. They found that the machines they'd been using had been erratic, some producing too few ions. But, far more important, many of their machines had been producing *positive* ions. Only ions with a *negative* charge have proved to be beneficial.

Dr. Igho Kornblueh of the University of Pennsylvania and his associates arranged for 27 persons suffering from respiratory ailments and allergies to visit a small, windowless room in which a negative-ion generator was at work. They stayed there "until they were able to breathe normally and lost all symptoms such as dyspnea, sneezing, nasal and pulmonary congestion, pruritus (itching), conjunctival irritation, etc. With very few exceptions, the time of exposure never exceeded one hour. . . . Signs of relief were noted usually within ten to 30 minutes after entering the room," the researchers reported.

There are a couple of catches to the use of negative ions. When patients step out of the negative-ion-saturated atmosphere, their symptoms return in a few minutes or hours. Obviously, therefore, a person benefited by ion therapy would have to try to spend most of his time in rooms in which ion generators were at work. The other drawback is that a small percentage of patients react negatively to ion-saturated air.

So far, numerous tests have indicated that there appears to be no danger in continually inhaling negative ions. Before his allergy experiments, for example, Dr. Kornblueh spent 49 consecutive nights in a heavily-ionized atmosphere. He reported no ill effects.

Westinghouse and Philco engineers speculate that in the future ion generators will be attached to air-conditioning equipment in homes, schools and public buildings. But, the scientists report, you don't have to wait for the future to have the benefits of negative ions in your home. A machine already in use—although designed for quite a different purpose—turns out to be a fine negative-ion provider.

A few years ago, an inventor named Joseph Stein packaged a set of ultraviolet lamps, a filter and a fan in an air-filtering device he called the "Puritron." Placed in a room occupied by several smokers, it would remove the smoke. In a kitchen, it eliminated the need for an exhaust fan. Stein, who had a lot of confidence in his machine, began to get astonishing reports from purchasers. Some were doctors. "Controlled a stubborn form of respiratory allergy in my daughter, age five," wrote a Southern physician.

"Performs miracles for a dust-allergy patient," reported a Pennsylvania doctor. "Can't believe it—sniffles gone in ten minutes," was the comment of an Ohio housewife.

Stein was both delighted and perplexed. He was glad his machine was helping people, but he had a feeling that its power for extracting dust from the atmosphere was not enough to account for its performance against allergies and colds. He got a clue when he talked to Westinghouse researchers who reported similar experiences with their "Sterilamp," an ultraviolet germ-killing lamp used in institutions. Asthma and hay-fever victims working near the lamps claimed they got relief. Others with no specific ailments, reported a "sense of well being."

The explanation of these effects came from research. The Sterilamps and the Puritrons were turning out quantities of negative ions. "We can't claim credit," a somewhat awed Stein says, "but we couldn't have designed a machine any better for making negative ions."

MEDICAL MEN are finding that the effects of negative ions extend beyond respiratory ailments. In tests on 75 burn victims, Philadelphia doctors used antibiotics and ascorbic acid. From 20 to 60 minutes each day, the patients were also exposed to ion-producing machines.

The first effect was an immediate reduction in pain. The need for narcotics, the doctors reported, "was eliminated to a great degree. Infants and children . . . were observed to relax, stop crying, and apparently become pain-free after the first few hours. . . ." Too, the burns healed rapidly with a low rate of local infections. Just how negative ions could have this effect on burns is not known, but doctors believe there is a connection. They have also observed these same beneficial results on certain skin ailments.

Negative ions seem to act as mental tranquilizers. Patients being treated for a variety of ailments have experienced a feeling of calmness. In an experiment in a Philadelphia factory, where workers carried out activities in an ion-saturated atmosphere, foremen reported that most workers felt better and that "work seemed easier, productivity increased and dispositions improved."

Ions are now also playing a role in cancer research.

In a test of 20 cancer-implanted rats, ten were placed in a normal atmosphere while the other ten lived in an atmosphere saturated with negative ions. At the end of four weeks, the tumors of the rats in ionized air were only one-tenth the size of the tumors in those which had breathed normal air.

In another experiment, 40 black mice were implanted with cancer cells. Four weeks later, more than half the rats breathing untreated air were dead. All the ion-breathing ones were alive. In some of these the tumors were small, in others they had disappeared.

Working with 60 mice of a breed which had a high incidence of lung cancer, Dr. Walter H. Eddy, formerly of Columbia University, put 30 into ordinary atmosphere, 30 into negative-ionized atmosphere. In two months, 22 of the mice in ordinary air were dead; autopsies showed that in every case the lung changes were malignant. Only two of the ion-breathing mice had died; subsequent autopsies of the rest showed no signs of the disease.

The human body has a filter against dust and smoke. Located in the windpipe, it consists of thousands of tiny hair-like filaments, called cilia, which wave back and forth like a field of grain in the wind and capture irritating particles from the air we breathe. Ordinarily these dust traps wave their mucous-coated "arms" above 850 times a minute. In a series of experiments, two University of California researchers, Dr. Albert Krueger and bacteriologist Richard Smith, exposed the cilia of rabbits to negative air ions. Within ten to 20 minutes, the vibrations of these tiny tentacles speeded up by 200 beats a minute, increasing their dust-catching powers.

With the ion machine turned off, the atmosphere breathed by the rabbits was saturated with cigarette smoke. Instantly, the cilia dropped 200 pulsations a minute *below* their normal rate.

At this point, the researchers had a substance that speeded up ciliary action—ionized air. They had another—cigarette smoke—which slowed it down. Now suppose they applied both the ions and the cigarette smoke at the same time? They got an interesting result.

"The agent in cigarette smoke which lowers the ciliary rate is not known," announced the California scientists. "But whatever it may be, its action is effectively neutralized by negative ions, which raise the ciliary rate just as well in a heavy atmosphere of cigarette smoke as they do in fresh air."

Researchers are now pondering the possible significance of this discovery in fighting lung cancer.

Even the most enthusiastic researchers know they have a long way to go before they can hope to know all the secrets of negative ions. But they can say medicine has found, in these electrified particles, a new and powerful weapon against disease.

PERFECT PERSUASION

THIS PAST SUMMER, my children insisted on having a lemonade stand in front of our home. Everything was set up, but they had overlooked the "sign." So with cardboard, crayons, nails and hammer, they went to work.

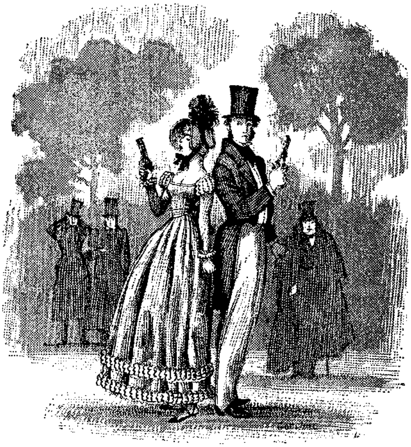
I was invited to be their first customer and while waiting to be served, I noticed a cardboard box full of Christmas, Polio, Easter Seals, etc. Curious, I asked, "What are these for?" In business-like fashion they pointed to their sign which read:

Cold Lemonade—2¢
We give stamps too!

—MRS. IRENE KASLOW

by Stanley S. Jacobs

Passion at 20 paces



THE NEWS electrified Paris that balmy May in 1828. One of the city's most beautiful women, Mlle. Jaquette Rameau, had challenged her faithless lover to a duel by smiting his cheek with her glove. As the aggrieved party, she had the privilege of naming the weapons. "I choose pistols!" she told her seconds.

Scores of the lady's friends had seen her uncanny marksmanship, a skill learned from her ex-lover, who was a dashing army officer. On Sundays, this handsome pair had spent the afternoon hours improving their target shooting—and whispering endearments.

"Now he shall die for renouncing me, the swine!" cried Jaquette, while her former lover and teacher dazedly accepted her challenge.

Parisians, always interested in other people's love affairs, saw in this duel a symbolic conflict of the sexes. On the day of combat they hastened to the outskirts of the capital where the male-versus-female duel was to be fought. Vendors of roasted chestnuts, wine, flags and hastily printed biographies of the antagonists did a thriving business.

Finally, the dueling parties arrived by coach. A breathless hush fell over the crowd. The seconds conferred politely, inspected weapons and gave the duelists their instructions. The Rameau woman, pale of cheek but with head held proudly, grasped her pistol firmly in her right hand and stood back-to-back with her equally pallid opponent.

Without faltering, the duelists marched off their paces, stopped, wheeled—and confronted each other. The man refused to shoot. Calmly, the cool blonde raised her weapon, sighted and fired.

Her enemy stood dumfounded—still alive.

Then the officer raised his pistol as the crowd sucked in its breath—and discharged it into the trees overhead.

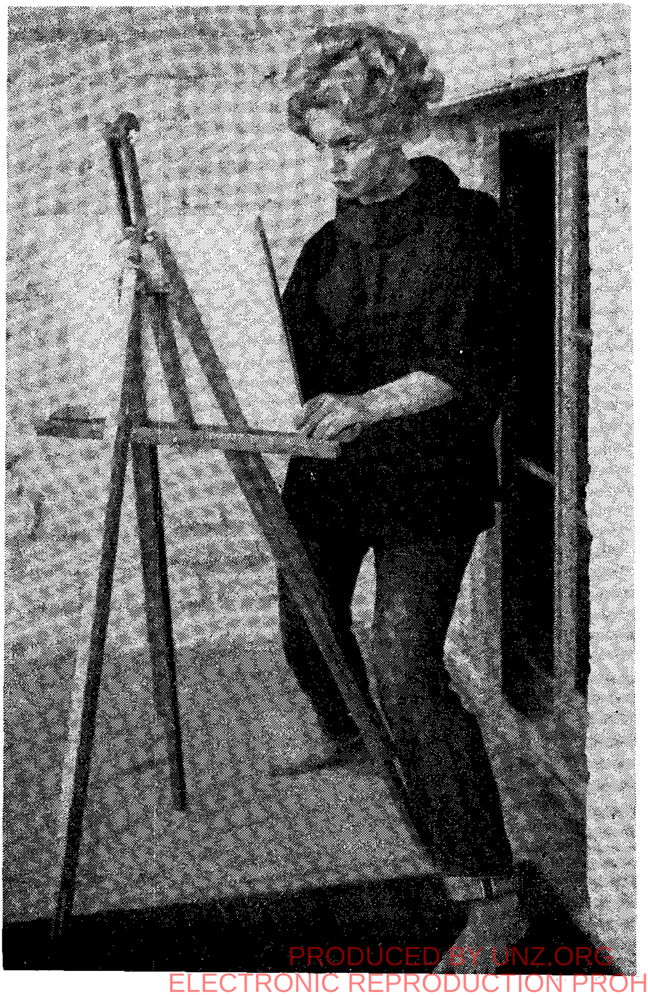
"Jaquette!" he cried. "I've been an idiot. Will you forgive me?" The lovers embraced and spectators went wild. As the duelists' seconds—an army captain and an attorney—quietly retrieved the pistols, the captain whispered, "Love is wonderful—especially in the spring."

"*Oui,* my friend," replied the lawyer. "How fortunate it was that we loaded their weapons with powder only, and left the pellets out. Now they and their children may live to enjoy many such springs as this." ♛

Suddenly it's Tuesday!

Every few years the public reacts with enthusiasm beyond the dreams of Hollywood drumbeaters toward a new filmland personality. Elizabeth Taylor and Brigitte Bardot were two examples. The latest to be accorded this acclaim is Tuesday Weld, 16, a former New York model. Deciding that this hazel-eyed, golden-haired girl was the most likely candidate for "cheesecake" layouts to promote *The Five Pennies*—a movie in which she plays Danny Kaye's polio-stricken teenage daughter—Paramount Studios unleased a barrage of pictures and publicity that attracted wide attention. Tuesday's unusual name, derived from her widowed mother calling her "Too-Too" as a baby, also helped. But Tuesday is serious about acting. She has a featured role in the new CBS-TV series, *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis,* to be shown, appropriately, on Tuesday nights this fall. The photographs on the following pages show Tuesday trying to adjust to her sudden-found fame.

Like many other teenagers, Tuesday alternates between being deadly earnest and "kidding around." She enjoys the beatnik coffeehouse hangouts, where she goes barefoot, in blue jeans and an old sweater. But she also likes to make the rounds of the sophisticated Hollywood nightspots. Actor Tony Perkins says, "Tuesday's very hip." And Danny Kaye comments: "Tuesday's 16—going on 27!"

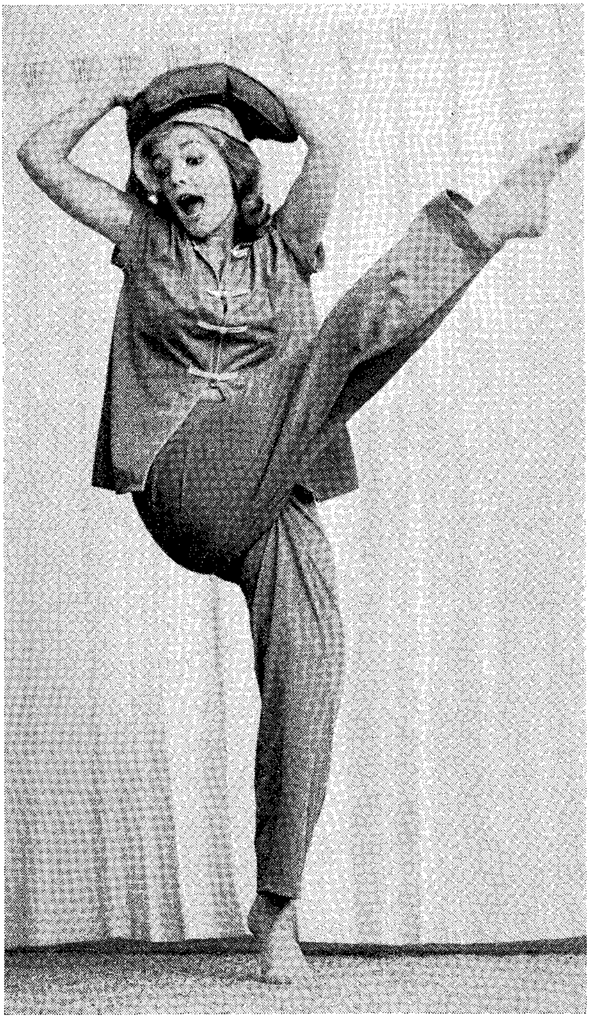


In beatnik mood and costume, Tuesday works on an abstract painting. She has no exalted notions of her artistic abilities, "but my dabbling helps me to appreciate more fully what goes into real art."

Half in earnest, half in jest, Tuesday (5'3", 36-19-36") spoofs the half-child, half-woman "nymphet" she wants to play on the screen. Best seller "Lolita" portrays such a character.

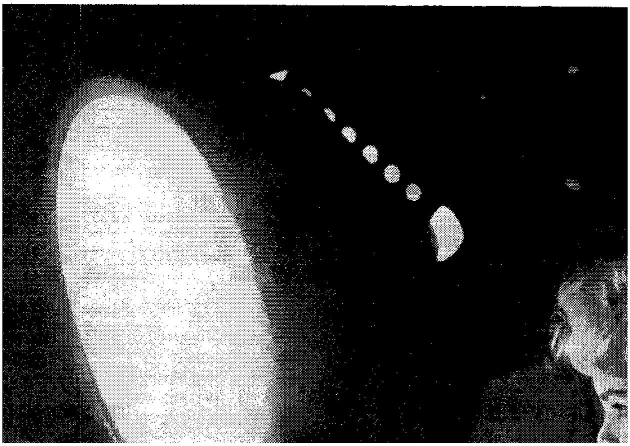
LOLITA

For Tuesday, being a teenager means frightening moments alone, worrying about what life has in store...



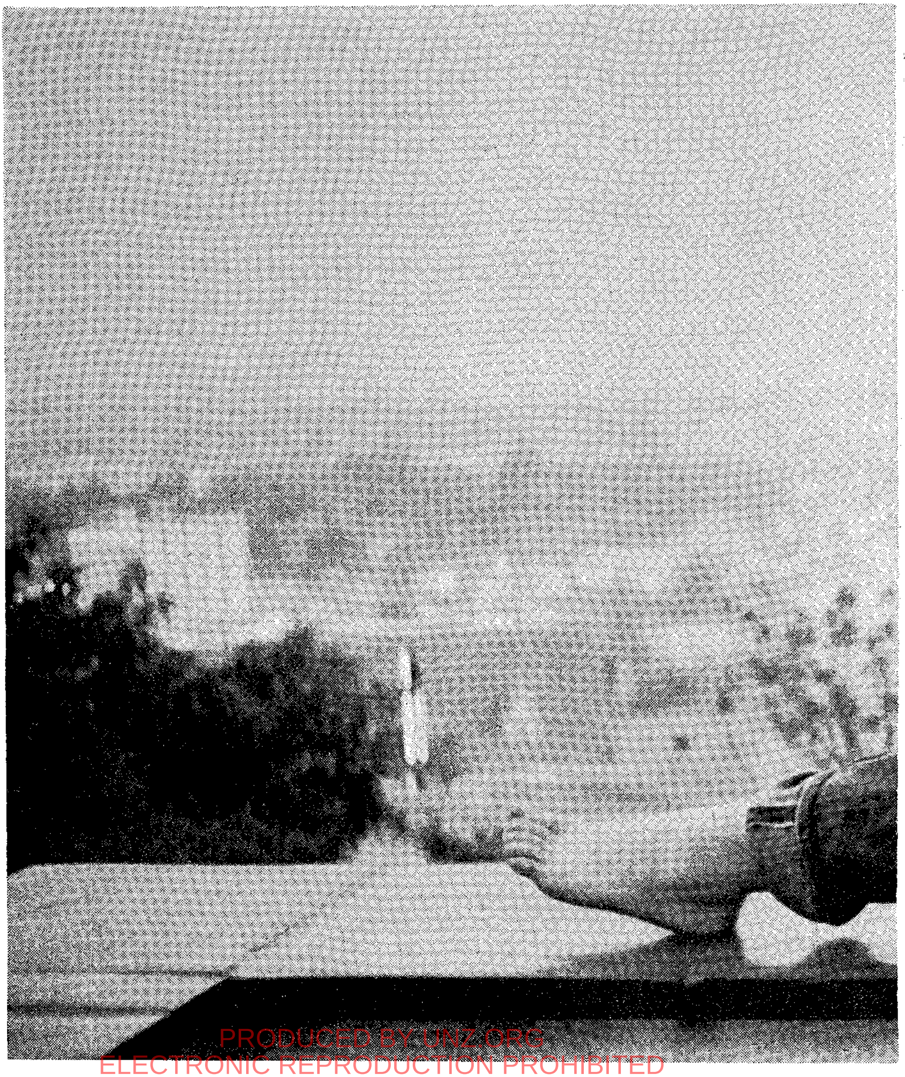
...and it also means high-kicking exuberance that can't be controlled when listening to swinging records.

For "Five Pennies," Tuesday put on seven pounds "of baby fat to make me photograph younger." She won the part over 70 girls.

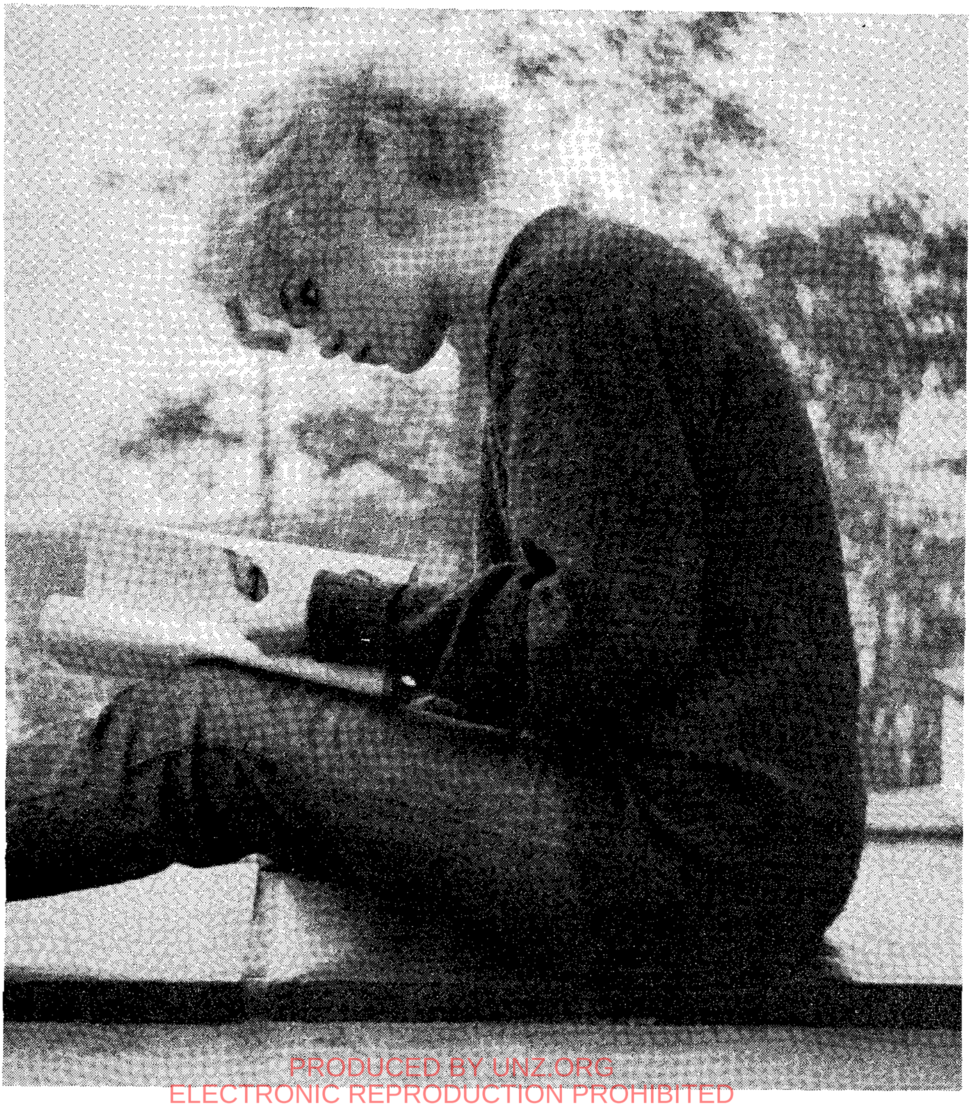


Her quick thinking makes Tuesday an expert card player. But she can't restrain her excitement when she wins a game.

Drama Coach Claudia Franck recalls: "When Tuesday first came to me, her voice was very high, due to tenseness. But she quickly learned to pitch it in a lower register." *Five Pennies'* director Melville Shavelson reports that Tuesday came to her audition playing a flute. "It helps me relax," she told him. But once she had been given the part, says Shavelson, he never saw the flute again. "Tuesday has a big



future," he declares. "If she continues developing her natural talent—and doesn't start relying on glamour—she'll be a fine actress one day." "I'll try to make it soon," says Tuesday determinedly. ♛



"I can call any woman Mother"

by Doug Stoddars as told to June Callwood

He grew up with only one question on his mind. Maybe he shouldn't have asked it; there are some things it's better not to know. But Doug Stoddars had to find out, no matter where his search led him. His story is powerful and disturbing—deeply moving in its insight and perception

I MET MY MOTHER for the first time a year ago, when I was 29 years old, married and the father of two children. Half of those 29 years I believed that my mother had died in childbirth, then I believed that I was illegitimate. I had had 11 foster mothers before I reached the age of ten. In one wild spring afternoon last year, I discovered that I was the legal son of married parents. My mother, I learned, was living in England, having abandoned me in Canada when I was a few weeks old.

Now, I know who I am, but I'm still plagued by memories. My earliest one is of a man named Bert Stoddars, a laborer in his early 40s, who said he was my father. My mother, he told me, had died giving birth to me. "You killed your mother," he often said. I lived with housekeepers. One drank most of the day. Another beat me with a curtain rod so badly that when my kindergarten teacher saw me, she called the Children's Aid Society and they took me away.

Mr. Stoddars, I called him "Daddy," told me how horrified he was to learn of my treatment. He left me with the Children's Aid and I cried by the hour. I hate anyone to see me cry. I suppose it's a fear that people will discover I'm vulnerable. Whatever it is, no one ever saw me cry—even when I was beaten—except one of the Children's Aid nurses who used to hug me when I was lonely. There's one other exception I'll come to in a moment.

I lived in foster homes. Children's Aid kids get so they can adjust to a new home in a matter of days. Outwardly they are agreeable, but inside they seethe at the constant necessity to be humble, quiet and grateful. That's what makes their eyes so hard.

In the summers we were sent to farms. The Children's Aid used to figure it would be good for us to get all that sunshine and fresh air, but the farms were brutal. That's where we got our most savage beatings. One farmer dragged me into the barn when I was about six and beat me with a pump handle. The neighbors told the Children's Aid about it, and they came for me again.

One of my foster homes was really a trial adoption but it didn't work out. Within a year, they sent me back to the Children's Aid. I was pleased because it meant I could see my daddy, Mr. Stoddars, again. Then I got the biggest break of my life. I stayed seven years at my next foster home, with people I'll call Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Charleston. That's not their real name. I've changed all the names, mine, too.

I learned everything I know about right and wrong from Mrs. Charleston. She never beat me, just talked and talked with her hands on my shoulders, making me meet her eyes. I find I discipline my son the same way. I almost never hit him. Talking's better, and I ought to know.

I still loved Mr. Stoddars better than anyone in the world, I guess, because I believed he was the only true family I had. I wanted to live with him and I was worried about the $3 a week he was paying the Children's Aid for my support. He kept all the receipts and showed me the huge bundle every time we met.

I decided to quit school and get a job. I was 14 so I had to go to night school. I studied radio and earned $10 to $15 a day in a factory. Canada was in a war. Workers were needed. I was 16 years old and strong as a man. I spent my money gloriously, mostly on clothes.

I saved some, though, because I wanted to buy a fancy headstone for my mother's grave, which was practically unmarked. When I had almost $300 I was talking about it every day. Mrs. Charleston must have spoken to my dad. One day he arrived earlier than expected and took me aside. He was blunt.

"There's no sense putting a marker on your mother's grave," he said. "She isn't your mother."

I had a strange feeling of weightlessness. My body, my head were hollow; and echoing in the emptiness were the countless times I had been called a "bastard," more wounding to me than any curse word.

Stoddars' voice was going on at a distance. He said, "My wife wanted a baby so we adopted you when you were three weeks old. She died about ten months later. I hope this doesn't make too much difference to you."

Abruptly I turned to stone. I recalled the times he had told me I had killed my mother. We were standing. I punched him in his soft stomach with all my strength and my fist went in deep. Then I ran out of the room.

I stood by the back screen door and cried like a child. Mrs. Charleston saw me, but I couldn't stop. She began to talk and after a while I listened. I don't remember all she said, but she made me feel sympathetic toward Stoddars and even forgiving. "He stuck by you all these years," she said, "and he isn't even your real father." I went back to the front room. Stoddars hadn't been hurt much by my punch. We went down to the beach for a swim.

Then he told me I was illegitimate, and that my mother was six feet tall and tremendously fat. She had been a housekeeper for a minister not far from Toronto. The minister was my father. Later, Stoddars gave me the adoption papers with my mother's name: Elizabeth Martin.

I sat in the summer sunshine while Stoddars talked and I tried to digest this new explanation of me. I began to dream of vengeance. I would find my father preaching in his church and I would stalk down the aisle, loudly denouncing him. I would wreck his life and then I would find my mother and wreck her life, too.

When I was 16 and legally free of the Children's Aid, I left the Charlestons. I went out with older women and enjoyed tormenting them until they cried. Then I'd feel ugly and ashamed. My best friends were a gang of young toughs who lived on the edge of crime and sometimes well past it. I didn't steal with them, mostly because I was making so much money I didn't have to. Our parties were indescribable. None of us had much use for ourselves, so restraint was unknown.

I fought a lot. I would walk into a fight shaking the way I used to when I would see a beating coming, but I couldn't resist the fight. I got a tremendous sense of release out of hitting someone. I guess it was my way of crying. I always fought at the word "bastard" and after a while no one used it around me any more.

After the war ended, I was often out of a job. Whenever I had to fill out a job application form, I got sick reading where it asked Name and Address of Parents, Medical History of Family, Racial Origin. I would write "UNKNOWN." You'd be surprised how many people won't hire a son of Unknown.

In the winters I found odd jobs or went hungry, and in the summers I worked the lake boats. That's where

I really learned to drink. At 17, I breakfasted on a beer and a raw egg every morning and had women's names tattooed on my arms.

I was so full of disgust for myself that I could taste it. At the end of my third summer on the boats, I was discharged with $1.35 in my pocket. My dad, I mean Mr. Stoddars, had married and moved to the West Coast. I decided to visit him, so I hitchhiked the 3,000 miles. It took me 11 days and I never felt so good in my life. You meet some great people in the Midwest.

I couldn't find Mr. Stoddars in Vancouver and I couldn't get a job either. I ate handouts in missions and met some weird people on the local Skid Row. I tried marijuana and got asked to peddle dope. I'm glad I refused. The guy who took the offer eventually got 14 years. I walked the sidewalks in the day and slept at night in a dirty movie house with the winos. Winter was coming on and I had only a windbreaker. I joined the Army.

Two years later, at 21, I was discharged and went back to Toronto. In a radio factory, where I found a job, I met my wife Jane. She was 18 when we married, a few months after our first date.

We have a good marriage; but some people might find it shocking in this cosy age of togetherness. I've never said that I love her, for example. I have no use for the word "love." It seems to me it is usually used as a method of barter. The word "respect" has got love beat a mile. I respect Jane and she respects me.

While I'm at it, I think the word friendship is a phony, too. I've noticed that most so-called friends are your pals only when you behave exactly the way they want you to. Otherwise, you're out. My idea of a friend is someone who lets you be yourself and doesn't have doubts. I'm real lucky—I've got one friend.

Jane and I had a son and a daughter in our first few years of marriage. We moved to a town with a big automobile factory and I worked there. The union called a strike and I stuck until it was settled and then I quit. I don't call that security.

NEXT I TRIED WORKING in a sort of reform school for boys. I quit that one, too. They are never going to help boys in places like that. You have to be mean to get their respect and that's wrong, terribly wrong.

Then I got a job as electrician in an auto parts factory, where I work now. My son was just about ready for school and my daughter a happy little doll. It should have been great but I was brooding about myself again, the longing to belong to parents was growing intolerable.

Jane allows me the privilege, so rare in marriage, of having my thoughts to myself; so she said nothing about the hours I was spending in distracted isolation, smoking and staring out the window.

One April morning, I came home from working the graveyard shift and got washed and put on my suit instead of getting into bed. I don't know why I did but I had a sudden urge to clean out some papers I'd been carrying for years, including the adoption papers. I was sorting them idly when I noticed for the first time that they were on the letterhead of a law firm in a nearby city.

It is incredible that I had never noticed this detail before. I suppose I had been too preoccupied with the bleak words in the document itself, signed in a steady hand by Elizabeth Martin, my mother.

I got my car keys. "I may bring you back a mother-in-law," I told Jane, as I was leaving.

While I drove to the city where the lawyer had lived, I trembled with anxiety. I wanted desperately to find people who would look like me, be part of me, have my blood. Except for Jane and the kids, I was alone. I understand better now that every man carries aloneness inside him, but at that time I figured all my loneliness was due to being the son of Unknown. I no longer wanted revenge. I just wanted my people.

The law firm had moved, but I found one of the partners, a dignified old man obviously preparing to go out. He looked at my papers impatiently and said, "Yes, I suppose I must have more details in my files." He hesitated a while and then made up his mind. "I'll look," he said.

He stripped off his coat and went upstairs into what must have been a very dusty loft. He came back a long while later, covered with dirt but holding a folder.

"This is File 134," he told me. "First of all, you're legitimate."

He showed me the legal separation agreement of Elizabeth and James Martin, man and wife. I can't describe how I felt to have the word "bastard" lifted from me. I had truly believed that it no longer mattered, but I realized that I had never stopped caring. I was between laughing and crying.

"Mrs. Martin," the lawyer continued, "lived right here in this city with a woman named Flint. Here's her address."

I reeled out of his office. I never perspire but I was soaking wet. The house at the address he gave me had been sold three times since Mrs. Flint lived there. The present tenants didn't know much about her. I was frightened, but I was too wound-up to stop. I knocked on the door of every old house on that street, and then on the next, asking for information about Mrs. Flint. I wound up in a flower shop, where an old woman said she didn't know what had happened to the Flints either. I was about to leave in despair when I thought to ask, "Did you know Elizabeth Martin?"

"Oh sure," she answered cheerily. "I knew her very well. I *thought* I recognized you. You're her son, Frankie, aren't you?"

I leaned against the door for support. "No, I'm her son Doug."

"Can't be the same Elizabeth Martin then," said the woman. "She had only one son."

I suddenly felt very sure. "No, she didn't," I told her, "she had two."

The woman looked confused. "Then you've got a brother. Moved here a few years ago from England. This is your mother's home town."

I almost collapsed. The woman drove me to a gas company where Frank worked. We were told he was out with one of six work gangs—

no one knew which one. We got the locations of all six and started from one to the other. At the first three, I just looked at the men and told her to drive on without stopping. At the fourth, I said, "This is it. Pull over."

A tall, lean man was working up to his waist in an excavation. I went over and said, "If you want to meet your brother, come out of that hole."

"You're crazy," he said, "I haven't got a brother."

I put out my hand. "Your mother is Elizabeth Martin and so is mine. If you want to meet your brother, come out of that hole."

HE CAME OVER and looked at me. We were as identical as twins—I later found out he's exactly two years older. We began to laugh and hug one another and jump around like crazy men. I got my car and came back for him. We went into a place and ordered beer. We found we both drank the same brand. We got out our cigarettes and they were the same brand, too. I don't remember what we talked about.

He drove me to his home and his four small sons were playing outside. "This is your *real* uncle," he told them. Four nephews, just like that! We played baseball with the kids and after a while we sat down and I felt controlled enough to ask about our parents. Mother, Frank told me, had been living in England for the past 28 years. Dad's whereabouts were unknown; he'd deserted his family around the time of my birth.

"Who was Mrs. Flint, then?"

Frank explained: "She was a friend of mother's. We stayed with her before leaving for England."

He showed me pictures of my mother and I recalled Stoddars' lies about her appearance. She was no towering hulk, but a neatly built woman of ordinary size with a pleasant face.

Frankie said he had been raised by mother and a grandmother in England. He described his childhood. It sounded wonderful, very warm and serene. He gave me a picture of mother with her arms around him when he was about eight, both of them laughing and squinting into the sun. I'd be six then, getting beaten in the barn. That picture still makes my guts boil.

Then Frank's wife came home with their baby daughter. My sister-in-law and niece! She flatly refused to believe I was Frank's brother. We took off our shirts and compared the freckles on our backs, which are identical. My hair grows like a whirlpool, and so does his. After a while she had to believe it.

We had something to eat and talked about letting mother know. I didn't want to write the first letter, so Frank's wife agreed to do it.

Mother wrote back, "I would like very much to hear from him, if he thinks that such a woman is worth knowing. After all, I am his mother."

I wrote her then, telling her I didn't hold any grudge. It wasn't completely true but mother answered that she was grateful. Our letters were stiff, but it isn't a situation covered in Emily Post. She explained that my father had been a traveling salesman from Toronto, charming but foul-tempered. She was young when they married and they fought a good deal. Just before my birth he left her and disappeared.

When I was born she couldn't find work and her mother in England offered her passage and a home. Some people named Stoddars lived nearby and wanted to adopt a baby, so mother gave them me and left with Frank. She said she couldn't recall signing adoption papers.

Mother decided to come to Canada to see me. I went to Montreal to meet her plane. She was the last person to come down the stairs. I realized as soon as I saw her that I looked quite a bit like her.

"Well, it's established," I said to her. It must seem like a strange greeting but the most important aspect of the reunion, for me, was that all the wondering about myself finally was over.

"Hi," she said.

Later I remembered to call her "mother." She may have found it awkward to be called "mother" by a total stranger, but it wasn't difficult for me. I can call any woman "mother"—it's just another word. I was raised by so many women who told me to call them "mother" that it hasn't any special meaning at all.

After the oddness of our reunion in Montreal, we spent a lot of time talking, but I never achieved any feeling of closeness with her. She brought along a ten-year-old boy, her son by another marriage, and the affection and consideration she showed him somehow made it harder for me to be reasonable about my boyhood.

Just before she left, she said something I keep remembering. "You may have had a terrible time, Doug, but haven't you noticed, you've turned out better than any of us?"

If this is true, it's a monstrous joke on the psychiatrists who say every human being needs love and stability in his formative years. I look at my brother, an amiable, kind man who is far more acceptable socially than I am. But—I can't put this any other way—he's a bit of a weakling. He has been turning to me to solve problems that baffle him, yet seem absurdly simple to me.

My mother, too, is easily confounded and is relying on me for advice more and more. Possibly when my grandmother dies, she will also need my financial support. I understand it is normal for sons to take care of their mothers; Frank won't be able to help. But could anyone insist that ours is a normal mother-son relationship?

I don't give my children a lot of affection, only when they need it. I have a theory that too much of anything will sicken a kid.

Once someone asked me if I would take into our household a Children's Aid boy, like I was. My answer was flatly I would not. The tyranny of one person trying to change another disgusts me. I'd never want a boy to come into our house and have to change externally to fit. How do I know I'm right and he's wrong?

Now I can fill in all the blank spaces on the application forms and there is some peace of mind in knowing I'm not the son of Unknown. But I am even more confused about myself than I was before. I'll give you an example. As soon as our family was alone for the first time, mother plunked herself down on my lap and said, "You haven't hugged me yet, your own mother." I put my arms around her and hugged her all right—I broke three of her ribs. I could pretend it happened because of enthusiastic affection, but I can't convince myself that I didn't want to hurt her.

Someone said the other day that I have all the classic belligerent attitudes of an adult who was deserted as a baby, shifted from foster home to foster home, often violently beaten, usually treated with casual contempt. Lots of people have been through experiences like mine—many have suffered a good deal more—and all of us bear varying degrees of scar tissue on our social behavior. We believe in less. We display hostility and suspicion more often, and admire humanity almost not at all.

Such children can grow up emotionally incapable of loving, crippled as surely as if someone had twisted their spines. I sometimes suspect that I am such an adult.

I just don't know. I find that I'm not always grateful that the lawyer found File 134. I feel the weight of people dependent on me, a suffocating load of responsibilities extending into the future. When every relative I knew was under my own roof, it was simple to organize my life. Now, it's complicated.

When my children get the start that is due them, I want to roam and find out if the hollowness in me can be filled. Jane understands this, always has. But we've just had another baby and I have firm beliefs that every child deserves a good start. I have to stick around and make sure of that. ♛

MEDICAL MIX-UPS

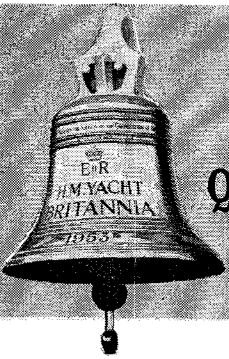
I ALWAYS TOOK a long breath before entering Room 23, where a convalescing patient complained ceaselessly about everything and everyone.

"My, but you're looking well today," I said to her one afternoon.

"If I am, it's a wonder," she retorted. "The food here isn't fit to eat. It's actually poisonous, Doctor . . . and such small servings!"

MY AILING PATIENT had a wife in attendance with a huge but inaccurate medical vocabulary, which she used not only to describe his symptoms, but to prescribe treatment as well.

Occasionally, however, she did consult me. "I just don't know," she once said, with a sigh. "I've racked my brain to decide what can be done for him, Doctor. How effective is an autopsy?" —*Modern Medicine*



by Graham Fisher

Queen Elizabeth's floating palace

Often derided as a "costly toy," the $7,000,000 Britannia is the world's largest, most luxurious private yacht

When President Eisenhower climbed the companionway of the royal yacht *Britannia* to join Britain's Queen Elizabeth II for the opening ceremonies of the St. Lawrence Seaway in June, he was boarding the biggest, most luxurious and most controversial private yacht in the world.

The hullabaloo over *Britannia* started even before the vessel was launched. It has been sniped at by politicians as "a costly toy" and sneered at as "Philip's Folly," which was unfair to the Prince Consort. While the Queen's husband did insist on expensive modifications, the idea of a new royal yacht to replace the old, unseaworthy *Victoria and Albert* had reached the blueprint stage even before Elizabeth ascended the throne.

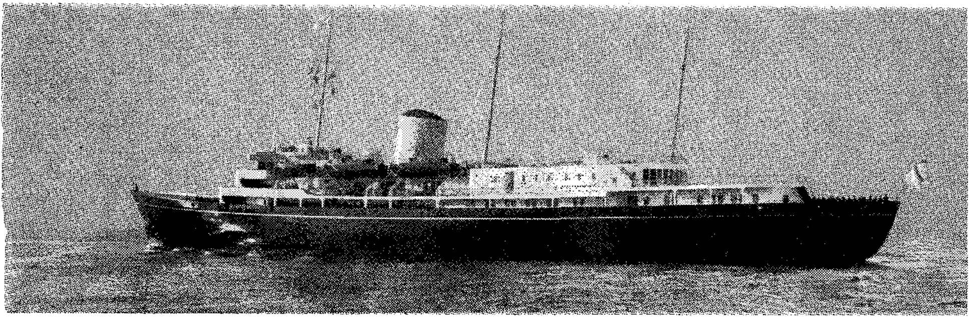
When the vessel was first planned back in 1951, the total cost was to be $4,900,000. By launching time in 1953, it had risen to over $5,000,000. A last-minute rush to complete it in time to bring the Queen and Prince Philip home from Tobruk in Libya, Africa, near the end of their 1954 British Commonwealth tour, added another ten percent to a bill which has continued to mount.

Used only by the Queen and members of her family, with Britain's Admiralty picking up the tab, *Britannia* is a stately, water-borne home, with a cruising range of 2,400 miles and a top cruising speed of 22.75 knots.

Measuring 413 feet from clipper bow to cruiser stern, *Britannia* is nearly half the length of the world's longest ship, the *Queen Elizabeth*. Its mainmast is so tall—123 feet—that a hinge had to be inserted 17 feet from the top before the yacht could pass under the bridges of the St. Lawrence Seaway.

It is also equipped with a specially strengthened deck for helicopter landings, a swimming pool and every conceivable navigational aid—asdic, radar, loran, four radio systems, a ship-to-shore telephone link for use in harbor, a device for protection against mines, spotlights to illuminate the water in case of a night foray by a would-be frogman assassin.

But all these precautions couldn't safeguard the yacht's white ensign



when the Queen visited Portugal two years ago. She stopped at a Lisbon seminary which had been used as a British naval base during the Napoleonic wars. Consequently, the seminary has a traditional right to fly the white ensign and demand a new one from any visiting British warship.

"Would you like the *Britannia's* ensign?" Elizabeth asked the rector.

"We already have it, Ma'am," was his smiling reply.

Students from the seminary had "raided" the royal yacht the previous night, pilfered *Britannia's* ensign and left their tattered one in its place.

A garage amidships houses the magnificent Rolls-Royce in which Elizabeth travels on shore. Stowed away elsewhere on the deck are the 40-foot royal barge, two 35-foot motor boats, two sea-boats, two 32-foot cutters, two sailing dinghies and a kingsize inflatable raft.

The air-conditioned portion of *Britannia's* living quarters is occupied by the royal family and resembles the interior of a palatial home. On ceremonial occasions, the mahogany doors between the anteroom and drawing room are folded back to form a vast reception hall.

Except for a painting of *Britannia's* launching which hangs above the marble fireplace, scarcely a nautical note intrudes upon the hushed, regal atmosphere of the drawing room, with its turquoise walls, hyacinth-blue carpet, lime-green drapes and chintz-covered armchairs. The furnishings are a curious hodgepodge of old and new. There is a satinwood desk which once belonged to Queen Victoria and a bookcase of leather-bound volumes. In contrast, the glass-fronted sunroom on the shelter deck boasts a record player and modern wicker chairs strewn with gay red and blue cushions.

The shelter deck makes an ideal playground for the royal children. Last summer, during a family game of cricket, a lusty swipe by young Prince Charles sent the ball sailing over the railings and into the sea. One of the ship's boats had to be launched to get it back. Another time, after watching some of the crew swab down the decks, Charles and Anne decided to do the shelter deck themselves. Anne turned on the hydrant while Charles got busy with a mop, both working away in bare feet in imitation of the crew.

Life aboard *Britannia* is always more lively when young Anne is present. Once, when the yacht docked at Aberdeen, with the royal party all ready to go ashore, it was suddenly discovered that Anne was missing. A frantic game of hunt-the-princess ensued. Discovered at last, she raced all over the vessel, squealing delightedly before she was finally cornered and marched back to join the rest of the family.

Many of the antique furnishings aboard *Britannia,* including the Hepplewhite chairs and four mahogany sideboards in the huge dining room, came from the old royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert.* The ebony-edged dining table was custom-made to seat 32 people. Philip thought this insufficient, and the removable wings he had added now enable 28 more guests to sit down at one time.

The Queen and Prince Philip each have a private sitting room, though these also double as studies. The Queen's room is softly feminine, with white paneling, moss-green carpet, silk-shaded wall lamps and drapes of rosebud chintz. There are two telephones on the built-in desk, one fitted with a scrambler device for secret conversations.

Philip's room is more masculine. The walls are teak-paneled, the floor carpeted in grey, the wall lamps strictly functional and the desk topped in red leather. In an illuminated case above the electric "fireplace" is a model of the frigate *Magpie,* which the Prince once commanded during his naval days.

Philip likes nothing better than to take personal command of the royal yacht. Life is more informal when Philip is aboard on his own. On one trip, he competed with the crew in trying to sprout the most luxuriant beard. Even after the contest ended, Philip continued to sport his beard and the crew began betting as to whether he would wear it when he next met the Queen. He didn't. He shaved it off on the last leg of the trip home.

Aboard the *Britannia,* the royal sleeping quarters are above the state apartments and their floors are raised two feet above the level of the outside deck. This brings the windows above the head of anyone passing by outside. And only the Queen's personal maid and Philip's valet sleep on the same deck as the royal family.

The crew of the royal yacht is drawn from the ranks of the Royal Navy. When the lists were first opened, over 1,500 seamen rushed to apply for the privilege of wearing the distinctive legend "Royal Yacht" on their hatbands. Complaints from crewmen are infrequent, though some griped during Philip's recent Commonwealth tour when two attractive Buckingham Palace secretaries, the only girls aboard, conducted daily hula-hoop sessions on the open deck—a disturbing sight to men who had not enjoyed feminine company for several weeks.

At sea, the *Britannia's* crew members go bareheaded. Thus technically out of uniform under British naval regulations, they are not required to salute, which enables them to continue working if members of the royal family pass by.

Britannia is easily the most silent ship in the Royal Navy. No one clumps about in heavy boots; soft-soled pumps are worn. All scrubbing and brass burnishing are usually carried out silently, while royalty sleeps. A raised voice or shouted command would be unthinkable. There is no amplifying system on board; officers and men are summoned personally or in writing.

The wages of the 20 officers and 222 seamen who man the yacht, plus the cost of feeding them, run into nearly $20,000 a week. Fuel charges are additional, and the four weeks when Princess Margaret used the yacht during a trip to the West Indies cost British taxpayers about $84,000.

Repairs and modifications have inflated the bill still further. In five years of service, the yacht has already undergone five re-fits at a total cost of $1,270,000. In that time, it has sailed a total of 120,000 miles and crossed every ocean in the world.

Britons, seeking an excuse for *Britannia*, point out that the yacht is designed for conversion to a hospital ship in the event of war: 200 wounded servicemen could be hospitalized in the royal apartments. But few ordinary Britons really begrudge their Queen her sleek yacht. Certainly not the three fishermen aboard the trawler *Endeavour*, which loomed up out of the mist as *Britannia* brought Elizabeth back to Britain at the end of her six-month Commonwealth tour. As the royal vessel sailed past, the little trawler dipped its ensign in salute; three crewmen stood stiffly at attention.

Elizabeth noticed the tribute. The white ensign of *Britannia* dipped in answering salute, acknowledging the greeting of that tiny fishing craft with the same dignity it would have accorded a British battleship.

And Americans who glimpsed *Britannia's* royal blue hull as this floating palace glided up the St. Lawrence Seaway, Royal Standard fluttering, a gleaming gold band setting off its snowy superstructure and yellow funnel, will surely agree that there could be no more appropriate setting for a meeting between Britain's Queen and America's President.

OF SAINTS AND SINNERS

DANIEL WEBSTER, the noted Senator and statesman, was once asked why he generally went to hear a poor country minister preach instead of one of the more brilliant clergymen of Washington.

"Well, you see," he explained, "in Washington they preach to Daniel Webster, the renowned individual, but this country preacher preaches to Daniel Webster, the sinner."

—HAROLD HELFER

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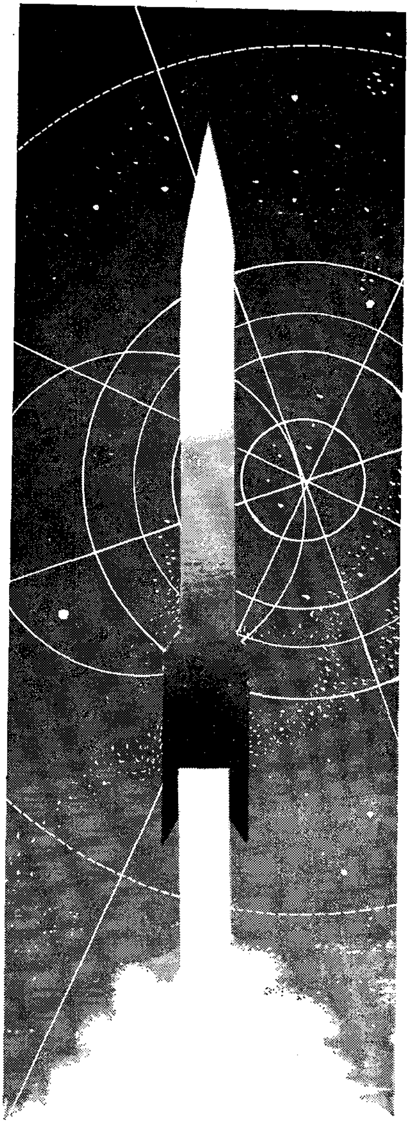

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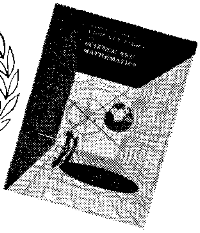

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South East Missouri State College,
Cape Girardeau
Extension Division,
University of Missouri, Columbia
Swank's Inc.,
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Montana
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State Dept. of Education, Helena

Nebraska
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University of Nebraska, Lincoln
Modern Sound Pictures, Inc.,
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*Film Library,
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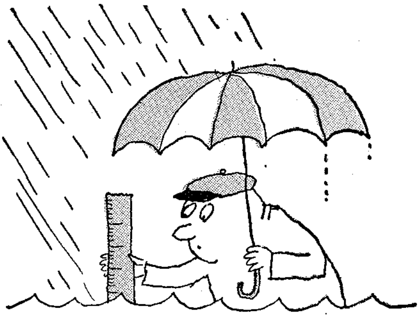


The mostest kind of weather

by Frank Forrester

Extremes? We have 'em—from 134°F. in Death Valley to minus 69.7°F. in Montana

DURING THE LAST International Geophysical Year, weathermen of the U.S. and Russia crossed thermometers in a real "cold" war over who could find the most frigid spot in the world.

It has been hard to beat the Soviets. On February 5 and 7, 1892, the Siberian town of Verkhoyansk reported a temperature of minus 90° Fahrenheit—a record low point that stood for 65 years.

Then, on September 17, 1957, the U. S. Amundsen-Scott station in Antarctica recorded a new low of minus 102.1° F. But the Russians bounced right back. The Soviet IGY Antarctic station at Vostok plunged to minus 113.3° F. on June 15, 1958. Eleven days later, another Russian station, Sovetskaya, scored an even lower reading of minus 117.4° F. To establish firmly Russian supremacy, observers at Vostok came through with startling temperatures of minus 122.4° F. on August 7 and minus 125.3° F. on August 25, 1958.

Here in the U. S., the job of keeping a running score of the nation's weather records belongs to the U. S. Weather Bureau's National Weather Records Center at Asheville, North Carolina.

The highest official temperature ever recorded in the U. S.—a sizzling 134° F.—hit Greenland Ranch in California's Death Valley on July 10, 1913. In contrast, our lowest temperature reading was registered at Rogers Pass, Montana, just 140 feet below the summit of the Continental Divide. Here, the thermometer dropped to minus 69.7° F. on January 20, 1954. Our new state, Alaska, added an even lower temperature to U. S. weather records. At Fort Yukon, a temperature of minus 78° F. was recorded in January, 1934.

For rainfall records, the mountainous sections of Washington and California are far in the lead. The rainiest spot in the U.S. is Wynoochee Oxbow, Washington, in the foothills of the Olympic Mountains. This community is soaked with an average of 150.73 inches of rain each year—about five times more than the nation receives as a whole.

Frank Forrester, meteorologist for NBC's WRC-TV and Radio, Washington, D. C., has authored **The Real Book About the Weather and 1001 Questions Answered About The Weather.**

The Cascade and Sierra Nevada Mountains build up enormous accumulations of snow. Paradise Ranger Station at Rainier Park, Washington, records an average of 559.6 inches of snow each year. In 1955-56, this station recorded the greatest amount of snowfall for one season—1000.3 inches. But Washington and California do not claim the state-wide average annual precipitation record. That, according to the last official figures, belongs to Louisiana, where Gulf of Mexico moisture is deposited throughout the state on an annual average of 55 inches. The driest state is Nevada, where only 8.8 inches of rain are collected on the average throughout each year, while the record for the longest dry spell is held by Bagdad, California. For 767 days, from October 3, 1912 to November 8, 1914, this locality reported no measurable rain.

The foggiest place in America is the Libby Islands just off the coast of Maine, where an average of 1,554 hours of fog are observed each year. On the Pacific Coast, Point Reyes, California, runs a close second with 1,468 hours of fog.

For the windiest place, we must turn to the northeast corner of the nation, where warm and cold air masses tangle in almost daily conflict. The highest wind speed ever measured by instruments in the free atmosphere near the earth's surface—231 miles per hour—was recorded at an observation station atop Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, on April 12, 1934. The calmest area—of those cities where wind records are kept—is Roseburg, Oregon, with an average annual wind speed of only 4.3 m.p.h.

When it comes to thunderstorms, no section of the nation is immune, although they seem to be relatively infrequent along the Pacific Coast. If we had to pick an area in the U.S. where most thunderstorms are reported on an average each year, it would be Florida's Tampa Bay region, where thunder can be heard about 85 days each year.

Hailstones are damaging by-products of severe thunderstorms. Fragments of hail range from about 2/10 of an inch to two inches. The largest hailstone officially recorded in the U.S. fell on July 6, 1928, in Potter, Nebraska. Its circumference was 17 inches, diameter 5.4 inches, weight a pound and a half.

On July 5, 1891, in Rapid City, South Dakota, 16 horses were killed by a vicious hailstorm and many others injured so badly that they had to be shot. Although other countries (especially India) have reported cases in which human beings have been killed by hailstones, only one such death has been officially recorded in the U. S. A farmer near Lubbock, Texas, was caught in a sudden hailstorm on May 13, 1930, and was literally pelted to death.

Tornadoes, the most vicious of all storms, have shown a marked preference for the nation's mid-section, a battleground for warm, moist Gulf air and dry, cool air from the west and north. A study of 9,404 tornadoes in the U.S. from 1916 to 1958 shows that four states have the greatest average number of tornadoes each year: Kansas (24), Texas (24), Oklahoma (20) and Iowa (14).

Still another aspect of the extreme weather story are hurricanes—tropical cyclones of the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea. From 1888 to 1958, an average of four hurricanes per year have occurred. This increased to five per year in the past 30 years and to seven in the past ten years. During the past 73 years, the greatest number of hurricanes in any one year was 11 in 1916 and 1950. The ten Southern Atlantic and Gulf Coast states take the brunt of most hurricanes.

The U. S. Weather Bureau classifies hurricanes in categories from one to nine, according to the damage caused. Since 1900, only one storm was assigned category nine: hurricane "Diane," which romped from August 7 to 21, 1955, killing 184. Some lower-category hurricanes have taken a far more terrible toll of human lives, however. During a hurricane at Galveston. Texas, on September 8, 1900, a huge tide resulted in a sudden rise of water—of about four feet in a few seconds—and inundated Galveston Island. Six thousand persons were drowned in this fantastic surge of salt water.

According to barometer readings, San Diego, California, and environs have a right to claim America's most even-tempered climate. This area has the nation's lowest sea level pressure range (the difference between the highest and lowest ever recorded). Hartford, Connecticut, on the other hand, shows the greatest pressure range—tending to confirm Mark Twain's famous wisecrack: "If you don't like the weather in New England, just wait a few minutes!" ♛

GOOD QUESTIONS

INTERVIEWING A WOMAN APPLICANT, a kindly Social Security claims representative wanted to make sure that no tangles would prevent her from getting her full benefits. "Were either you or your husband married before?" he asked.

The woman glared indignantly and snapped: "Before what?"

—*Woman's Day*

THERE WAS A CHECK-FORGER whose name was Kissinger. The FBI couldn't catch him because he'd work each town only one day, changing his name on the checks as he moved from city to city. He had over 150 aliases.

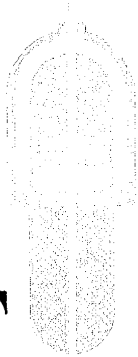
One morning when things were dull around the FBI, one of the agents turned to his boss and said, "I wonder who's Kissinger now."

—VICK KNIGHT (*Minneapolis Morning Tribune*)

A COP HALTED A LAD in a Mercedes as he streaked along the Los Angeles Freeway at close to 100 miles an hour. As the officer approached, the butterfly door opened and a youngster in horn-rimmed glasses and an Ivy League cap peered out to ask: "Why do you stop me, Earth-Man?"

—*The Evening Tribune*

by Mark Nichols



WPAT

sweet music for millions

Soothing melodies and a minimum of commercials make this “soft-selling” radio station a popular haven in a sea of rock ’n’ roll

You can’t please audiences and advertisers alike,” says an old axiom of the radio industry. But WPAT, a unique radio station located about 15 miles outside of New York City in Paterson, New Jersey, has found a way to bring this twain happily together and still show a handsome profit.

Fearlessly *ignoring* the Top Twenty tunes in the nation, this independent 5,000-watt AM-FM station offers only soft, soothing music to audiences seeking relief from raucous rock ’n’ roll. And New York-New Jersey residents deluge its offices daily with grateful letters and enthusiastically support its advertisers.

Nine years ago, WPAT, one of almost 30 stations in metropolitan New York, was broadcasting a hodgepodge of music and mail-order commercials to a small audience—and losing $73,000 yearly. Today, transmitting melodies interrupted not more than once every 15 minutes for low-pressure commercials, WPAT has grown into one of the most popular radio stations in the 17-county New York-New Jersey area, with an estimated weekly audience of 7,500,000. Last year, the station showed a profit of $350,000 on time sales of $1,200,000.

WPAT's secret is simple. As Dickens J. Wright, its 47-year-old president, puts it: "We have found that our audience likes lots of music and little talk."

Only 126 minutes of each 24-hour broadcasting day are devoted to commercials. And WPAT listeners have discovered, to their delight, that the station screens and selects commercials as carefully as it does its restful music. The station employs no disk jockeys and its announcers speak in softly modulated tones. They never ad lib and do not identify musical selections. One composition flows so smoothly into another that listeners are often unaware of any change.

Contented listeners seek out the station's advertisers with a loyalty that keeps sponsors eager to do business with WPAT. Not long ago, for example, girls in a New Jersey cosmetics factory decided to show their appreciation for WPAT's music, piped into their workroom all day long. Selecting one advertiser—a shoe concern—1,000 girls each bought a pair of the advertiser's shoes. "We came here because you advertise on WPAT," they told the store manager as they paid their bills.

Back in 1936, when Wright was a 24-year-old salesman from St. Louis, he decided, after a succession of De-

I WAS A TEENAGE DWARF
RALLY ROUND THE FLAG BOYS
SLEEP TILL NOON
EBRA DERBY
THE FEATHER MERCHANTS
BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK

Can an American boy find happiness in the arms of girls who are bigger, stronger and smarter?

MAX SHULMAN

gives the rousing answer in his new novel... the story of what they do when they're too old to go out and do nothing. Max Shulman at his positively most hilarious!

I WAS A TEEN-AGE DWARF

Or: DOBIE GILLIS LOVES AGAIN... AND AGAIN... AND AGAIN!

By Max Shulman, author of BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK, and RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!
Introduction by ART LINKLETTER $3.50 at all bookstores
Published by BERNARD GEIS ASSOCIATES
Distributed by Random House

See Max Shulman this Fall CBS-TV's *Many Loves of Dobie Gillis,* brought to you by Marlboro Cigarettes

pression selling jobs, to apply for work as a radio time salesman at WHN, then a New York City station. He moved up the ladder to network sales-executive positions until 1948, when he went to work for WICC, a small station in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In August, 1950, the Passaic (N.J.) *Herald-News*, hearing of Wright's program accomplishments with WICC, sent for him to duplicate this feat on their station, WPAT, in nearby Paterson. Wright was ready to meet the challenge. During his stay in Bridgeport, he had outlined a new type of radio programming which he believed would allow small, independent stations to compete successfully with TV and network radio stations. After the long years of World War II, people were in the mood for escapism, Wright reasoned.

Thus he developed the WPAT programming policy:

1. Music was the most important service independent radio could offer in competition with TV.

2. Since other radio stations in the New York area were already specializing in jazz, hillbilly and classical selections, the music should be in the light, semi-classical, musical-comedy mold.

3. This tranquil music must be presented *without interruption*.

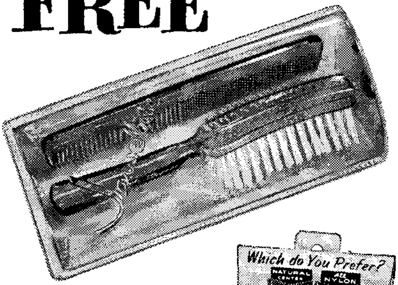
In his first year at WPAT, Wright showed a $50,000 profit, after taxes, chiefly by eliminating high-salaried disk jockeys and consolidating the station's personnel. His consolidation policy has resulted in a compact, versatile, youthful (average age: 36) staff of 35.

This ROLL WAVE

Jewelite

Ladies' Hairbrush & Comb

FREE



Which do You Prefer?
NATURAL CENTER
NYLON
PRO
PRO
Get FREE $4.50 Jewelite BRUSH & COMB SET

When You Buy These 2 PRO DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brushes at $1.78

Buy the two Pro Double Duty Tooth Brushes shown—one with Nylon bristles—the other, Nylon *and* natural bristle center. Use both for 30 days, then write Pro Brush Co. telling which brush you prefer, and why. Enclose both labels and coupon on the package. Pro will send you the Roll Wave Jewelite Hairbrush & Comb Set above—regular retail value, $4.50—absolutely FREE! Offer expires October 31, 1959.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., FLORENCE, MASS.

Working in a medium where the motto is usually "Squeeze every penny of income out of every time spot," Wright's approach is revolutionary. In the past nine years, he turned down nearly $1,500,000 in advertising as "incompatible" with the station's "listener-protection."

"We don't need the money that badly; this is a common-sense station, run according to what we ourselves like to hear," Wright explains. "We try to balance our commercials, so the listener doesn't hear too many of one kind too often. WPAT avoids contests, if possible, and superlatives. In short, if an ad is dishonest, highly implausible, raucous or in bad taste, we won't use it."

The station's devoted listeners range from truck drivers and housewives to psychiatrists and musicians, from servicemen to celebrities like Jack Paar, Mary Martin, Helen Hayes, Gypsy Rose Lee and Cole Porter. Credit for this popularity, says Wright—a trim (5′10″, 160 pounds), well-groomed man—belongs to David Gordon, a 36-year-old former music librarian who is WPAT's musical director.

Curiously enough, Gordon, whose memory encompasses WPAT's 600,000-selection repertoire, cannot remember his own phone number on occasion. This swarthy, quiet-spoken bachelor sometimes listens to 33 hours of long-playing records before finding a usable three-minute segment. "It's hard to define exactly what we look for in our music," Gordon says, "but the over-all quality is gentleness."

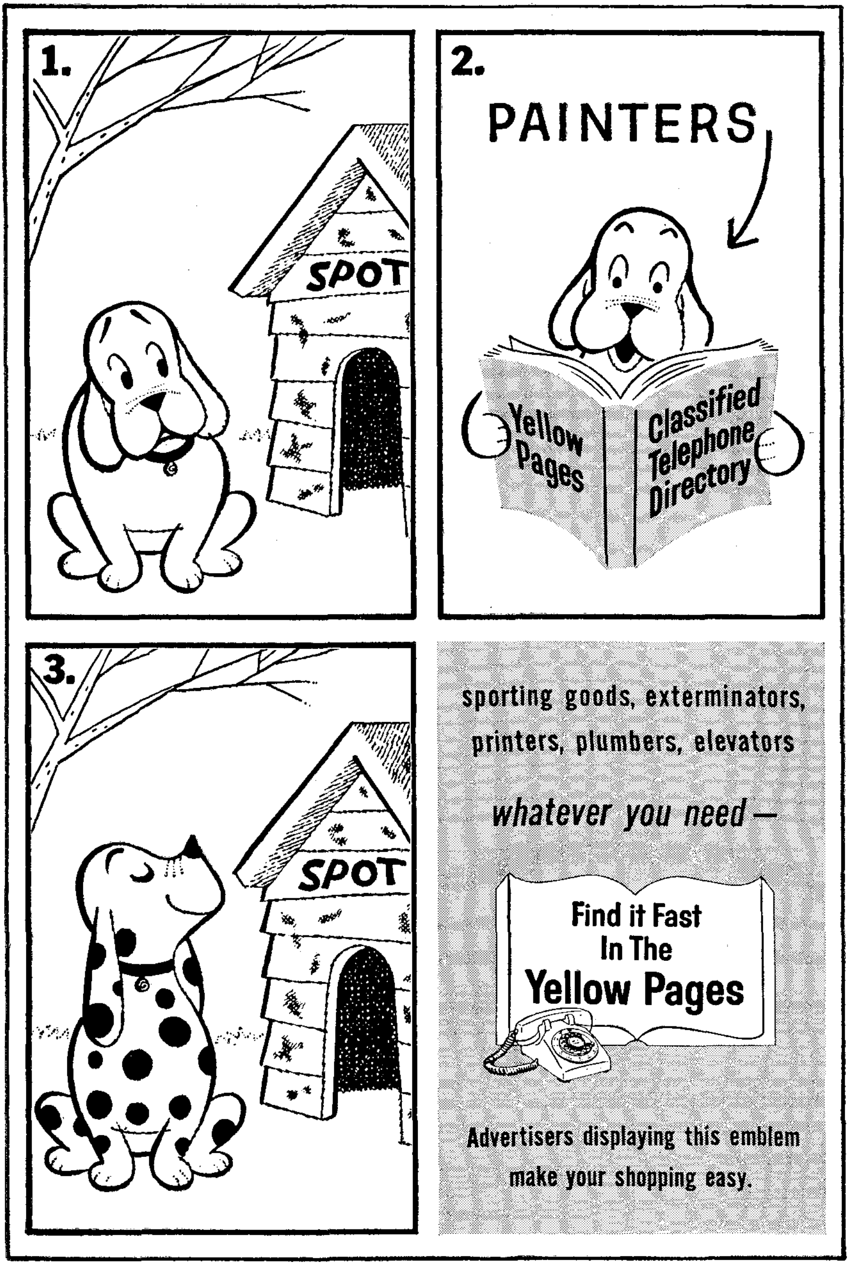
Gordon often contrasts three different arrangements of a song—an instrumental version, a male vocal and a female singer's rendition—"to make a point for the listener." Or he may program a popular song which has roots in Brahms' Third Symphony by playing the song first, then splicing the music to flow into the passage from the symphony. "It makes a wordless, cynical comment," says Gordon with a smile, "but it is always pleasant listening." For evening programs, where the music is interrupted only once every 30 minutes for commercials, Gordon eliminates vocals. He feels they are "too distracting" for tired ears.

When WPAT first abolished music identification in 1952, listeners bombarded the station with letters and phone calls asking about a selection played at such-and-such a time. Yet when the station later asked its audience to vote whether they wanted numbers announced on the air, 15,000 persons wrote in to vote "no." Listeners still write or call the station for identification of its selections, and WPAT also publishes and sells subscriptions to a monthly "Program Guide" to its evening "Gaslight Revue" show.

Proof that WPAT is on the right track can be found in the thousands of letters that pour in daily. A supervising petroleum chemist declares, "In our laboratories, the radio is tuned to 93 (WPAT's setting) and the tuning knob removed. The soft music continues throughout the day as a sedation for jangled nerves or quick tempers."

A Newark bus line's president wrote: "Our company is installing

(cont'd on p. 164)


1.
SPOT
2.
PAINTERS
Yellow Pages
Classified Telephone Directory
3.
SPOT

sporting goods, exterminators,
printers, plumbers, elevators

whatever you need—

Find it Fast
In The
Yellow Pages

Advertisers displaying this emblem
make your shopping easy.

(cont'd from p. 162)

radios in all of its equipment with the strict proviso that only your station be tuned in." A business woman confided: "There is nothing more soothing than WPAT while driving in bumper-to-bumper traffic on the parkways." And a bedridden man wistfully writes: "I wish that doctors would recommend your station to patients, along with their antibiotics." Even workers on rival radio stations have expressed a preference for WPAT's music during their *working* hours!

Wright bought the station for $300,000 in 1954, with a syndicate of four men: two attorneys, a businessman and a certified public accountant. Their original investment was returned in less than 24 months. Last year, they turned down a $3,000,000 offer for the station.

Thus free of profit pressures, Wright can concentrate almost entirely on pleasing his audience. He has abolished commercials on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Day and Easter. Instead, appeals for a charitable organization, generally for the benefit of children (Wright himself is the father of five) are broadcast at limited intervals on these holidays.

This concern for public service has reaped unexpected rewards. The New York *Daily News*, besieged by bids for its special newscast services, recently decided on WPAT because of the station's "integrity," a spokesman explained.

Also taking note of WPAT's popularity, Westminster Records arranged for the Vienna State Opera Orchestra to record an album of music typical of the station's "Gaslight Revue" program (*Love Walked In, It Might As Well Be Spring, Get Happy,* etc.). The album, entitled *Foolish Heart*, became a best seller and even rival stations began playing its selections.

WPAT's success has brought inquiries about its operation from as far as Rome, Rio de Janeiro and the Belgian Congo. Convinced that "Wright is right," over 200 stations in the U.S. and Canada have asked for advice and assistance.

One independent station, WSKP in Miami, hired WPAT to set up its music library and programming schedules. As a result, Miami listeners are today enjoying the same music as New York-New Jersey residents. Wright hopes eventually to have his own network of stations across the country, each operated on WPAT's formula.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

IN THE WINDOW of an antique dealer: Antiques & Junque.

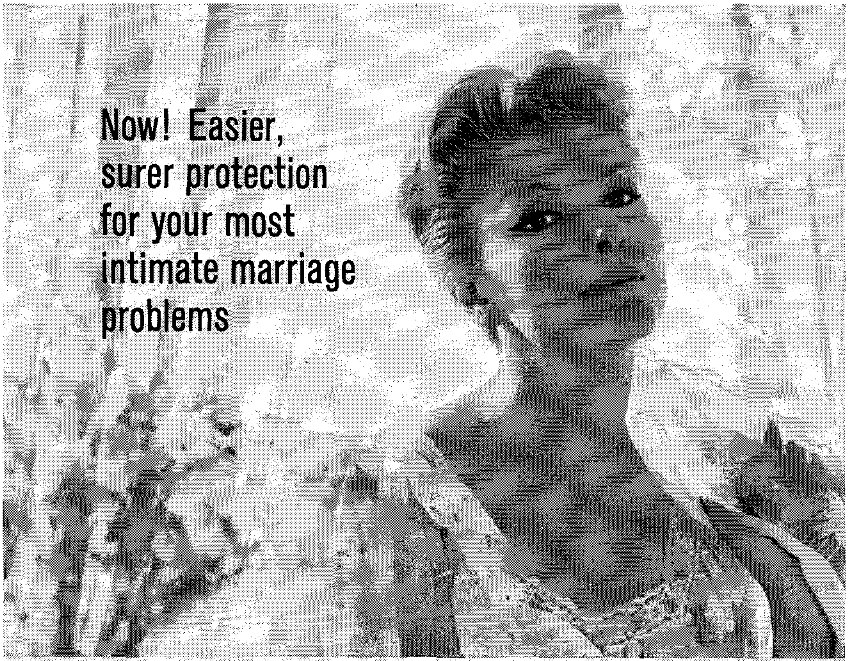
—*The Columbus Dispatch*

IN A MIAMI Lingerie Shop: "King of the Undie World."

—MRS. MARGARET MORRISON

A TINY FOREIGN CAR displayed this sign: "I've been sick."

—GRADY FRANKLIN



Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problems

1. Germicidal protection! Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection! Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience! These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless—keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Same reliable product—
new gold and white package!

Tested by doctors . . .
trusted by women . . .
proved in hospital clinics

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
A NORWICH PRODUCT

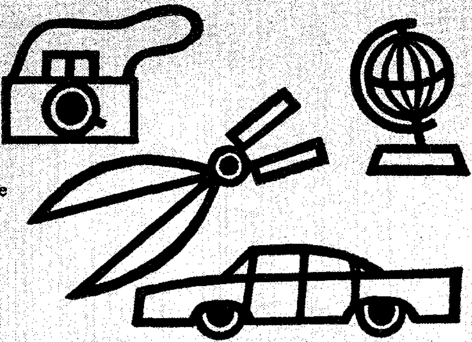
FREE ***informative Norforms booklet***

Just mail this coupon to Dept. CR-99, Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

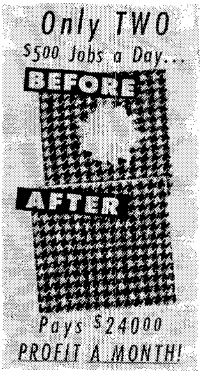
Name____________________
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street____________________
City____________________
Zone_______State__________

Coronet Family Shopper

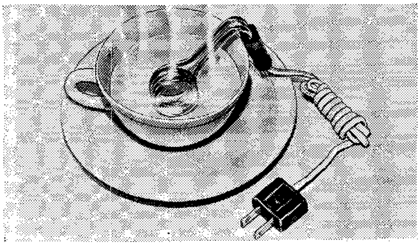
Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME!



Invisible mending pays up to $10.00 profit in an hour. Be the invisible reweaver in your community and make big money at home! Make cuts, burns, tears, moth holes in suits, coats —*all garments, all fabrics* —disappear like magic. Big demand from tailors, cleaners, department stores, individuals, bring steady profits. Do only two $5.00 jobs per day at home in your spare time, and take in $240.00 cash per month. Learn how to do this work, turn spare time into cash. Invisible Reweavers are scarce in most communities. Write now for free details of this thrilling all profit opportuninty. No obligation, no salesman will ever call. Fabricon, Dept. 399, 6238 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.



BOIL WATER INSTANTLY $1

SIMPLY immerse metal coil in filled glass, cup or pot—it brings water to a boil in less than 2 minutes! Precision made. For traveling, hotels, motels—you'll use it for hot beverages and soup, shaving, boiling eggs, baby's bottle, sterilizing, etc. Keep in purse, luggage, glove compartment. Instant Heater comes complete with travel case. You must be pleased or your money back! Order Instant Heater from Sunset House, 2850 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

NEW ICE CUBES! 3" CUTIES!

Now . . . ice your drinks and amaze your guests with these shapely, streamlined 3" tall "glamor girls". Each looks as if it had been hand-carved by a master sculptor from an *individual block of ice.* Tiny, completely feminine "Ice-Cuties" do a beautiful job of cooling drinks and starting conversations. An unusual, "offbeat" gift — an especially delightful surprise for your party host. Special ice cube tray of sturdy polyethylene creates 8 exquisitely shaped "Ice-Cuties" in about 2 hours in freezer unit, add "zing" to your drinks. Order by mail now. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Gift boxed set only $1.95, ppd. Available by mail only. Spencer Gifts, Z-1 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

YOUR OLD COAT INTO NEW STOLE!

I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat regardless of condition, into a glamorous new cape or stole. Special price, $22.95 complete, includes remodeling, new *lining,* interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing, lusterizing to beautiful new sheen! The result—a luxurious-looking cape or stole! All work guaranteed . . . we are bonded fur specialists. Send no money! Just wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send your dress size and height on postcard. 2-3 week delivery. Pay postman $22.95 plus postage when new cape arrives. Or send for free style book now! 25 new styles to choose from. Write: I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th Street, Dept. B-14, N. Y. 1.

Silver Linings

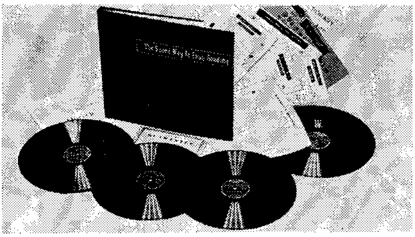
DEPARTING FOR OUR HONEYMOON, my husband and I boarded an extremely crowded London-bound train. A group of friends accompanied us into an empty compartment and, in a gay mood, liberally sprayed confetti over us, the seats and the floor.

As the train stopped at each station, a horde of travelers would come bounding toward our door, then seeing two obvious newlyweds drenched in confetti, the embar-

29 U. S. COMMEMORATIVES
FREE!

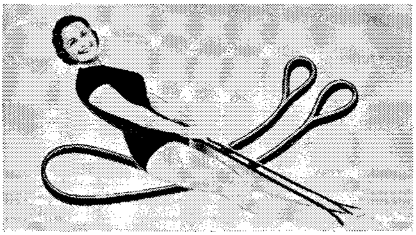
EXCITING, VALUABLE STAMP OFFER!

Rush reply for new, hand-picked collection of 29 large-size U.S. Commemoratives, free. All different. Includes many hard-to-find older issues. Bi-colors and other beautiful specially selected stamps. Wonderful build-up for your collection. Think of the historic interest. Think of how they grow in value. Plus other offers and Free "Stamp Collectors' Guide"! Rush name, 10¢ postage, handling for this exciting offer today. Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. CR9V, Calais, Maine.



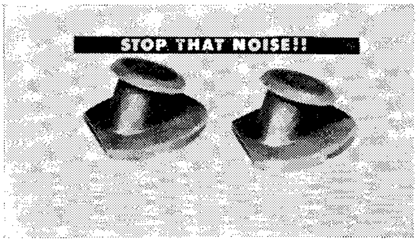
IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write today for free illustrated folder and low price on the Sound Way to Easy Reading. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Department N-16, Wilmette, Ill.



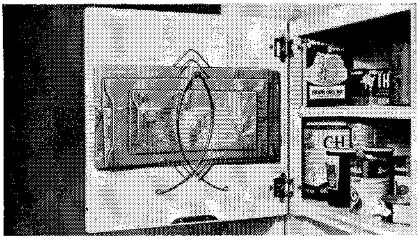
IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE, $1.98

Stretch your way to a trimmer You with new, sturdy rubber Stretch-A-Way. Make any room your private gym. Complete with special chart to show you the safe method of toning muscles. Improve your figure—tummy, thighs, hip and bust measurements —this natural way! Keep fit and trim. Stores away in any drawer. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1.98, postage paid. Order Stretch-A-Way from Sunset House, 2850 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



STOP THAT NOISE!

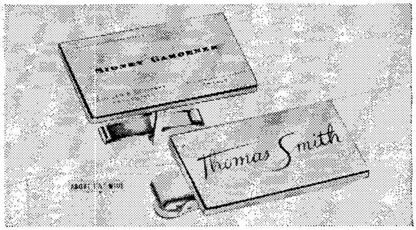
Dr. Frank's amazing double-flanged Earstopple shuts out sound twice. First flange deadens sound —second flange just about finishes it off. Sleep better despite snoring, noisy neighbors, dogs, kids, traffic, etc. Earstopples fill your ears in genuine comfort. An original sound-deadening technique, proven superior. Sleep like a kitten first night or money back. Only $1.25 postpaid. Noise Stoppers. 2611 Tilden Avenue, Department 38, Los Angeles 64, California.



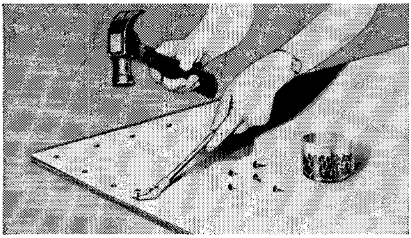
KEEP PAPER BAGS NEAT—$1

This newly designed Bag Caddy holds up to 40 bags neatly in place. No more jamming bags into drawers, wedging them where they pop out again, stuffing little ones into big ones. Plated wire loops hold every bag you have—big ones, little ones, wide ones, narrow ones, odd ones. Easily fastened to inside of any closet or cabinet door with two screws included. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Bag Caddy from Sunset House, 2850 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.

ENGRAVED CALLING CARD JEWELRY



We will engrave an exact reproduction of any signature, calling card, business card, emblem, etc. on lifetime metal cuff links, tie bar or money clip. Perfect gift for any man. Satin silver finish cuff links $7.95 pair; Tie bar $4.95. Gold plated cuff links $8.95 pair; Tie bar $5.50. Prices plus 10% fed. tax. Gift boxed. Guaranteed. 2 week delivery. Send signature or calling card with order. Enclose payment unless rated. W. N. Dresden & Assoc., Dept. A-30, 179 W. Washington St., Chicago 2, Ill.



MAGNETIC NAIL HOLDER $1.00

Avoid smashed fingers. This amazing new Magnetic Nail Holder gives you added reach, gets into tight spots and magnetically picks up things fingers cannot grasp. Great for hobbies, too; has lifetime magnet; acts almost in human fashion; 101 uses; something you have often needed and didn't have. An ideal gift or prize for any occasion. Something new, original and useful. Why not order several now? Immediate delivery; $1.00 each. Magnetic Holder Co., P.O. Box 715, San Antonio, Texas.

Silver Linings continued

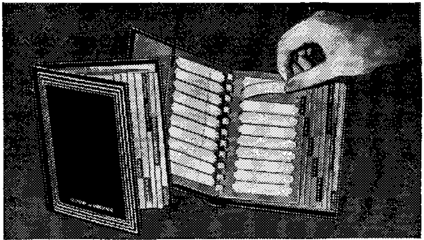
rassed intruders would turn sheepishly away in quest of other seats.

We finally arrived in London, and to our amazement, when we emerged into the corridor, we discovered a number of people standing. They all turned and looked at us with smiles and congratulations. To give a very conspicuous pair of honeymooners this precious time alone, these romantic travelers had stood there for five long hours. —MARY HAZELL

WHEN MY DAUGHTER, Debbie, was eight years old, we came home from a week's vacation to learn we had new neighbors next door, whose daughter was Debbie's age. Debbie was anxious to meet the little girl and I wanted to welcome the new neighbors so we paid a call that evening.

Debbie had been taking ballet lessons and was quite proud of it, so she

LIFETIME ADDRESS BOOK—$1



New Address Book is always up-to-date. Make revisions lightning fast! Name tabs slip in and out for quick changes. Complete 12-page address file plus extra pages for services, birthdays, anniversaries. Plus 4 pages for gift and Christmas card list. 30 pages in all! 50 extra tabs for changes. Spiral bound, beautiful leather-like binding, gold stamped decoration. Sensational value! Guaranteed or money back! Only $1, postage paid. Order Address Book from Sunset House, 2850 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

insisted on taking her new ballerina slippers to show to her new friend. When we got there the front door was open and just the screen door was closed. I knocked and waited. Soon the little girl came slowly down the hall, and as she approached us we both saw the brace on her right leg. Without even a glance in my direction, Debbie took two quick steps to the end of the porch and let her pretty ballerina slippers fall silently into the bushes.

—MRS. ANTHONY GENTILE

ONE AFTERNOON last spring, my 16-year-old daughter rushed into the house and excitedly announced: "Mother, I've been asked to the school prom!"

Since money was scarce, with her dad working part time, I knew we couldn't afford to buy a new formal. However, I remembered I had a gown that I had worn only once, years ago. We decided it could be made over into a more modern style, so we shopped around and selected a lovely pattern and I remade the dress to fit her.

Then, two days before the prom, the postman delivered a big box to my daughter from her grandfather. She opened it and found an exquisite new formal. My dress faded into the background as she gushed over this unexpected surprise.

The night of the dance, she spent hours in her room dressing for this important occasion in her young life. I assumed she would wear her grandfather's gift. But when her date called for her and she came down the stairs to meet him, I was sur-

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, *never slips. Doctors recom*mend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 *W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.*

DON'T LIE AWAKE AGAIN TONIGHT

If you lie awake nights due to nervousness, worry or other cause, send today for physicians' sample of Sleep-Eze Tablets. Contain no barbiturates or other habit-forming drugs. You wake up rested, refreshed. *Just address letter to* Sleep-Eze Co., Dept. J-3, 1067 E. Anaheim St., Long Beach 13, Calif. Encl. 10¢ coin or stamp to cover mailing cost. Do it today.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box RA, Lynn, Massachusetts.

HOME DECORATING HINTS

"How to Beautify Your Bedroom" is alive with floor-to-ceiling ideas on decorating big, little and "problem" rooms. Illustrated. *Also shows uses of* Seng Hollywood beds in singles, doubles, twin types. Adjustable in width, take long bedding, headboards of your choice. Send 10¢ in coin to The Seng Co., 1470 N. Dayton St., Chicago 22, Illinois.

50 LARGE NEW TOWELS 2¢ ea.

50 large, brand new unwoven cotton & rayon towels in beautiful colors & white as shown in unretouched photo . . . only $1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. We sell at world's lowest price because we buy by millions—over 26,500,000 since 1953! Unqualified money back guarantee. 50-Towel Co., Dept. A-706, Box 881, St. Louis, Missouri. Order now!

(Continued on next page)

IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER

Just step into "Elevators" amazing height-increasing shoes, and be almost 2 inches taller. Important inches that bring new respect in business, admiration from her. "Elevators" look like other fine shoes; so tall men as well as short men wear them with no one the wiser. For free booklet of 34 styles write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 2-99, Brockton, Mass.

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC TRAVEL FLASK

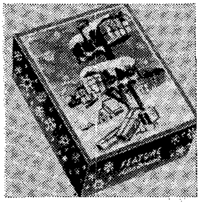
Feather-light, easily carried in pocket or luggage. On land, sea or air, the Parker Travel Flask is your safe beverage container. Chrome-plated jigger cup and cap; 10½ oz. $1; 16 oz. $1.49; 26 oz. $1.95. At your favorite store, or send check or money order to Dept. C., Parker of London, Ltd., 393 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

REAL CHROME PLATING IN MINUTES!

You can plate, replate home fixtures, marine hardware, bumpers, 1001 iron, steel, copper, brass items with glistening chrome that really lasts! Chemistry replaces electricity. Plate it for pennies without tools. Touch-Up Kit $1.98; Custom Kit $4.98 (does one car plus). Add 25¢ pstg. Check or MO. Albichrome Products, Box 270, Auburn, Maine.

Guaranteed.

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME



Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends, neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. We'll include free catalog with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown, 11 E. 26th St., Dept. W-219, N. Y. 10.

WHY DRESS OLD-FASHIONED?

For only $10—we can change your double-breasted suits and overcoats into up-to-date narrow lapel, single-breasted styles. Also wide lapel, single-breasted suits made narrow lapel. No fitting necessary. Bring in or mail your coat with $5 deposit. Goodwin Master Tailors, 3248 3rd Avenue (at 163rd St.), Bronx 56, New York. WY1-4350. Open 9 AM to 7 PM.

prised and deeply touched to see her wearing the dress I had made.

When she came home that night, she stopped in my room. Her eyes were shining as she said, "Mother, I had the most beautiful gown at the prom. After you worked so hard, I just couldn't wear the other dress."

Who says teenagers think only of themselves? —MRS. JOSEPH L. MCDONALD

SHORTLY AFTER a family moved next door to us, I discovered they were displaced persons who had been uprooted from their home in Europe and had come to this country to make a new life for themselves.

We grew to know each other and had "across-the-fence" conversations almost daily. The old grandmother, however, missing her native land, sat in gloomy silence and refused to learn English. Her daughter and her son-in-law and three grandchildren were becoming quite proficient in their new language, though.

Then I learned the family had been trying to meet with a group of fellow immigrants of the Eastern Orthodox faith. But they lacked a place for these meetings, since their home was small; they gratefully accepted an invitation to use my living room.

A slight language barrier didn't seem to matter when about 20 people got together, all happy to find friends and a common interest in the congregation they hoped to establish. Grandmother had joined the group but she sat in her usual silence throughout the evening, and everyone wondered if their enthusiasm cheered her at all.

It must have—for as the visitors left, she paused at the door. Taking my hand, she painfully managed her first words in English: "Thank you . . . it is . . . such kindness."

—RUTH HOLMAN

LIKE ALL PARENTS, my husband and I strive to impress our children with the fact that honesty is the best policy, and that there is little, if anything, to be gained by cheating and lying.

Our daughter, Patty, is in the third grade and is constantly competing with another little girl for top marks. We were reviewing some of her papers and noted one that had originally been marked "A" and then changed to "C."

When we asked Patty about this, she explained that after the papers were returned, she discovered an error. She quietly called the mistake to the attention of her teacher who changed the grade to what it should have been.

While this grade may go down as a "C" on our daughter's scholastic record, we feel her actions, as result of our teachings, had earned us an "A" as parents.

—MRS. JOHN ADVENT

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

WIDE SHOES FOR ALL WOMEN

Fashionable for fall is our new "Eve" pointed toe pump in charming black suede with 2⅛" slim heels. In widths C to EEE, all sizes 4 to 11. Only $9.95 ppd., money-back guar. Order now or write for free 16-page catalog showing America's largest selection of ladies wide shoes. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-9, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Penna.

BUY DIAMONDS THIS NEW WAY...

"The talk of the country." Save up to 50% buying direct from one of the world's well known diamond cutters. Over 5000 diamond ring styles $50 to $50,000. Ring mailed to you for inspection without payment if reference given. Credit Terms. Write for Catalog C-5. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Free Diamond Catalog C-9.

YOUR OLD FUR INTO NEW CAPE, STOLE

Morton's remodels your old, worn fur coat, jacket, cape for only $22.95. Includes restyling, new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing. Praised by Harper's Bazaar, Glamour, others. 35 styles. Just mail old fur, state dress size, height. Pay when new style arrives. Or write for 1959 style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-W, Wash. 4, D. C.

PERSONALIZED KITCHEN LABELS

Kitchen labels are handy identification for your recipe cards, home-made pies, preserves, pickles, and jellies. Printed in black on white gummed paper 1½ in. long. Your choice of Mixing Bowl or Stove design. 500 packed in plastic box for $2 pp. ($2.14 via air). Guaranteed. Prompt delivery. Bruce Bolind, 93 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 5, Calif. Thank you kindly.

From the kitchen of:
KATHLEEN ARCHER
From the Kitchen of
LUCILLE PRICE

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-99, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

(Continued on next page)

FREE SAMPLE CHRISTMAS CARD

Personalized with your favorite photo. New enlarged 3X jumbo cards 4¼"x5½". Choice of sentiments. Introductory offer: 20 for $1.25 ppd. with this ad. Envelopes incl. Your name imprinted 75¢ extra. For free sample send negative (or photo & 50¢ to make neg.) Neg. returned. Offer expires Nov. 15. Photo-Mail, Box 216-S, Mad. Sq. Sta., N. Y. 10.

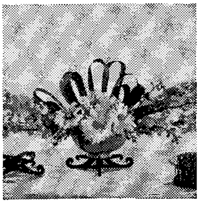
The JONES FAMILY

MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

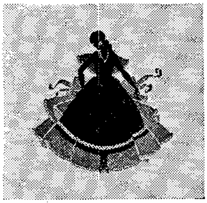
Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed *miracle of modern science*. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-99, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.

VERSATILE FLOWER HOLDERS

Blue Ribbon (Hairpin) holders mean better flower arrangements! Heavy, easy to conceal. Quickly, firmly holds flowers in any position. Tops for beginners and experts. Green, non-rusting. 9 sizes. 4"—$2.10; 3"—$1.50; 2"—85¢. Teakwood-like black Vase Stands, 6½"—2 for $1.50. All postpaid from Dorothy Biddle Service, Hawthorne 14, N. Y.



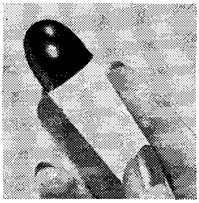
DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!



Learn world's most fascinating business. We teach you to repair, make, sell all kinds of dolls and accessories. Study at home. Earn while you learn. Start your own business part or full time. We show you how. Free informative booklet without obligation. The Doll Hospital School, 11826 San Vicente, Studio CS-99, Los Angeles 49, California.

NEW TREATMENT FOR FACIAL BLEMISHES

Parents! Help your child overcome inferiority complexes caused by facial blemishes. Send for Dab Antiseptic Camphor today. Skin eruptions should be treated as they appear and until they disappear. New roll-on dispenser makes constant treatment possible. Fits pocket or purse. $1.00 ppd. Guyer Laboratories, 1821 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minnesota



LAUGH LINES

ASKED TO GIVE the blessing the day the minister came to dinner, little Janie whispered, "I don't know what to say."

"Just say anything you've heard me say lots of times," her mother advised.

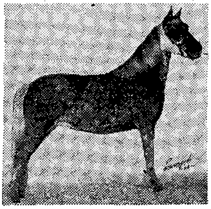
Janie bowed her head and began: "It's a mystery to me what becomes of all the money." —MRS. M. S. BURDINE

ANSWERING AN AD for a job, a secretary wrote: "I am familiar with all important phases of office procedure, including bowling, crossword puzzles, coffee breaks, personal letter writing, and collection taking."
—*Modern Office Procedures*

THE MENUS at an Encino, California, restaurant look the same at a casual glance, but closer inspection shows that the prices are listed on those handed to gentleman customers—but omitted from those given to the ladies! —HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU

A WELL-KNOWN REPUBLICAN remarked at a political meeting that his method of obtaining Republican votes was to give every taxi driver a large tip, then tell him, "Vote Republican."

SHETLAND PONIES ON EASY CREDIT



Anyone—banker to farmer—can get into this booming business with bank financing at 6%—immediate delivery—2 years to pay. Huge tax advantages from investment standpoint. Reprint of national magazine articles and full illustrated catalog tells all about this fabulous field. Fashion Club, Suite 23, 749 North Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

"I think my way is better," said a fellow Republican. "I don't give them *any* tip and tell them to, 'Vote Democratic'!" —GEORGE ANDREWS

MY SISTER-IN-LAW and her family recently moved to a new town. They had been there only a short time when my nine-year-old niece missed the school bus one morning. Her father agreed to drive her to school if she would direct him.

They drove up the street for a longer distance than he thought logical when she finally told him to turn. Several blocks later, she again directed him to turn. He drove this kind of zigzag pattern until he was convinced they were hopelessly lost. But just as he was ready to give up, they reached the school.

Later, he was amazed to learn they were only a few blocks from home. When asked why she had directed him all over creation to come such a short distance, my niece answered innocently, "Well, that's the way the school bus goes and it's the only way I knew to get there."

—DON K. LEWIS

THE FOLLOWING QUERY, received by a New York City aircraft company, came from a Joliet, Illinois, prisoner:

ADD ELEGANCE TO YOUR DINING

Salt shakers & pepper mills just right for your table or as a gift to someone special. Practical as they are beautiful the pepper mills are made by the famous Peugot Freres of France (5 yr. guarantee.) In solid walnut or blond beachwood. 3" set $4.45, 8" set $6.45, 10" set $10.95. All ppd. Gourmets' Choice, 537 3rd Ave., N. Y. 16, Write for Free catalogue.

TOM THUMB ADDING MACHINE $1.97

Lowest priced anywhere—adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. American made—mistake proof, fast, solid steel mechanism. For housewives, students, shopper, engineers. Leatherette case. 10 day free trial—money back guarantee. Send money, check or M.O. Or will send C.O.D. 3% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb Adding Machine, P.O. Box 5066, Dept. S-59, Phila 11, Pa.

FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY

We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, jackets. Also dress and sport shirts with bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail only, satisfaction fully guaranteed! Write for your free style book today! King-Size, 493 Brockton, Massachusetts.

MAGNIFIER LIGHTS UP

Compact, 5-power pocket magnifier has built-in lamp. Lights if optical section is raised for viewing. Carry with you—only 4¼" long, retracts to 1" thickness. Ideal for business, hobbies, science, photography. Durable metal & plastic case, penlite cells included. $1.98 ea. Calif. res. add 4% sales tax. COD extra. Lakeside House, 2201-B W. Olive Ave., Burbank 26, Calif.

THE AUTOMATIC BED WARMER

You Sleep ON IT not under it

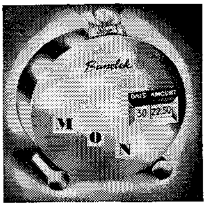
The Electro-Warmth fastens to mattress, radiates soft warmth, soothes nerves, induces deep, restful sleep, guards against colds, cramps, improves circulation, and helps relieve arthritic pains, smooth as a sheet, will cause no heat depression. 5 yr. warranty. Double or single bed $24.95 ppd. Order direct from E-W Co., 4115 Aspen St. Dept. 8, Wash. 15, D.C.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!

Improve the power of your speaking and singing voice in the privacy of your own room. Self-training program, mostly silent. No music required. Tested method praised by TV star Bob Cummings and thousands of grateful men, women—since 1916. Free booklet in plain wrapper. State age. Prefect Voice Institute, 210 S. Clinton St., JR-58, Chicago 6, Ill.

(Continued on next page)

GIVES YOU $100.00 EVERY YEAR



automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily or Calendar won't change date. Pays for itself in 8 days. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75 ppd. Personalized, Gold fin. Initials, $2.59; 2 for $5. Add 10¢ ea. pstg. Date Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Bklyn. 13, NY.

MONEY, MONEY—AND FREE OFFERS

Biggest spare time profits showing friends, neighbors beautiful Evans Christmas and all occasion cards. Easy orders. 100% profit. Self-selling kit, on approval. Included free: 32 samples personalized Christmas cards, all-new imprinted stationery display, 2 catalogs, selling guide. Write today: New England Art Publishers, North Abington 933, Mass.

EASY WAY TO FILE CHECKS—$1

Check-Safe holds 800 cancelled checks, a 5-yr. record. Safe, clean—always in place for easy reference. Helps budget. Keep a check on personal spending habits. Green Ripplette covered box, gold stamped. 7¼" x 5" x 3¼". Tab index dividers incl. Guar. or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Check-Safe Sunset House, 2849 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW 5-FT. LONG BALLOONS

Twist into a Thousand Shapes

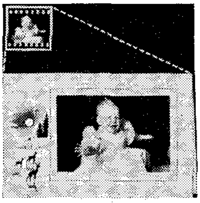
200 for $1.00

Giraffes — Dachshunds

Pets of All Kinds

Delight Kiddies-Grown-Ups, too! Made of live latex almost 5-ft. long inflated. Balloons this size usually sell up to 25¢ each. Send only $1 now, plus 25¢ pstg. and hdlg. for 200 in variety of gay colors! Supply limited at this low price, so order several sets Now. *Money Back Guar.* Murray Hill House, Dept. B-49-C, P. O. Box 251, Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.

XMAS CARDS FROM YOUR 35MM COLOR



100 superb 2¾ x 4 color enlarg. from 35 mm or 828 color slide, $14.95 incl. postage. 100 color enlarg. plus 100 beaut. deluxe Xmas cards for mounting prints, $22.95. 100 enlarg. plus 100 economy cards, $18.95. Del. 2 wks. 25 extra prints free, all orders before Oct. 1st. Send 10¢ for samples. Color-chrome, Dept. C-3, Box 231, Barrington, Ill.

"How long a warm-up is needed for a helicopter, what is the down-payment and will it carry two people?"

—HAROLD HELFER

LAST SUMMER, when approaching the outskirts of St. Peter, Minnesota, my family and I noted from a distance a large billboard reading, "You are now entering St. Peter, Minnesota, the home of five governors."

Then, as we came directly opposite the sign, we saw an additional statement of civic pride in smaller letters, "We have natural gas, too."

—LEONARD G. ZEWEN

IN DENVER RECENTLY, a high wind tore away part of the paper on a large billboard advertising some of the services of the telephone company.

Just underneath, it turned out, was an old Christmas message sponsored by a local mortuary. With parts of both sheets exposed, local citizens were being offered this counsel:

"Peace on Earth . . . Find It Fast in the Yellow Pages."

—MAX AWNER

IT WAS MY TURN to pick up the neighborhood children and drive

NEW MAGAZINE FOR WELL DRESSED MEN

Meet the new GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY. For the man who has a flair for living well and proves it by the way he dresses. Brimming with top fashion news; gift ideas; shopping tips; fashion-related topics. A handsome, king-size magazine, lavishly illus. Excellent gift. Appears 8 times a year. $6 by subscription. Write: GQ, Dept. C, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y.

them to school. A little girl who had just had a baby brother was going on and on about him, when my five-year-old piped up. "We can't have any more babies at our house." "Why not?" asked the neighborhood child. I waited breathlessly for my moppet's answer. "Because," she explained, "we don't have any more slots in the toothbrush holder."

—JOY ERVIN DAANE

I WAS BABY-SITTING recently with two little boys. They finally wandered into the den to play.

I peeked in just in time to hear one say, "Let's play 'Guess who?' You hide your eyes and I'll touch you and you guess who touched you."

—*Dixie Roto Magazine*

RECENTLY, WHILE ON my rounds at our local hospital, I found myself in the elevator with a neighbor about to visit his brother after a tonsillectomy.

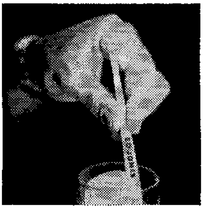
As we started up in the elevator, the operator asked, "What floor, please?"

After a moment of perplexed thought, my companion brightened and said crisply, "Men's tonsils, please!"

—DR. L. BINDER

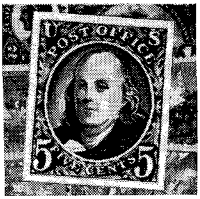
PERSONALIZED BAR STICKS

For home mixologists—swizzle sticks with name on them. Ideal gift. 50 white plastic sticks packed in attractive container. $2.95 ea. pkg. or $2.65 ea. for 6 pkgs. or more. Calif. res. add 4% tax. Ppd. Print name clearly (separate names may be specified for each pkg.). Lakeside House, 2201-B West Olive Ave., Burbank 27, Calif.



FREE! VALUABLE U.S. STAMPS

Free—scarce genuine postage stamp, as illustrated, picturing first U.S.A. (issued in 1847) Plus 30 all-different U.S.; 19th century, $1 stamp. Extra! Generous collection beautiful commemoratives. Big Catalog of all U. S. Postage issues, other offers. Send 10¢ for mailing. H. E. Harris & Co., Department C-681, Boston 17, Massachusetts.



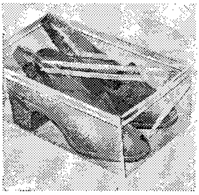
THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY

Send 25¢ to Dept. C9, Time Life Insurance Company, San Antonio 8, Texas for sample policy & full information on new plan of life insurance that protects your entire family . . . One policy . . . One low premium. Include your age & ages of all members of your immediate family for your premium. Mail today for insurance to protect your entire family.

STORE SHOES DUST AND DIRT FREE!

Provide shoes with air-tight protection from dust, moisture, mildew—eliminate sloppy, bothersome racks and floor clutter. See-thru boxes allow at-a-glance selection. Inter-locking bottoms, lids for easy stacking. Each chest measures 11¾" x 6" x 3¼". Only $1.50 ea., 3 for $4 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-J Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



EXCITING FIGURE BEAUTY

New easy method will help develop chestline without changing contour. Aids in giving increased chest measurement. Adds muscle tone & strengthens muscles underneath bosom. Helps improve posture for more youthful & attractive look. Sent in plain wrapper. $1 ppd. Money back guar. Harrison Products, Inc., Dept. 115B, Box 201, Bethpage, N. Y.

500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 848, Topeka, Kansas.

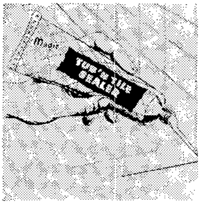
(Continued on next page)

WOMAN FINDS RELIEF FROM ITCH

"I nearly itched to death. Then I used Lanacane. Now I'm happy," Says D. Ward. Here's relief from vaginal or rectal itch, rash, chafing, eczema, with new amazing Lanacane Creme. This safe medication kills germs, soothes raw inflamed skin tissue, speeds healing. Save! Get Lanacane at druggist. Mail carton to Vogarell, L. A. 7, Calif., for 25¢ refund.

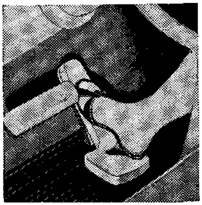
MEND TUB CRACKS INSTANTLY! $1.00

Apply Tub Caulk like toothpaste right from tube. Easy to use, dries in one hour, leaving a tight, permanent, waterproof bond that will never crack or crumble. Use on messy porcelain, tile cracks for smooth white velvety finish. 5 oz. tube holds enough for several jobs. Only $1.00 ppd.—Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-J Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, NJ



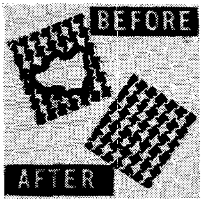
NO MORE SCUFFED HEELS—$1

Drive in fanciest shoes without scuffing. Just press self-adhering foam pad against gas pedal. Complete foot driving comfort; reduces driving fatigue. A boon to short drivers. Saves floor mats from wearing. Guar. or money back. Only $1, post-paid. Order Foot Ease Cushion from Sunset House, 2849 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



LEARN REWEAVING AT HOME!

Improved step-by-step invisible reweaving home study course teaches you "inside" professional secrets that few know. Work is pleasant, enjoyable. We supply all equipment at no extra cost! Write for Free info. No obligation. No salesman will call. Do it now. Eastern School of Reweaving. 73 Main St., Dept. D910, Hempstead, NY. Lic. by the State of NY



DRAW ANY PERSON IN ONE MINUTE

Draw any person, still life, map, photo, landscape without talent! Anything is automatically seen on paper thru Magic Art Reproducer. Reduces, Enlarges. Follow lines of "picture-image" with pencil for artistic drawing. $1.98 postpaid with order, or C.O.D. plus postage. Money back guar. after trial. Norton, Dept. 295, 296 Broadway, N. Y. 7.

MINISTERIAL TOPICS

A BAPTIST MINISTER went into his local hardware store and asked to see some fishing tackle. He was really interested in weights. The proprietor knew him well and said, "Those weights are too heavy for fishing around here. We don't have any streams that swift."

"I'm really not buying them for fishing," he replied, "I want to put them around the bottom of my baptismal robe, to keep it down while I'm immersing someone."

—*Quote*

A YOUNG MINISTER just out of the seminary ran into difficulty with an ag-

MOOD BAROMETER

Amuse & forewarn members of your family by alerting them to the state of your disposition. Set dial to Affectionate, Moody, Tender, Very Loving, Touchy, Bossy, Malicious, or Dangerous. 6" dia. Beautifully hand-painted cherry wood. Ideal Gift. $1.50 ea. (3 for $4) ppd. Money Back Guar. Lord George, Ltd., Dep't CO-9, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C. 1.

COMBINETTE SAFETY PILL-BANK

At last! New dual purpose 'Combination Lock Bank!' Ideal for safeguarding children from dangerous modern pills. Complete with Owens-Illinois Plastic Pill Vial. Each "Combinette" has different combination. When used as 'Money Bank' will hold up to $25.00 in coins. Precision made. Only $2.00 ppd. Combinette Container Co., 10 Seventh St., San Francisco 3. Calif.

1,000,000 SATISFIED USERS

One of the easiest, least expensive ways to recondition your car's engine is to drop a few of these Motaloy tabs in your fuel tank. You'll get increased compression and a ring and valve job as Motaloy replates worn engine parts. Increases mileage, cuts oil-burning. $6 ppd., Motaloy Company, Dept. C, 1003 Military Dr., N. E., San Antonio, Texas.

MOTALOY
VALVE JOB
$6
GUARANTEED

gressive reform program he was promoting in his first pastorate. He consulted his father and his father said to him:

"Son, if a young fellow just out of seminary does not feel called to reform the world overnight, he doesn't have any religion. But if, after ten years, he feels that the world can be reformed overnight, he doesn't have any sense."

—BROOKS HAYS (*Arkansas Baptist*)

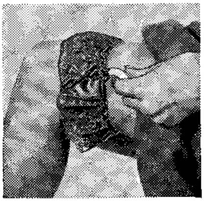
SMALL TALK

THE DEPARTMENT STORE counter was piled high with bras on sale. As I was searching through them for the correct size, my four-year-old daughter spied a kind she had never seen before—a padded bra.

Holding it aloft, she commented, "Oh, mommy, this one must be for winter."

—RUTH E. FLANAGAN

GUN TOTIN' GARTER



You'll get a thrill out of this frilly lace garter that totes its own authentic miniature .45 pistol. Complete with satin holster, pistol really shoots on ordinary caps. Silky nylon lace garter in passion red or midnight black. Beautifully packaged, a whiz-bang gift. $2.98 ppd. 3 for $8.25. Money Back Guar. Lord George, Ltd. Dep't CO-9A 1270 Broadway, N. Y. C. 1.

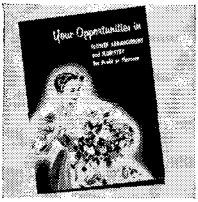
LOSE WEIGHT FAST . . .

get the new *1959* edition of "Diet Treasury," an unusual new magazine especially designed for dieters. Here is the top collection of diets and diet articles available anywhere! Send 35¢ to P. O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, New York. ($1.00 brings you this year's Diet Treasury, along with volumes I and II!) Act now!

FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 to 5 ONLY

Specializing exclusively in beautiful shoes to fit and flatter little feet! Catalog shows enormous variety of styles for all occasions—dressy, casual, sports, even formals and bed-slippers... Illusion-pump in blk. patent, red or blue calf at $12.95; High-heel pump only in blk. patent at $16.95. Write for free catalog to Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.

LEARN FLORAL ARRANGEMENT



For pleasure . . . please friends, family with professional corsages, arrangements, floral designs. For Profit . . . prepare for moneymaking opportunities in Floral Field full/part time. Start own profitable business. Study, earn certificates at home. Free book. Write National Floral Institute, 11826 San Vincente, Studio CS-99, Los Angeles 49, California.

SAVE 50¢—SEND FOR FREE COUPON

Simply mail a postcard today for your free coupon worth 50¢ for Developing and Printing Color or Black and White Films. Sorry, only one coupon to a customer. This offer is limited and expires October 30th, 1959. Save money —send your name and address today to Pam Color Laboratories, Department 24, Box 131, Brooklyn 19, New York, for your free coupon.

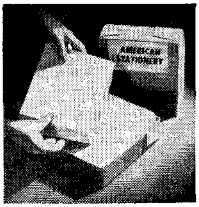
REMOVE UGLY HAIR IN SECONDS—$2.98

BEFORE
AFTER

Amazing Epilator, Formula XP-34, by Mme Francoise, swiftly lifts out entire hair from Face, Chin, Lips, or any part of body —above and below skin's surface! Used by famous beauty salons on glamorous stars! Now do it yourself easily for tiny fraction of salons' charges! Only $2.98 ppd. or COD plus postage. Guar. Mme. Francoise, 550 Fifth Ave., Dept. C, NYC 36.

PERSONAL STATIONARY, $1 PER BOX

World's finest stationery value! 100 printed sheets, 6"x7", 50 matching printed envelopes. Up to 4 lines prtg. max. of 30 characters (inc. spaces) per line. Deep Blue ink on rich, crisp white Bond paper. 150-pc. Introductory Box, $1 ppd. 300-pc. Double Box, just $1.50 postpaid. West of Denver add 20%. American Stationery Co., Inc., 917 Park Ave., Peru, Ind.



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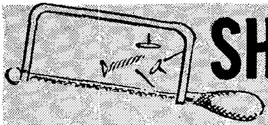
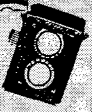


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



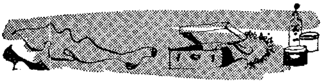
The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

KNITTING Yarns at 40% savings! Buy direct from manufacturer. Superb quality. Free sample card. Eskimo Yarns, Dept. K2, 368 Grand Street, New York City.

MAKE $25 to $35 weekly addressing envelopes. Our instructions reveal how. Glenway, Dept. C, Box 6568, Cleveland 1, Ohio.



BARGAINS! Save money! Tremendous Values! Free illus. catalog. Savings up to 70%—jewelry, toys, watches, giftware, apparel, vitamins, luggage, furniture, etc. Buy for self or resale. Write for free catalog. The Norris Co., 487-C Broome St., N. Y.

CAPEZIOS & Clothes. More Capezios in more sizes & styles than anywhere else. Plus a whole wardrobe of fun & glamour clothes to go with them. Write for free catalog. French Boot Shop, Dept. C 99, 541 Main St., New Rochelle, New York.

ENGAGED girls are delighted with new shower gift. 200 printed pink & blue cards keep record of names, address, invitations, gifts, etc. Complete index and white leatherette file $3.95 ppd. Extra cards $1.00 hundred. Satisfied or refund. Write Bride's Secretary, Box 7410, Washington 4, D. C.

FREE! Maternity Apparel Catalog! Hundreds of advanced styles for every occasion. $2.95 to $29.95. Also sportswear; mix match separates; corsets, bras, lingerie. Everything for mothers-to-be! Crawford's, Dept. 62, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

DRESSES (better quality) 45¢, coats && toppers $1.99, quality shoes 95¢, pants $1.95, shirt & tie 95¢. Other large savings on closeouts of complete line of used & new family clothing. Modern attractive styles. Free catalog. Guild, 103-B, E. Broadway, N. Y. 2.

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

FOR THE WOMEN

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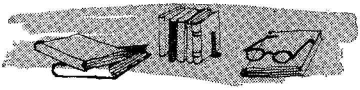

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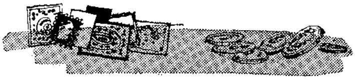

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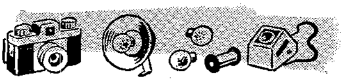

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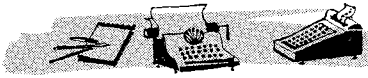

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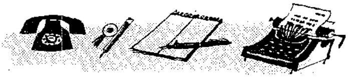

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Name-droppers

by Will Bernard

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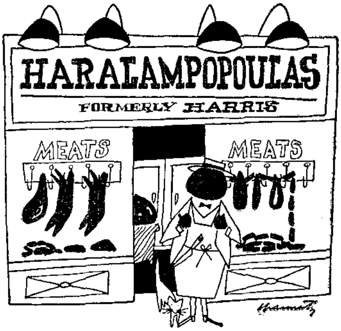


IN ILLINOIS, a Greek butcher who had changed his name from Elias Haralampopoulas to Louis Harris was permitted to change it back to Elias Haralampopoulas. Reason: his Greek customers were having too much trouble pronouncing Harris.

IN TENNESSEE, a Mr. Damm was granted a change when he complained that a publisher of souvenir postcards was selling a family portrait entitled "The Whole Damm Family."

IN MICHIGAN, Antoni Przybysz petitioned the court for a switch in name to Clinton Przybysz.

IN NEW YORK, in a name-change proceeding by the Mreches family, a son at college reported he was getting low grades because his instructors, uncertain how to pronounce his name, played safe by not calling on him.

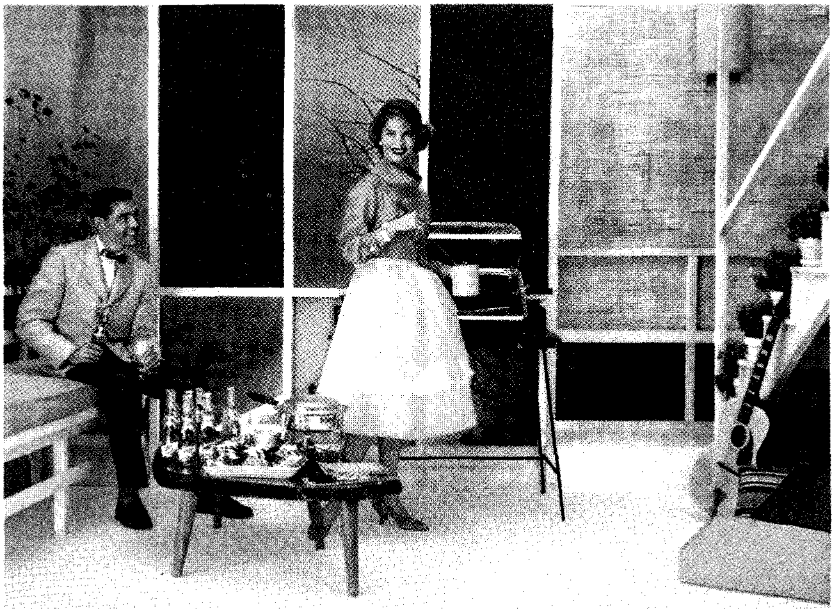
IN ENGLAND, a Mr. Bedbug sought a new name on the ground that he didn't want his children to be known as Little Bedbugs.

IN NEW YORK, a court asked no questions when a man petitioned to change his name from Macaroni. But when a Louis Goldstein asked for a change because he felt his name was "not euphonious," he was turned down by a Judge Louis Goldstein.

IN OHIO, during the early days of the New Deal, a man asked the court to drop the Franklin Delano from his son's name because his WPA check had failed to arrive in time for Christmas.

IN NEW YORK, a long-suffering man was allowed to shed the name Philpott when he complained that it "suggests to that vast and humorously inclined and punning portion of the common public . . . much play upon words, and certain presumed apt expressions, with exasperating laughter and self-satisfied smiles . . . until both puns and punsters . . . are moss-grown and ivy-covered in their antiquity."

IN NEW JERSEY, a name change was granted when the court agreed it was embarrassing for a doctor to be called Pilz. He changed his name to Piltz!



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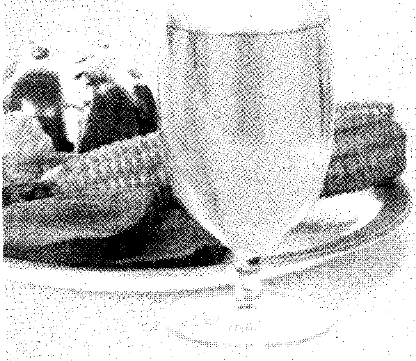

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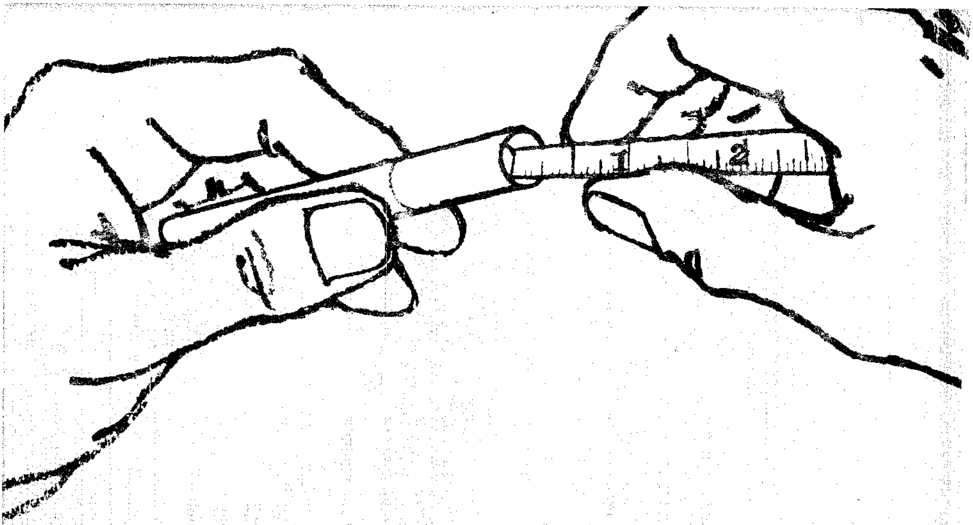

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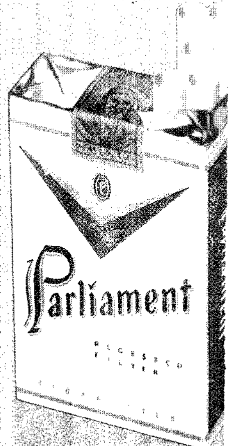

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